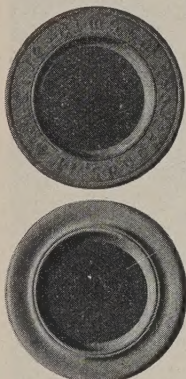


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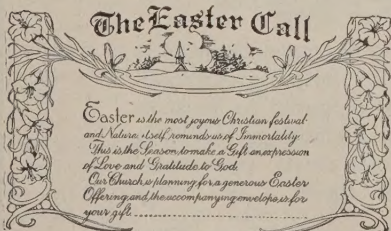
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# The Expositor

*The Journal of Parish Methods*

## The Instinct of the Circumference

REV. FRANK W. BOREHAM, D. D.

In the course of your pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world you have probably met with a curious little animal commonly called the baby. If so, you have seen one of the most fascinating, one of the most amazing, and one of the most fearful marvels within the compass of the solar system. For that baby-animal is worth watching. Look at him! He cries and crows and chuckles and squeals. The causes of his antics and grimaces are among the things that are not dreamed of in our philosophy. And yet, what if he is wrestling with some profound psychological problem? Watch him again! He scratches at his cot and he laughs. He pokes at the counterpane and crows in his glee. In his delicious merriment he flings his feet into the air and chuckles audibly. And, as the pair of pink pillars appear before his delighted gaze, he scratches at them with all his might and main. And then he screams, as if the foundation of the universe had been suddenly shaken! You are amazed at his extraordinary stupidity in scratching himself and straightway crying because it hurts. But what if the stupidity be *yours*, and not *his*? You have eyes, but you see not; ears, but you hear not. For how was the baby to know that the pair of pink pillars were a part of himself? He scratched the cot and felt no pain. He poked the counterpane and was not hurt. He has discovered now that there is an essential difference between the cot and the counterpane on the one hand, and the pretty pair of chubby pink pillars on the other. He is wrestling with life's first and last great problem; and, after many a sore scratch and painful poke, he comes to distinguish between the *centre* and the *circumference*. He finds that certain things make up the "*I*" of this life and certain other things make up the "*Not I*." Later on, he will pass from that purely psychological problem of the "*I*" and "*Not I*" to the purely moral problem of "*mine*" and "*not mine*." But that time is not yet. At present this initial dissection of centre

and circumference is all-absorbing. And those who have read, in *Literature and Dogma*, Matthew Arnold's famous chapter on the "*Not-Ourselves*," will discover a by no means uninteresting analogy between it and this baby philosophy which has amused and amazed us. For, says our Oxford professor, all scientific religion amounts in the last analysis to a clear distinction between the "*Ourselves*" and the "*Not Ourselves*." The logic of the cot and the counterpane is the last word of the schools. The man who sees clearly which is centre and which is circumference has travelled far. He has learned at least that the "*I*" is simply infinitesimal in comparison with the "*Not I*;" that Matthew Arnold's "*Ourselves*" is microscopic when it stands in juxtaposition with the "*Not Ourselves*;" that, in a word, the centre is next door to nothing, and the circumference next door to everything.

But, if all goes well, our *Baby-animal* becomes the boy-animal, and the *Boy-animal* is as fearful and wonderful a thing as the baby-animal. He reads Jules Verne and R. M. Ballantyne, Captain Marryat and Captain Mayne Reid, G. A. Henty and Gordon Stables. These are his classics. He glories in boundless plains and impenetrable forests; in pathless prairies and endless snows; in trackless deserts and illimitable oceans. He scorns the centre; he revels in the circumference. His fertile imagination converts every hencoop and dog-kennel into a wigwam or a kraal; every paddock into a prairie; every terrier into a tiger; and the boys of every neighboring school into a fierce and hostile tribe. He notices, too, that, of all the animals, man alone belongs to the circumference. Others have their special haunts and homes; they are creatures of a centre. Thus you will find the elk and the reindeer on the snowy plains of Lapland; you will find the tiger in the jungles of Bengal; you will find the grizzly bear among the crags and the fastnesses of the Rock Mountains; you will find the buf-



falo on the broad Western prairies; you will find the kangaroo in our own Australian bush. The birds of the air and the fish of the sea follow the same law. But man you will find everywhere! He comes like a ghost upon the Arctic foxes and the Polar bears as he invades their agelong solitude of ice and snow. He startles the elephant and the lion as he crosses the equator. The antelope and the giraffe fly in terror before him across the veldt. The meek-eyed camel looks around at him in surprise as he sets out in its company across the desert. The sea-fowl scream around his head as he negotiates the oceans. North, South, East and West—he is everywhere! He is as much a land-animal as the ox or the horse. With his liners, his submarines and his battleships, he is as much a sea-animal as the porpoise or the whale. With his aeroplanes and his airships, he is as much at home in the air as the bat or the flying fox. He soars higher than the eagle; he travels faster than the deer; he burrows deeper than the mole. The passion of the infinite is in his blood. He loathes a limit as Nature abhors a vacuum. He is a child of the circumference. Our boy-animal sees all this with his wide-open eyes; and, even if he were stone blind, he would still feel it in his very soul.

And, in due course, our *Boy-animal* develops into the *Man-animal*. And just as the boy found a wider circumference than the baby dreamed of, so the man pushes out towards a vaster horizon still. Find him where you will, and take him at his worst, the man-animal hears the clamorous call of the circumference. In our Ballantyne and Mayne Reid days most of us thought that the very climax of mortal bliss was represented in the savage. We would rather be savages than statesmen. We felt a fine and furious contempt for our fathers for their pusillanimous surrender to social conventionalities in paying our tailors' bills, when he should have been infinitely happier in war-paint and feathers. We wondered that men who really ought to know did not bring up their sons to be savages. But we have since discovered that even being a savage is not without its drawbacks. Ballantyne and Mayne Reid have gone down to a lower shelf in our libraries now—within easy reach of a newer generation—and we have allowed more serious writers to give us a more sober and more sombre conception of savagery. "The state of fear in which the savage lives," wrote the lion-

hearted Tamate of New Guinea, "is truly pitiful. The falling of a dry leaf at night, the tread of a pig, or the passage of a bird, all arouse him, and he trembles with fear. A savage seldom sleeps." And why? "He fears ghosts and hobgoblins." He is haunted by the mysterious objects of his fetishism and devil-worship. To the Red Indian, Bancroft says, the world is a haunted house. "Wherever there is being, motion or action, there, to him, is a spirit. A god resides in the flint, in the cliff, in the grotto, in the grass. A god dwells in the sun, in the moon, in the sunrise, in the ocean and in the fire. To the savage, divinity, broken, as it were, into an infinite number of fragments, fills all space and all being." In terror, the barbarian reaches forth lame hands into the dark, towards a circumference of whose existence he entertains no doubt. One of the old Hebrew prophets gives us a picture of an Oriental backwoodsman and his idolatry. He fells his tree. With part thereof he roasteth roast; and thus ministers to the *necessities* of life. With part thereof he warmeth himself, and laugheth, saying, "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire;" and thus ministers to the *luxuries* of life. And then he does homage to the sense of the circumference. For out of the residue of his tree he hacks out for himself a god; and thus ministers to the *sanctities* of life. He feels that, whilst it is good for the body to be well fed and well warmed, man cannot live by bread alone. And, with an ignorance that is almost knowledge, he turns his face to the circumference. He feels after God.

And now our *Baby-animal* has reached his zenith. He can develop no more. And we have only demonstrated that, at each stage of his progress, he is conscious of an instinct, a yearning, an appetite. Where are the fountains at which that pitiless thirst can be slaked? He faces a problem from his cradle. Where is its solution? *It lies in the fact, as man is essentially a child of the circumference, so Christianity is essentially a religion of the circumference.*

Other religions are selfish, self-centred and paltry; with low motives, low appeals and low ideals. They are religions of a centre. Christianity alone is the religion of the circumference! Pascal used to say that it is the pathetic fate of God to be everlastingly misunderstood. It was certainly the outstanding tragedy of the Old Testament that the men to whom the earliest visions came

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# John the Baptist

REV. FRED C. WIEGMAN

West and north of the Dead Sea, and lying between Hebron and the western shore of the Jordan river, stretch mile upon mile of wilderness country. Largely forsaken of people, it has been as greatly neglected by nature. In the other sections of Palestine, the fields of grain may wave, and the palm trees may rear their leafy heads into the blue skies, but here there is nothing but sand and rock and brush and scanty pasture. Occasionally the tent of a nomadic sheep-herder may be seen as he camps for a day beside his wandering herds. It is a rough country. The people are a rough people.

Into this rugged wilderness, and among these rugged people, appears a strange figure, a man more rugged even than the country and its people. He is a sturdy, robust, weather-beaten man, about thirty years of age, in the very prime of virile manhood, dressed simply in a garment of camel's hair and bound about the waist by a leather girdle. His food is that of poor people: locusts crushed, pulverized and baked into cakes, and wild honey, gathered from the brush where the wild bees swarm.

Two years later we look upon an entirely different scene. It is the banquet-hall of Herod the king. The room blazes with brilliant lights. A huge table runs the length of the room, surrounded by reclining and hilarious revellers, and laden with an endless variety of vegetables, meats, liquors and delicacies for the banqueters. There is shouting and singing and dancing and great merry-making. At the end of the table sits the half-drunken Herod, at his side his mistress, Herodias, and on the other side, Salome, her daughter.

The music and the shouting are suddenly silenced and a little procession files through the crowd to Herod's seat. The leader bears in his outstretched hands a silver platter. Upon it reposes the severed head of a man, the long uncut hair of the Nazarite flowing over the edges of the plate.

In those scenes are the beginning and the end of the most heroic and important public mortal career in the New Testament: that of John the Baptist.

A great task was given John to perform, such a task as has been given to few men in the unfolding of God's plan, if any. That task was to become the great fore-runner

of the Messiah of the world. The great day of the Lord was about to be ushered in; mankind was in dire need of its advent; a hungering and wandering people lived in constant anticipation of the day; all things were ready.

But before God sent His Son into the world as its spiritual King, a herald was needed to proclaim His coming, to trumpet forth the joyous message that "The King draweth near!" Someone was needed to declare the full meaning of what the coming of that King meant. Some one was needed to prepare the people to receive Him. And among all the millions on earth there was no man fitted to assume that high office!

For four hundred years the voice of the prophet had been dead. For four centuries, during sixteen generations, the world had produced no one to take up the message of Jehovah where Malachi had laid it down. And because there was no one whom God could call to His service for this conspicuous task, He selected the parents to whose training He could trust His chosen instrument, and to them He sent His messenger "to prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths ready." Back of the parents, Zacharias and Elisabeth, lay a precious ancestry reaching back to Aaron, the head of Jehovah's priesthood.

The greatest and most difficult requirement of the office of fore-runner was that of complete self-effacement. God could not use any other kind of man to prepare the way for His Son. It is a quality not acquired but inborn. If we look upon self-denial as the temporary repressing of a desire for a future advantage, we must acknowledge that all walks of life, even the lowest, practice it. The most selfish man is often wise enough to see that doing without a certain thing today will bring him greater satisfaction tomorrow.

But the self-denial practiced by John was not of that kind. He literally denied his *self*. He did not consider his personal desires nor seek pleasure for himself, but steadily kept his eyes on the mission for which he had been sent: preparing the world to receive the Christ. To Him the Saviour was always first, and he resisted personal ambition and advantage to keep Him first.

The same attribute of self-denial was de-



manded of Jesus Christ, who came to do the will of the Father. "Though existing in the form of God, He counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and being found in fashion as a man He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea the death of the Cross."

God cannot use us, any more than He could use John or Paul or any of the apostles or those whom they inspired, unless we completely surrender ourselves to His will and plan for the world. He "wants all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the Lord." That is His will and plan. Only those who lose themselves in Him can hope to carry it out. It must be "all of Thee and none of self."

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow,  
That a time could ever be  
When I let the Saviour's pity  
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,  
All of self, and none of Thee.

Yet He found me; I beheld Him  
Bleeding on the accursed tree,  
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father;  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
Some of self, and some of Thee.

Day by day, His tender mercy,  
Healing, helpful, full and free;  
Sweet and strong, and oh, so patient!  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
Less of self, and more of Thee.'

Higher than the highest heaven,  
Deeper than the deepest sea;  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered!  
Grant me, now, my soul's desire,  
None of self, and all of thee.

When the multitudes were gathered about Him, Jesus Christ asked them a question concerning John which revealed the courage of the Baptizer. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?" He asked them; "a reed shaken with the wind?" He waited for no answer, and He gave them none. There was no need. If the natives of Palestine knew anything at all, they knew that John was no reed shaken back and forth as every wind struck it. The comparison reminds us of Paul's advice to the Ephesians: "Be no more children, tossed to

and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine."

Men lack courage because they lack foundation and development. John had both. Like Paul, he had a firm foundation in the Lord. He knew "whom he believed" and he was not "ashamed of the testimony of the Lord." John came to an evil generation: a generation corrupted from its political and religious leadership down to the lowest publican and prostitute. He never wavered in the message he was born to bring: "Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Soldiers, publicans, Pharisees, all in general, who deserved it, were publicly rebuked. The Pharisees and Sadducees, smug and haughty in their dominance, were bluntly denounced in public as "a generation of vipers" before a people who feared their displeasure.

He climaxed his ministry with the bravest deed of his whole career and he paid for it, as Christ his Master was later to pay for His own bravery and love of righteousness and humanity. Herod was ruler of Judea, a man whose hands were crimson with the blood, not only of the Jewish nation, but of his own relatives as well. Fearful for his power, he had drowned his brother-in-law and executed his first wife, Mariamne, though he loved her passionately. He strangled his two sons and caused the massacre of all the babes in Bethlehem when Jesus was born.

To this man, Herod, of whom the Jews were in mortal terror, came John, and denounced him to his face for his sins. He singled out one sin in particular, a sin that was the more heinous because it was being copied throughout the nation. He told Herod that living with his brother's wife after having stolen her from Philip, whom he had killed, was a sin.

John's fervor and his convincing arraignment of Herod gave the king great concern, superstitious man that he was! But Herodias was angered and demanded the execution of the prophet. That night Salome danced for Herod. Drunken and only half-conscious of what he said, Herod was so fascinated by the dancing of the girl that he offered her whatever she wished. Herodias prompted her to ask for the head of John. Herod hesitated, but because the promise had been made before all his guests, he was compelled to grant the request. And the life and ministry of the

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# Importance of the Ability to Speak in Public

Lecture No. 5

ARTHUR STEVENS PHELPS, D.D.

## The Voice — I

Three things are said to indicate the superiority of man to the lower animals. These are reason, the making and using of tools, and the gift of language. In sight and hearing, in physical strength and agility, they are our superiors. And they possess a voice of both sweetness and volume, without which language would be impossible. But nature has given to man a range and variety of tone vastly beyond the best voices of animals. The human voice has become a matchless instrument, not only in song on the operatic stage, but to a yet greater degree in public speech. There are finer modulations of tone, and more melodious to the ear, on the rostrum than in the concert hall.

A good voice, under the full control of its user, is a necessity to all branches of modern life, to the lawyer, promoter, preacher, politician, professor, lecturer, auctioneer, quack doctor, excursion conductor, traffic officer, broadcaster, actor, singer, nurse, labor leader, athletic coach, lover. The voice is receiving special attention from science. It has been restored to many unfortunates that had lost it. Five hundred at least in the United States are now talking through artificial larynxes. Dr. Harvey A. Fletcher, of the Bell Telephone laboratories of New York, its inventor, has restored through this instrument, like a pipe, the power of speech to pathologic sufferers. It is a sort of vocal syphon conveying, from one end inserted through a hole into the chest, to the other end held in the mouth, the air from the lungs. In comparison with this, how small is the effort required by the student of vocal culture! One has only to witness the struggles of his friends who are afflicted with loss of the voice, to realize the value of what we take for granted.

## Voice Museum

Scientific measures are now being taken to perpetuate exceptional voices for the ears of posterity. A "Voice Museum" was recently opened in Berlin, where are to be preserved records of famous voices from all walks of life. It is believed that the special chemical substance with which they are surfaced will preserve these records for ten thousand years. The museum is interna-

tional, distinguished visitors being requested to leave "samples" of their voices for storage in the vocal archives. At the beginning of this century, a device was invented called the vitaphone, and is now being perfected, by which the cinema and the phonograph, hand in hand, synchronize the gestures and voice of speakers making important addresses, so that men who have been making history will deliver addresses to audiences hundreds of years after their death. The same device may be secretly taken, and publicly used, in criminal trials, as the phonograph is used now. The voice carries more than the words that are spoken: it also conveys the speaker. Caesar's warning to his rowers to row carefully, because "vehis Casarem" ("You are conveying the emperor"), is applicable to vocal culture.

## Voice Magic

Voice has a magic effect. It wields a strong physical influence, in itself, apart from the significance of the words spoken. The comparison to music is a familiar one, some asserting that the influence of music is intellectual, like mathematics; others, that it is spiritual, or emotional; but the thrill that one feels at the concourse of musical notes is unquestionably physical in part, setting up a vibration of the nerves. That the singer himself depends almost entirely upon the sound is evident from the fact that he appears to be indifferent whether the audience understands the words or not. Certain voices are soothing, others inspiring. It is a well-known fact that persons too deaf to comprehend a word like to hear great orators for the mere sound of their voices. Beecher's voice was not strong; but "there was in it the oratorical timbre which stirs an audience to its depths." It is an encouragement to those with naturally poor voices to remember that Beecher when he was young was worried by a vocal defect that he was afraid would make speaking in public impossible; but a teacher of elocution gave him directions when in college that cured it. He himself worked with resolute zeal to perfect his voice, practicing daily the sounds of the vowels, until it grew to be the marvelous instrument that thrilled the world. It is said that the great Whitefield could pronounce the word *Mesopotamia* in such a way as to melt an



audience to weeping. A newspaper report cannot convey such impressions.

### Voice Origin

The origin of the voice antedates history. The Creator has been millions of years in its development. How impatient we mortals are! We expect results without working for them. Aeons of time before man appeared on the planet, God had begun to teach nature to speak His thoughts. The wind, singing its requiem in the mountain vastnesses; the water laughing down the hill; the thunder rolling through the canyon; the rocks speaking to one another as some force threw them into social contact. Near Pottstown, Pennsylvania, is the *Park of the Ringing Rocks*: the tourist is given a hammer and after a few experiments he can play a musical tune on nature's rude xylophone. The reeds that frame the meadow brook are the ancestors of the pipe organ. The organ has no sounds that are not in the materials of which it is made. Every substance in nature has its note. The whole universe is vocal. The beasts can almost talk. I have heard, like a wild human laugh, the cry of the puma in the canyons of the Rocky Mountains. An experimenter caught with a phonograph the chatter of monkeys in the African jungle, brought it to Central Park, New York, and when he unwound it before the monkeys' cages, they showed great excitement. Can we assert that man alone is gifted with language? Romanes, in *Mental Evolution of Man*, cites that "the hen has ten or twelve significant sounds; the dog five or six; the monkey six;" and more significant than the number of their sounds are their intonation and emotional expression. Phonograph records have been taken of the notes of birds, and their place on the musical scale, the mocking bird and the parrot showing a wide range. The reader has perhaps felt the weird quality, a wild sweetness like that of children of nature, in the thrilling voice of "Gipsy" Smith, and of the Jubilee Singers in their "Spirituals."

Some persons have been richly gifted by nature with superlative voices. It is probable that many glorious voices have been lost to the world for want of the opportunity to cultivate or to use them. The low register has the best carrying power. A deep-sea bass, low baritone or contralto, can be heard without effort in a conversational tone throughout a great auditorium. Such voices are the delight of the deaf. They usually belong to tall persons, whose

proportions provide them with longer vocal cords. Yet there are exceptions, some of the deepest tones coming from short persons. Witness Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton. English women take pride in their soft voices. Yet there are shrill, strident voices that penetrate space and cut the air like an arrow. I heard at Atlantic City, before an audience of about ten thousand, the "Yorkshire Nightingale," a man that sang, according to the sense of stanza or line, a high soprano or a full baritone. How did he do it? Could he lengthen or shorten his vocal cords at will? His "head tones" were under better control than those of others to whom such tones would be torture, and seemed as natural as his chest tones. I mention these curious diversities of voice, with a practical purpose, to state the important fact that

### Your Voice is Best for You

It will serve every use, with due care and training, that you as a speaker will ever have for it. Only rarely are there physical defects or pathological conditions, and for these a physician should be consulted. A naturally weak or displeasing voice requires more training, that is all. Where one has "the Yankee habit of talking through the nose," which is really due to failing to talk through the nose, a wise vocalist can correct it.

It is not the voice, but the proper use of it, that brings success. Half the battle of delivery lies there. There are men on the platform speaking almost daily the year around to audiences of thousands, whom it is torture to hear. You fear every moment that they may give out. Would it not be worth the time and patience for them to have found their natural register, and learned how to breathe? For shallow breathing is often at the root of the trouble. Nature made the diaphragm as the bellows for the lungs. When it is drawn down, the air rushes in; when it is raised, the air is forced out. To learn whether you are breathing properly, lie on your back, and breathe naturally: in that position deep breaths are taken. Then stand up and breathe exactly as you did when lying down. Practice deep breathing before rising in the morning, by drawing in the breath gradually and slowly through the nose, holding it a moment, and then expelling it more rapidly through the open mouth. Breathe from the whole lung, both lower and upper. Not only will the above practice prove of value to the

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# The History and Meaning of Lent

REV. E. E. LEIBNER

Our word *Lent* is of Anglo-Saxon origin meaning Spring. It refers to the lengthening of days. Lent comes in the spring because Easter always comes in March or April.

In the Christian sense it is that season of the Christian year which has been set apart for the special consideration of the Saviour's Passion. The Lenten Season comprises the forty-six days preceding Easter and is itself introduced by three Sundays which precede Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent.

The duration of this season, which in the early Christian era was a season of fasting and penitence, was at first not definitely settled. Like many other things, Lent is a growth. It started small. At first it was only one day long, then two days and then three days. By the Christians of the second century, a fast of some duration was considered essential as a preparation for the proper enjoyment of Easter. The early Christians could not forget these words of the Lord: "When the bridegroom shall be taken from them then shall they fast." Because Christ rested in the grave three days, many came to feel that three days was the proper length of the pre-Easter fast. In the third century, the fast was made to cover all the six days of Holy Week. This was natural, so full was that week of the deepest experiences of Jesus.

In the fourth century, the fast was extended to forty days. This period of forty days (not including the Sundays), was determined largely by the fact that Jesus and Elijah and Moses had all fasted forty days. This forty-day period was definitely determined and established by Gregory the Great, A.D. 604. Sundays were not included in the penitential season by reason of their festive character. It was easy for this figure, forty, to become established in the mind of the church and for sixteen hundred years that has been the period accepted by the majority of the followers of our Lord. But the length of the fast is not fixed either by revelation or reason.

While the length of the fast is arbitrary and modes of observing it are variable, the idea which lies at the basis of Lent is permanent and of binding authority. The soul of man needs seasons of quiet for its growth in wisdom and stature. Life demands that there shall be times of special endeavor. One day a week for the cultivation of the spiritual life is not enough. The heart needs extended seasons for meditation and study and prayer. The spiritual leaders of mankind have ever realized this. Human nature, to be kept fit, must enjoy periodic seasons of spiritual renewal. This is the teaching of experience. The Holy Spirit guides the church generation after generation into this practice.

Lent is not the exclusive possession of any one Christian denomination. It belongs to all. One group may observe it in ways which do not commend themselves to other groups, but this does not justify its rejection by any. It has often been kept in superficial and fantastic ways, but this is not an argument against its proper use.

The last week of Jesus' life made the deepest impression upon his disciples. That fact reports itself in the Gospels. The narrative becomes increasingly full and rich as we approach the end. All these days of Lent leading up to Easter are freighted with sacred memories. These last weeks are twined about with associations which exercise a subtle power over the Christian heart. In no other season of the year do so many forces conspire to incline the followers of Jesus to meditation and to new endeavors to live a life which is hid with Christ in God. A Christian loses much if he does not observe the season of Lent. If we have been neglectful of our obligations to the church, we can begin during Lent to do better and the new habit may then continue after Lent is over.

Contrary to the opinion of many, Lent should be glad, not doleful; not despondent, but jubilant. In fact, in every season of the year we should be radiant because we are followers of One who has overcome.



# Ten Useful Books for the Minister

REV. R. J. TYSON

As I come to the thought of the ten most useful books for the minister I am reminded of the question that was asked some time ago: "If you had to spend the rest of your life on a lonely isle what ten books would you take with you?"

Charles P. Steinmetz, electrical wizard, would have selected Homer's "Odyssey," Horace's "Odes," Goethe's "Faust," Mommensen's "History of Rome," Kipling's "Jungle Book," Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Capt. Marryat's "Midshipman Easy," Reade's "It is Never Too Late to Mend," and Stanley's "Darkest Africa."

Charles W. Kennedy, a professor, would choose the Bible, Plato's Dialogues, Homer's "Odyssey," Horace's "Odes," Dante's "Divine Comedy," Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Spencer's "Faerie Queen," Shakespeare, Browning, and Pilgrim's Progress.

If we were to ask one thousand different ministers what they considered were the ten most useful books for the minister, we would receive one thousand different answers.

I prepared a questionnaire to this effect, and mailed it to a number of ministers, asking them to state what ten books, in their opinion, were the most useful for the minister. The replies, of course, were all interesting. To the men who have taken time to give this subject some of their thought, we are greatly indebted.

One, in reply to my questionnaire — What in your opinion are the Ten Most Useful Books for the Minister, writes as follows:

"The ten books depend very largely upon the preparation and experience of the individual. For instance, a man with college and seminary training would be wise in selecting most of his books from another class than the ones selected by the individual with no scholastic privileges.

Experience is another matter to be taken into consideration. The mental and spiritual characteristics of the reader must also be weighed.

In a general way, permit me to suggest  
1. A well-bound Bible. 2. The New Testament in Greek. 3. A Good Greek Lexicon (Either Robinson or Thayer). 4. An analytical Concordance (Young's is good). 5. An unabridged dictionary. 6. The best

volume on homiletics, preferably by one who has served in the active ministry. 7. A Dictionary of the Bible. 8. A good church history. It is difficult to get this in one volume. 9. There is no one-volume commentary worth mentioning (The same might be said of sets. It is best to buy from the different sets on individual books). Few ministers can afford to do without the best thought of the scholars of the ages. Personally, I have been seeking the best volume or volumes of the books as studied. 10. A volume or volumes of sermons — not for the purpose of using verbatim, but for style and suggestions. I might mention "The People's Christ," by Spurgeon. But one is on dangerous ground when he begins to choose one volume from the vast field covered."

Another writes as follows:

Now to come to the matter of "The most useful books" for me. I could jot down at once ten that have been very helpful to me in the past year. Your question is hypothetical in nature and so to be fair to the question and its purpose I will take a few more lines to state "the most useful books" as I know them.

First — There are cycles of development. The best books for me just out of Seminary are not the best for me today. But they were absolutely indispensable for that period. My best books today perhaps would have been poison to me in the early period.

Second — There are periods of static opinions. Then the best book would be, not to entrench the static opinions but to seek authoritative books of the "other side."

My first years after Seminary were very "fundamental." If I had remained cloistered in Princetonism, today I would be an unhappy Machenite. And if today I were to confine my reading to "liberalism" tomorrow I might be an out-and-out Unitarian.

Let me then state three series of books that have been the most helpful to me:

First three years: "The Divinity of Christ" by Liddon, "Living Messages of the Bible" by G. C. Cambell, Dr. Davis' Bible Dictionary, "Life and Letters of Fred W. Robertson" by Brooks, Sermons by Fred W. Robertson (No preacher can afford to be without these model sermons), "Preparation and Delivery of Sermon" by



Broaddus, "What and Where is God" by Swain, "In the Days of His Flesh" by Smith, "Character of Jesus" by Jefferson.

Second three years: Sermons by Bushnell and Philips Brooks (Every one that I could get), "In the Day of the Cross" by Clow, "Literature of the Old Testament" by Bewer, "The Quest for Souls" by Truett, "Confessions of St. Augustine", "Outlines of History" by H. G. Wells (Not for its Christian content, for it had none, but for a new departure that needs emphasis), "Jesus of History" by Glover, and "Jesus in the Experience of Men" by Glover.

Third three years: These are the books that have been especially helpful to me the past three years. They are along a certain line but I have been pretty well fed up as you see along another line in the past six years.

1. "Things Fundamental" by Jefferson.
2. "Christianity and Progress" by Fosdick.
3. "The Modern Use of the Bible" by Fosdick.
4. "The Conflict of Religions in the Roman Empire" by Glover.
5. "Christ at the Round Table" by E. S. Jones.
6. "Can We Then Believe" by Gore.
7. "The Man Nobody Knows" by Barton.
8. "Fundamentals of Prosperity" by Babson.
9. Every Sermon that J. D. Jones of England publishes.
10. "The Medieval Mind" by Taylor.

One sends this very interesting outline of the Ten Most Useful Books:

Sociological—"A Theology for the Social Gospel," Walter Rausenbusch.

Christological—"Our Lord's Earthly Life," David Smith.

Soteriological—"Atonement and Personality," Moberly.

Homiletical—"The Art of Preaching," Dean Brown.

Evangelistic—"Visitation Evangelism," Kernahan.

Biblical—"The Holy Bible, a New Translation," Moffatt. "The Modern Use of the Bible," Fosdick.

Miscellaneous—"Philosophy of Christian Religion," Fairbairn. "Organizing the Church School," Cope.

The following voiced the general thoughts which came to me as I myself thought of this subject:

Choosing ten books as you suggest is

about as simple a task as selecting the ten most useful letters of the alphabet. While there are a few that are used more frequently than the rest we would be helpless with only the few.

I cannot select ten single books as you suggest. My suggestions are inclusive.

1. The Bible, including a good concordance, Bible dictionary and analytical Bible.

2. Greek New Testament with Greek-English lexicon.

3. Hebrew Bible with Hebrew lexicon.

4. One on Pastoral Theology, like "The Christian Pastor" by Gladden.

5. A church history like "A Manual of Church History" by Newmann.

6. "Beacon Lights on History" or another good history.

7. Some good biography or diary. Many to choose from.

8. Some Christian Philosophy like Harris' "Philosophical Basis of Theism."

9. One on Missions, such as "The Why and How of Missions," Brown.

10. One on Evangelism, such as Truett's "Quest for Souls."

There are many as good as some of the above and that is where the difficulty comes in. But if a minister were limited to ten books I would consider the above a pretty good little kit of tools to go to work with.

Another writes as follows:

In reply to your inquiry I would suggest such books as the following as the type of books that ought to be in every preacher's library:

"The Expositor's Bible" as one of the best commentaries.

Hasting's "Dictionary of the Bible" or "A Standard Bible Dictionary" edited by Jacobus and others and published by Funk and Wagnalls.

Several good studies of the Life of Christ such as Farrar, "The Life of Christ" and "The Life of Lives," Dawson, "The Man Christ Jesus."

"Young's Analytical Concordance of the Bible" is a very valuable book in the minister's study.

Books on Paul and his epistles are a great help such as, Conybeare and Howson, "Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul," Hayes, "Paul and His Epistles."

Books on the preacher and his work, such as Jowett, "The Preacher, His Life and Work," Hoyt, "The Preacher," Garvie, "The Christian Preacher."

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# A. Lincoln—A Paper

REV. J. M. KELLOCK

George MacDonald, the Scottish novelist and poet, has a striking quatrain among his rhymes.

"Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod,  
Have pity on my soul, O God,  
As I would, if I were God,  
And you were Martin Elginbrod."

The arresting expression in these lines is, "If I were God."

I intend to use it as "a master light of all my seeing," in trying to give an interpretation of the character, nature and place in history, of Abraham Lincoln.

It has been said that when Saul of Tarsus was called into the Lord's apostolate as St. Paul, that the question God dealt with was how a man could be found who was a spiritual genius, a man of learning and force of character; who could give a broad philosophical statement of Christian beliefs; who could universalize the Christian creed; give it a general appeal; and, saving Christianity from being a mere Jewish religious sect or school, could make it a world-wide and age-long religion.

In permitting Abraham Lincoln to be called, at the time he was called to the Presidency, what objects had God in view? If you were God what sort of man would you have selected for that exalted position and what previous preparation would you have put the coming incumbent through?

If Washington had been in question your course would have been different. The government in its independence, being under construction, there was needed a man who, to military skill, administrative ability, and strength of purpose, added grace, dignity, address, finesse and social polish that would bear comparison with the proudest and most ancient pedigree in England, or even with the king in his kingliest hour.

George Washington must be a king by divine right, a king without a crown, one for whose breeding and bearing no one had any reason to blush. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," he must take a foremost position in the politest circles; and he did all these things.

But when Lincoln takes the reins of power the American government is firmly

established; and has won the respect of other governments. If the executive have force of character and wisdom enough, these airs and graces indispensable in the case of George Washington are not so much required. In the ruler the personal equation does not loom so large; the Cabinet, the embassies and permanent officials, as well as the social secretaries see to it that the President keeps to the routine of correct social conduct in his high office.

There is a physical basis to human life, and, had we been preparing a man for such an exalted and exacting position as the Presidency it would be absolutely essential that he should be of *robust constitution*. At any time the position of the chief executive of this nation is an exhausting one. Many who have had to undertake its task have died, it seemed, before their time. Harding died in office, Wilson and Roosevelt and Cleveland soon after relinquishing the position. Any of a dozen departments of effort that fall to the lot of the President might, well, occupy a man's full time. See the speeches he must make, the state papers he must prepare, the dinners, parties and functions of various kinds that are attached to the duties of his office. The interviews with place-seekers; conferences with cabinet; and meetings with deputations and official visitors of every sort, besides the diplomatic calls and claims upon him.

Lincoln said, in his humorous way, that he felt like a man who was living in one end of his house, while the other part of it was on fire. He was six months in the White House before he even took time to go through his green-houses and gardens, and view the plants and flowers, though he loved them. He paced the floor till the small hours, many a night, troubled over the situation in the war area, and bemoaning the fate of the sorely-tried troops.

Lincoln was a strong man. He was given an axe at seven years of age and day after day he wielded it, "bowing the woods beneath his sturdy stroke." His cousin said, when he felled trees, they dropped as fast as if six men were at work. He could wrestle and fight with the acknowledged champions of their districts. He split rails, he rowed boats down the Mississippi and rafts; he walked countless miles as a land surveyor with rod and chain. He lived

through toils which hardened him; and through cares which strengthened the man, to face a second term in office, which he would doubtless have lived through, had it not been for the bullet of the assassin.

Then, had we had the forming of the President we would have imbued him with a hatred of slavery.

That Lincoln had. It was instilled into him from very childhood. His father, Thomas Lincoln, hated slavery with a deadly and unconcealed hatred. He talked everywhere against it. He aided slaves to escape. He left Kentucky, in large part, because he could not stand the pressure of the slavery sentiments surrounding him.

In Gentryville, in Indiana, Lincoln admired and often talked about the volumes of the Statutes of Indiana.

"There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

When 18 years of age he saw a slave market in New Orleans, with slaves being handled, bought and sold like cattle. He said to his half-brother, in hot indignation, "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution I'll hit it hard," and again, "I'll make the soil of the United States too hot for the foot of a slave owner." Often he helped slaves to escape to Canada and freedom and approved the verse that runs —

"The slave that once thy name has heard  
Repeats it day and night,  
And envies every little bird  
That takes its northward flight."

In the legislature at Springfield he condemned the whole usage of enforced servitude. In the debates with Douglas, that made him a national figure, the whole bone of contention between them was slavery which Douglas wished to perpetuate where it was; and extend to states where it had not then found a footing. In some of the discussions Lincoln was so over-come by his feelings as to be almost stifled when he attempted to give them utterance. But if you had been making Lincoln and fitting him for his difficult place you would not have had him otherwise concerning slavery.

He did not want war over the matter. He proposed to his cabinet that an immense sum be raised and slave-owners compensated for the loss of the free labor when slaves were freed; but they would not have

it so. It was only when he was convinced that the nation could not endure as a house divided against itself, "half slave and half free," that he sent out that proclamation that freed over 4,000,000 colored men and women, "those images of God cut in ebony," and made them masters of their own motives and motions.

If you had had the shaping of the President, you would have wished that he should be a man of strong understanding and clearness of thought and expression.

And all that he was. He learned the art and science of surveying in six weeks and his maps of plats were never questioned. He read every book he could get, wrote out its most striking passages and committed them to memory, and, usually, after he had read a book, walked abroad and said aloud what appeared to him to be the gist of its teachings. He heard every preacher and speaker he could reach; and nothing displeased him so much as truth so stated that it was not understood by the most unlearned. He thought and commented upon addresses heard till he understood them himself and frequently explained them to his unlearned but sensible step-mother, who did so much to encourage him to persevere along the hard road of unaided study. Says Miss Tarbell, "One man in Gentryville, Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went steadily to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there and everything which the paper printed was subjected to their keen, shrewd, common sense. It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group, the one listened to most respectfully. Politics were warmly discussed by the Gentryville citizens, and it may be that, sitting on the counter of Jones' grocery, Lincoln even argued on slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions in Indiana at that date."

Now as a lawyer, Lincoln trusted to luminous statement and pictorial phrasing in illustration of the subjects involved as much as he did to his knowledge of law, and it won him cause after cause, and case after case. In inaugural addresses, business statements and occasional addresses he was always so clear, sound and honest that his efforts in these directions had great weight with the sober and sensible people of all ranks.

One who was to convince men in the

*(Continued on page 596)*



# The Old Scrap Book

REV. NORMAN C. WEBSTER

In most books written on the great subject of preaching, ministers are urged to jot down good thoughts and ideas as expressed in poetry, illustration, quotation, and definition. Experience has shown this to be of great value to the preacher. Ideas come to men in their reading, conversations, and through general experience. Many laymen and laywomen possess *scrap books* which are inspirational and reminiscent. The pastor should find it imperative to compile notes throughout the years of his reading and study.

The writer is seated in his study looking over scrap books. The first entries were made over twenty years ago when he was "merely a local preacher." The mind is filled with happy memories as he turns the pages. They are almost sacred. Many thoughts have found their way into the sermon, prayer and the press. Others have lain dormant throughout the years, but some day, they will see the light of day in one way or another.

There seems to be a hallowedness in these note books. The very circumstances under which these notations were brought together enrich the memory.

Twenty years ago last August I was walking down a leaf-embowered lane. It was early morning. I noticed a piece of paper lying on the ground. I picked it up. On one side of the paper was printed:

## Be Loyal

"Do not let it be a secret that you are Christ's soldier. Never be ashamed of your colors, be proud of your uniform. Count it an honor to bear a sneer or a laugh ever, if it be at your expense, for His sake. Give no occasion for a sneer at insincerity."

I breathe the air again of that country lane, pungent with the aromas of a beautiful autumn morning, with dew poised on the tips of fall flowers. I also feel again the newness of the flow of inspiration the message brought to me that morning.

I turned the "scrap of paper" over. The following words met my gaze. They were more than words. It was a sermon.

"Give systematically something to God, not only what you can afford, but give something which has cost you a little self-denial. A cheap religion is a perilous thing and useless."

Methodist ministers will find in paragraph No. 71 the following: "Thus stewardship becomes the Christian interpretation of life itself and is concerned with the

Christian's use of all the resources committed to him, of possessions, of personality, of prayer." This is our fine way, in these days, of expressing the sentiments of the message "writ large" on the reverse side of that stray piece of paper. That morning walk was indeed a very profitable one.

A friend of mine had gathered together some trite sayings, and had them printed for distribution among his friends. Fortunately my name was on the list. The leaflet on which these were printed occupies an honorable niche in my preserved treasure notes, so full of sentiment and feeling.

It is eighteen years ago since the leaflet was handed to me at a district meeting, yet the memory of the occasion does not fail. There is philosophy in each of the sayings. I give only a few of them and these are some of the lesser known ones. Some of the advice is rather pointed:

Mind your own business and mind it well.

Heaven and Hell are the two places where everybody has to drop pretences.

No one ever found satisfaction in slighted work.

The error of one moment may become the sorrow of a whole life.

There are also some of the great masterpieces of scripture. These are so well known that they are not recounted here. They are great challenging passages. Other quotations are from great sermons and books.

"If your life is a perpetual lie, if you know that you are not what you pretend to be, you cannot be strong; there is a continual struggle with truth going on inside of you, which saps your energy, and warps your character."

"Take care of your thoughts and the rest will take care of itself; let a thought in, and it will stay; will come again tomorrow and the next day; will make a place for itself in your brain, and will bring many other thoughts like itself. Your business is to look at the thoughts as they come, and keep out the wrong thoughts, and let in the right; see that ye enter not into temptation."

I quote a parting selection from this collection of "Words of Counsel and Advice." The redactor could justly enter into the spirit of this poem. He had worked among the men who were "down and out." May his tribe increase. He was a layman too.

"I don't pretend to be a judge of right and wrong in men,

I ain't been perfect all my life, and may not be again: And sometimes when I see a man who seems plumb gone astray,

I think perhaps he started right, but somehow lost his way.

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# The Climb to Heaven

REV. D. EARL DANIEL

*Funeral Sermon to Illustrate Article on Funerals in the November Expositor Page 145*

On occasions of this kind it is more valuable to formulate some words of comfort and conviction than to speak unmeaning words of eulogy. To that end we wish to take a theme from the dream of Jacob and weave around it some of the best thoughts of the ages.

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." (Gen. 28:12.)

This is only the dream of an ancient Hebrew yet, like many a dream of a great mind, it expresses a profound truth. The theme that I find in it is that,

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round."

For many of earth's pilgrims who have lived lives of hardship, toil and sorrow, heaven may be a place of perfect rest. Experience, however, teaches us that a little rest is sufficient and the blessing of earth is toil and achievement. Heaven, like earth, is an ascent and a conquest. The ladder of Jacob's dream illustrates the method by which one arrives there. Certainly the mind of a Sir Isaac Newton does not suddenly become satisfied with its knowledge of the universe; and David cannot be pictured with a mute harp that creates no new psalms; Socrates did not quit asking pertinent, pointed questions and the fire of Paul's zeal has in no sense been quenched. No doubt Jesus is now engaged in revealing to his followers the new and fuller truths that they were not able to bear while on earth. Heaven is,

"A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed;  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil and pain;  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train."

The very idea of heaven is the result of growth and achievement. It is not the dim dream of defectives or delinquents nor the concept of childish civilization, but it is the product of the best minds and the highest culture and civilization that the world has ever produced. Our ideas come from

Socrates, Plato and Euripides; from Cicero and Dante; from Milton, Shakespeare and Tennyson and from Jesus and the Hebrew prophets.

The idea of heaven is man's greatest dream and the soul of man demands a place and condition for its completion. The mind of man is too large for this world and we think that God will not disappoint man in this most lofty expectation. Victor Hugo, at the age of seventy said, "Winter is on my head, and eternal Spring is in my heart." The mind of my own father was thinking ten and twenty years into the future even when his body was broken and almost gone. The incompleteness and inequalities of this life have made pessimists and cynics of multitudes and the psalmist almost fell under his load until he saw things in their true perspective in the atmosphere of eternal truths. The logic of pure reason demands a heaven for its satisfaction.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong  
forever on the throne—

Yet that scaffold sways the future and,  
behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow keeping  
watch above his own."

Progress is a law of nature and new heights are being reached continually. Paul said, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like him." Jesus said, "I have many things to tell you but ye cannot bear them now."

"Yet I doubt not through the ages

One increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened  
With the process of the suns."

This is the thought that Benjamin Franklin had in mind when he wrote his own epitaph which, for some reason, was not carved upon his tomb,

The Body  
of

Benjamin Franklin, Printer  
(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,  
And stripped of its lettering & gilding)  
Lies here . . .

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,  
For it will (as he believes) appear

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## EDITORIAL

## Fog Flying

**H**E came down on a hilltop in Vermont, the morning paper says, when the cargo of mail he carried through a night of solid fog, was long overdue in a New Jersey post office.

Another of the crack fliers of our air-port fought all night long to keep his mail-plane going although he knew not where. In endless fog he flew, now dropping as low as sound reason and his altimeter would permit, in vain hope of getting a sight of the ground, somewhere below, and now rising to extreme heights in as vain attempts to get above the fog.

There are two things the wise aviator fears more than all else, fire and fog. Of the two, I imagine he prefers fire to endless fog, for with a fair amount of safety he can side-slip his plane or take to his "chute." In any event he knows where the ground is. In fog he knows nothing save that the ground is below—somewhere, and that he is still going. Should his engine fail and a forced landing be necessary, his chances are slight. Little calls for clear vision, little depends so greatly upon clear vision, more than flying.

It's dangerous enough to drive a car in a heavy fog. The wise driver slows down or stops. A flier can do neither. He must keep on going. In fact it makes little difference whether one be piloting a car, a plane, an oceanic greyhound, or just an everyday life, with the coming of fog, danger is near, disaster is threatening.

For many, life is nothing more than fog flying, blind flying, where the pilot knows neither his speed, his direction, his height nor depth. He has lost his bearings completely, sees no safe landing field, no light nor beacon—in fact hasn't the slightest idea how long his fuel supply can keep him going. He is left to fly on and on, his engine tearing itself slowly but surely to pieces and time rushing past his covered ears. The amazing part of it all is that he little realizes or deliberately ignores the hazzards in which his blind flying places him. Somehow or other his ship is off the ground even before he knows he has the controls in his hands, he enjoys the thrill, the speed, the noise and excitement of flight and as long as it continues uninterrupted why should he be concerned with the landing he must eventually make.

Just what lies ahead is not difficult to picture—inevitable crash. His "old crate" will be "wiped out," unless—unless some one can get a warning to him in time.

You who read this are of the training force of the ground school of the Kingdom. To you belongs the responsibility of stressing the utter futility of a life of fog flying. The sooner you convince the flier that such flying is ever unnecessary, the sooner you succeed in pointing out its dangers and inevitable ending, the sooner will blind flying crashes be minimized.

Aviation statistics indicate that fatalities in that field are due largely to lack of experience and ineffective instruction. I wonder if that doesn't also hold for the great flight of life?

*J.M.R.*

## The Vision of the Sightless

**F**OR some years, long, dark years for him, we were his eyes. Were a little mother, with her endless task for her three men-folk, duty-beckoned elsewhere, or over-worn with the duties of the day, incapable of further sharing her eyes with him, these two which they had given me, were wont to serve.

I can see him now, lying there on his study davenport, feet crossed, hands clasped behind fast-graying locks, silent save for an occasional request that I re-read a sentence or two or refresh his mind from some pencilled note he had made on the margin of the page over which he had studied, in preparation for his classes in Church History, years enough to make each step of the way familiar. Our reading of it simply refreshed his memory of the work.

Dimly, through the soft-shaded study-light, row upon row and shelf upon shelf of his

library books walled in the room in which we worked. I can still feel the discomfort I knew when night after night I tried to fight off that drowsy stupor, which of an early morning hour was bound to come creeping over me, as eyes bleared, the pages of Kurtz suddenly going badly out of focus, I went on repeating in unconscious monotone, words and phrases, alike meaningless to us both, until away off in the hazy distance I would hear someone ask, "What was that you read? There is nothing like that on that page. I guess you had better kiss your dad goodnight and run off to bed."

Generally I did just that. Yet in those frequent hours together, where two eyes were summoned to serve the place of four, I came to see much more than the page of Kurtz, lying there on my knee, with all its maze of "isms" and "isms." I saw more deeply into the real heart of him who lay with dimmed eyes on the davenport, than I had ever been permitted to see before. The man of him stood out. The abiding peace and confidence, the soul quiet of him, was shown me in a new way. The way he had traveled took on new meaning and new charm for him who sat long hours to read or to chat quietly.

I was frequently amazed then, as I find myself awed into thoughtfulness now, by a keen-sighted spirit housed in a dim-sighted body. Such, by the very nature of that which we erroneously call, "their affliction," live in a world apart. Physically, for them, it is dark. Yet for them, there is often, a brightness of spirit, a field of view which, in broadness and depth, shames our own which is hedged about by physical horizons.

True, the world has been shut out, but a spirit has been shut in. The endless abstractions, the preoccupations, the unending confusions of a world life have been effectively excluded, and the spirit, unannoyed, uninterrupted, undistressed, may blossom out into charming bloom, if it be the flowering variety, as it so repeatedly is.

At the side of my garage, there stands a husky little eight-foot Pussy-willow tree. It came to me through eastern mails, from just such a flowering spirit. Being a living thing, that little tree will continue on and on, to bring joy, I hope, even to them who come after I am gone. For a long time, splendid strands of golden-berried Bitter Sweet, shared by the same kindly spirit, graced my office and gave their ever-present suggestion of that out-of-doors I so love. Three artistically-shaped little rustic baskets, deftly formed by the hands of this same happy spirit, have found their place in the *Expositor* office and rarely does the sight of them fail to make me almost covet the quiet and joyful peace as well as the spiritual vision of their maker.

After all, these poor eyes of ours, these hands, these various members, are ours but for a time. They are ours to be instruments of service. In the work they do, they are important, yet how relatively unimportant they are, so far as the health of the spirit is concerned, and its fullest development is often evidenced by such as my good friend in Ringoes, New Jersey. Such a spirit is always a delightful thing, but never more so than when it finds itself unable to refrain from bubbling over, that others may share its joy.

We should think longer and more fully upon such a spirit, for then it might be possible for us, *physically seeing folk*, to get away from the erroneous idea that only such *as we* have sight, that only such *as we* can know the full joys of life. I have seen graduation from a physical to a spiritual vision too often longer to sympathize with him from whose eyes have been brushed the unsightly things of this life.

JmR

## The Power of Union

FREQUENTLY, because of circumstances over which I have no control, I am forced to recall that day, some years back, when I made my first visit to the *Expositor* office.

I had stepped from a warm spring sunshine into the cool and shadowy corridor of the building and taken an elevator to the seventh floor, on which the *Expositor* office has been this better than a quarter century. The one I had hoped to see was not at liberty at the moment of my arrival. Hence I picked up a book and settled back in a chair to await his arrival.

While never having possessed or even longed for a Herculean physique, that which



has been mine has been quite solid, and for the thoughtless abuse it has been called upon to suffer, has granted in return year after year of practically uninterrupted health and bodily happiness.

Therefore as I sat, for the first time in this office, I was startled to discover a feeling of slight nausea, of dizziness, a lightheadedness creeping over me. Not since those early days of close-fitting and heavy choir robes in combination with hardwood, straight-backed choir stalls, and stifling August services, had I fainted. Yet now was I experiencing again those same symptoms which always preceded such instances.

Worried, I rose to my feet, to breathe deeply, hoping that I could cast the distress from me. But I was unsteady, my body swayed uncertainly and I again sought my chair, and sank into it almost praying that he for whom I waited might come and come quickly.

He did. With his usual cordiality he came to me with extended hand. I tried to appear at ease. He drew up a chair, and as he did so said "Have you noticed the building swaying? There is really no excuse for that. Everyone who comes up here when the big presses are running gets the idea that he is sick or dizzy and its nothing but the building swaying with the heavy presses."

With that he pointed to the door, partly open. It was swaying quite perceptibly. The cord hanging from the overhead light swung freely, the closed doors on a bookcase sort of sawed up and down, emitting a slight squeak. Upon listening closely, the window weights could be heard gently tapping the inner side of the frames in which they hung suspended. It was the building, in slight, hardly noticeable movement which had given me the idea that I was ill.

Since I have been daily in the office, I have become accustomed to the occasional sway, when many big presses in the building happen to get into step, as it were, yet visitors frequently have the same experience as was my first one, unless I can save them, and always it is another case of things not being what they seem. We are influenced by our surroundings. But the big truth here is the old, old truth, so common as to be passed without thought, as the air we inhale. Here in this building of printers and publishers, scattered promiscuously through our eight floors, the presses of a dozen printeries or more grind out their daily grist. Never are we conscious of their presence until, as a mere happenstance, they swing into unison of motion which may last for a moment or two, yet it is long enough literally to move the building in which they work. Scattered over the face of the earth, the ministers of the Church of God are working their individual presses and influencing for good, the communities in which they work. Not until that time, wherein will come a greater, more perfect unity of action and of aim, will the foundations of the old world rock and tremble with the inherent, yet untested power of a united church of the *living God*. *JmR*

## Words Across the Sea

HE loved his dog. I therefore loved him, not simply because he loved his dog, but because I have found that a man who loves his dog is more often one to be trusted and loved than not. His love for his dog was simply the meter by which I gauged the soul of him.

His frequent visits in the office were a source of constant delight and encouragement. His, "my dear children," fell as a benediction, always. His wholehearted laugh was good to hear, it was contagious. His gentle way invited what gentleness lay in us.

Now he is gone and his curt, "Good morning, sir, I wish you good luck," still rings in my ear, and strange though it may seem, no less a one than our able friend, Noah Webster, opened the little breach.

With an illustrious Englishman, the Doctor holds, "the evils that men do, live after them." I hold that not all their "good is interred with their bones."

He had told of objecting to the subject of an article in a recent issue of *Scribner's*, I believe it was, "The Dominie Looks at His Life." He had written to the editor to inform that gentleman that the use of the word *Dominie* was in error, in that it applied not to the

minister, as the article would have it, but to the school-master. It occurred to me as he spoke, that that was a new application so far as I knew. Having no desire to cross with the good old Doctor, from the land of Robbie Burns, I turned to my faithful companion, Noah, and he told me that the word in days gone did mean schoolmaster in England, but that the word had been superceded by the word Dames. Noah went even farther than that and continued, "the word is common in the U. S., probably through the influence of the Dutch word Domine," that "it is obsolete, save in the U. S., where it is used as a title of respect in addressing a clergyman, or used colloquially of any minister." I showed it to the Doctor who immediately challenged my pet authority with "He is no authority! I am amazed that he should make so flagrant a mistake! You must accept an outstanding literary light as the editor of *Scribner's*, as your authority. He says the word applies to a schoolmaster and not a minister. Your only real authority is the Scotsman who used the word in his poems."

Now, you must know I love the inimicable Burns, nor have I one word to say against any farmer boy who in his father's fields, forms the wish:

"That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
Some useful plan or book could make  
or sing a sang at least."

My heart is all for him who would he could "sing a sang at least," whether he sings it or not.

Yet I do find not a few words in his sweetest "sangs" which I am forced to set aside as not for my use, nor can I find logic in the thought that I must turn to him as my word authority for no greater reason than that he may have used, even invented or coined, a word under consideration, for in his own words, "seas between us braid hae roar'd sin auld lang syne."

Because of those selfsame seas I rooted against Robbie for Noah. In spite of those selfsame seas the Doctor cheered for his Robbie. Yet withal, I have an idea that on this side the word Dominie will continue to mean for Americans, *the clergy*, a term of respect. Meaning that for Americans, Americans will persist in the occasional use of the word. Wherever you hear the word used, on this side, it will and does now mean a *Clergyman*.

This caution might be offered very gently. Should you go to Scotland, bear in mind that there, though obsolete, the word with some will mean schoolmaster, and it is a rather safe venture to speak the language of the people with whom you are surrounded, whether in the pulpit or on the way, for only then may you be understood, only then may you be intelligible. Failing to speak the language of him with whom you converse, you may live to know that other wish of the poet:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."

JmD

## Preachers and Preaching

### THE PREACHER'S JOB

On Sunday the preacher has nothing to do  
But shake his long sleeves for a sermon or two;  
And if he's not used to extempore speech,  
His barrel can furnish him something to preach.  
"His job is a snap," so the wise ones declare,  
"A real sinecure in a soft-cushioned chair."

On Monday the preacher has nothing to do  
But spend it with people whose outlook is blue,  
Who harp on the weather, their bonds or their  
stocks,

Or think that the churches have gone on the rocks,  
To brighten their outlook, to lighten their woes,  
Is just a mere trifle, as every one knows.

On Tuesday the preacher has nothing to do  
But visit the shut-ins, and then to pursue  
His way to the sickly, the mournful and sad,  
And tell them where comfort and joy may be  
had.  
With teaching the children and care for the  
youth,  
His life is all pleasure, all pleasure forsooth.



On Wednesday the preacher has nothing to do.  
But go to a meeting, or possibly two.  
The ladies assemble, committees convene,  
The preacher must give them the best he can  
glean,  
Address them, direct them, suggest or advise;  
But that's a small matter, as you may surmise.

On Thursday the preacher has nothing to do  
But confer with the council and plan things  
anew,  
The roof, or the steeple, has sprung a few leaks,  
The walls of the church may be smutty with  
streaks.  
The treasurer says that the funds are quite low  
And hints that the preacher go after the "dough."

On Friday the preacher has nothing to do  
But round up the slackers, a dozen or two,  
There may be a burial, he must be there,  
The sermon must show preparation and care.  
Now here for a sick-call, then there he's desired,  
And if not "omniscient," he ought to be fired.

On Saturday the preacher has nothing to do  
But get himself ready for Sunday's debut.  
The hymns are selected, the text and the theme,  
The Bible class lesson is just a sweet dream.  
Communion at two, and a baptism at three,  
His "job" is a snap, boys, just take it from me!  
—W. M. Czamanske.

#### CLARITY

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Clarity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all symmetry, so that my structure is perfect, and have not Clarity, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be spurned, and have not clarity, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Clarity endureth long, and is remembered; Clarity confuseth not; Clarity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily forgotten, troubleth no hearer.

6. Rejoiceth not in difficult phrases but rejoiceth in simplicity.

7. Beareth all thoughts, conveyeth all thoughts, unifyeth all thoughts, endureth all thoughts.

8. Clarity never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9. For we know in part, and we prophecy in part.

10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but

then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13. And now abideth Symmetry, Unity, Clarity, these three, but the greatest of these is Clarity.

*Rev. C. P. Hanson.*

## The Bulletin Board

We cannot yet put into fact all that we can put into thought: it takes a long time to build the cathedral that is at first an idea.

Do not spend much time in fighting mosquito swarms of errors, but spread the oil of divine grace over the marshes of the world.

Instead of thinking what we ought to be, let us remember what Jesus is.

No evil is imputed to faith, perfect righteousness is imputed, and at last imparted, to it by God.

Jesus went about doing good until they arrested Him, and then He did them more good.

Thinking can never fill us with righteousness, beliefs blossom in the mind, bear fruit in the will, and produce ripe fruit in the heart.

One glimpse of the loveliness of truth opens the gate into a new world.

Christianity is a truly natural life upon a supernatural basis.

The Lord enables us to do good before we are able to do well.

Divine grace is like sunlight: everything depends upon it but no one can make it.

The leaves of the Bible are for the healing of the nations, but its fruits are for the healing of the soul.

The essentials of the Christian life are a book, a person, faith, and obedience; God freely furnishes them.

A Christian does not expect himself from himself, but from God.

To look at oneself alone is to see nothing; to look at oneself in Christ is, potentially, to see everything.

Divine grace finds its best opportunities in the worst cases, yet, to cultivate disease in order to be cured is presumptive folly.

There is no way of doing any good thing but that of asking God to do it; He works in us to will and to work His good pleasure, and what He does we do also.

No preparation can enable a minister to preach or a teacher to teach, but the Holy Spirit can enable both to use the preparation which He has enabled them to make.

Our inspirations must be worked out with fear and trembling, we fear and tremble lest we lose them.

Not the widow's mite, but the widow's mites, not half, but all.

Christ undertakes to be all in all, not half in half.

All that we reserve of self we lose of Christ.

They do not admire that ungifted preacher but they believe him.

—Christopher G. Hazard.

# Methods of Church Work

Plans and Ideas Used by Active Pastors.  
They may be Adapted for Use in any Parish.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW

The *Epworth Herald* gives an account of an interesting and educational festival for industrial workers in Beloit, Wisconsin, which may be adapted to any community where groups of workers from foreign lands are associated in work and community life.

### Linking the Old World and the New at Beloit

The city of Beloit, Wis., has three great factories—an iron works, a silk-knitting mill, and a weighing scales plant—each the largest of its kind in the world. To man these factories, Beloit calls workers from all parts of Europe. And Beloit sends the finished products of its factories to twenty-six nations. Beloit also has a group of young women with bright ideas. One of their brightest and most recent ideas was a plan to show, by means of a folk festival, how much Beloit owes to distant parts of the world.

On the night of the festival the auditorium of the Fairbanks-Morse Company was crowded to the doors. A group of Italian girls sang a folk-song, and as they did so an elderly Italian woman, unconscious of the crowd, rose in her balcony seat, gripped the iron railing and rocked to and fro, entranced by the rhythm of the song. The audience smiled when a group of Lithuanians danced one of their native rounds, with its brisk turnings and quick handclappings; but tears came to the eyes of a burly Lithuanian miner. That drill brought back memories of a boyhood spent in a land far away.

There was a concluding pageant scene in which each country brought its contributions—metals, painting, music—to Miss Beloit. Each representative, in native costume, carried a streamer, one end of which Miss Beloit held as the representative returned to his place. At the end all the nations were so closely woven and interwoven that it would have been impossible to separate them. The American flag was raised over all. The symbolism was inescapable.

All of this happened as a result of a meeting in the Young Women's Christian Association, but it might have come out of an Epworth League meeting, where a group of young people were making adventures in Christian living in their own community.

## CONGREGATIONS COOPERATE

The congregations of Trinity Cathedral and St. Paul's Church, Episcopal, Duluth, Minnesota, worked out a cooperative program for the promotion of the Every Member Canvass.

The two congregations were treated as one for neighborhood meetings at convenient homes.

Neighbors without respect to their membership in either congregation were invited to assemble at these homes on two evenings, a week apart. The Rt. Rev. Granville G. Bennett, D.D., Bishop of Duluth, was in charge, and was assisted by the dean of the Cathedral, the pastor of St. Paul's, and three laymen from each congregation.

Each parish had a mass meeting on Sunday in its own church auditorium, one in the morning and one in the evening, so the Bishop could preside at each gathering. The Friday following was set apart as a day of intercession for each congregation, and the canvass was conducted during the following week, each congregation accepting pledges from its own membership.

## YOUTH HONORS AGE

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church, Ruid, Iowa, sponsored a special service for the aged members of the church. Special invitations were issued for the service, and transportation to and from the church was provided. Holy Communion was given as the first part of the service; the pastor spoke on "The Rewards of Life," after which the invitation committee of the League gave each guest a golden chrysanthemum.

There were twenty-two guests present, all over seventy years of age, the oldest ninety-eight years and the youngest seventy-two.

## THE FIFTY YEARS' CLUB

St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Toledo, Ohio, has a club for members who have belonged to the church membership for more than fifty years, and there are 129 members. The *old faithfuls* of the church were honored with a series of celebrations in which the whole congregation took a part. Dr. L. H. Schuh, pastor, planned a Sunday morning honor service, and preached on the subject, "Flowers for the Fifty Years' Club." The honor roll was read, with special emphasis on the club members who have held membership in the church for seventy years or more.

At the banquet a number of relics of earlier days were displayed, among them a brass key of the old frame church in which the congregation formerly worshipped. The old ballot box with its equipment of white and black balls was exhibited. The curiosity of the younger members brought forth an explanation of the conduct of old-time elections, when votes were literally *cast* into the ballot box and one who was defeated was literally *blackballed*.

## A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Episcopal Church of Northern Indiana has been engaged for



several years in compiling a Book of Remembrance and a fund of \$2,500 for the use of the Bishop in Mission and Church Extension work in the diocese. The book and the fund will be presented to the Bishop at the annual meeting in January.

This plan could be worked out in state or conference circles, and could be made interesting as well as profitable to the persons concerned in raising money for special work or equipment.

The following letter and Survey Card were used by Rev. Edwin Wyle, pastor of First Church of Christ, Canton, Pennsylvania, in an Every Member Canvass and Personal Evangelism Campaign.

First Church of Christ  
Canton, Penna.

Edwin Wyle, A.B., Minister

December 3rd, 1928.

Dear Friends and Folks of First Church:

Who gives himself to Christ, makes the greatest gift, and this church is desirous above all else to enlist every member in actual service. We exist only for the purpose of enlisting in, and enlarging, the Kingdom of God.

We have a wonderful power house in which to do our work, and from its doors go out a life-giving and light-producing current, which cannot be tabulated.

You pastor desires to know how many working units he can depend upon to help him put over the daring program that this church has endorsed, and for that reason he appeals to you, in this way, to do your duty as a Disciple of Christ.

Will you be more faithful on the Sunday Service? Will you look up non-church-goers, and invite them to your church? Better still, will you bring them in your automobile? Will you invite, and bring others to your Bible School?

Enclosed you will find a card, it seeks first to enlist you in the service of the church, and secondly it asks you to pledge to the greatest work with which you are identified. Of course, every member and friend must decide for himself the amount he can, and will give. The eyes of not only Canton, but practically the world, are upon us, and it would be a spiritual tragedy if our folks failed to lay on the sacred altar of the church the \$12,000 needed to carry on our work during the year 1929. You have asked us to lead you in this work will you make real leadership possible by pledging to your utmost ability, and as to God?

My friends will you do your part, and reap a glorious blessing in your religious life?

Please return the card fully signed, and help our every-member Canvassers in this way.

Your pastor and leader,  
Edwin Wyle.

Survey Card  
First Church of Christ  
Canton, Penna.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

What special work are you now doing in the church, such as singing in choir, teaching in the Bible School, working in some organization, ushering, etc.?  
\_\_\_\_\_

What special work do you consider yourself best fitted for, if needed?  
\_\_\_\_\_

Do you know of anyone you think might be interested in taking membership with this church?  
\_\_\_\_\_

Knowing the Budget of the church to be \$12,000 for the year 1929, I desire to contribute, each week, the Amount I have checked below:

For Local Church Work						
\$10	\$8	\$5	\$4	\$3	\$2	\$1
.75	.50	.40	.30	.25	.10	.05
For Missions and Benevolence						
\$5	\$2	\$1	.75	.50	.25	.10

Mark with an X the amount you wish to pay.

Matins and Vesper Services

Pre-Lenten Sunday Evening Service

REV. LOUIS KEAST

This service is no substitute, in reality there is no substitute, for a Sunday evening service of worship. Our principal aim is the same whether we emphasize the sermon or the song, What we

do wish to is to bring such a variety into our services that they shall never become dull or unattractive.

A casual glance at the following outline of our

service will lead us to discover that it is not an easy, extemporaneous program. With an able director and an accomplished organist it is worthy of presentation anywhere, and in any denomination.

This service has the advantage of being planned for a chorus of many voices. This is a special advantage for any church using it, for it will require the interest and the devotion of a large number who might otherwise be disinterested. We have learned that to intrigue the personal interest of a great number of people, old and young, is a wonderful stimuli to the work. There are so many things bidding for the attention and interest of people, the movies and the magazines, the auto and the radio, that we have done a great thing for our people and our cause when we enlist their services.

As we approach the Pre-Lenten season particularly we should be choise in the selection of the numbers involved. Nothing quite cheapens the Church and defeats its purpose so much as the use of trashy and unworthy music. Remember your aim is to bring folks into right relation with God. A year ago at Passiontide, we had presented for us Stainer's "Crucifixion," one number of which is selected below: "God So Loved the World." It is a number like that which brings God home to the heart, if any piece of music can.

## Program

- Organ Prelude.
- Hymn: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."
- Tune—Miles' Lane.
- Call to Worship.
- Invocation.
- Choral Response.
- "Unfold Ye Portals," from "Redemption"—*Gounod*.
- "O Shepherd of Israel"—*Morrison*.
- "Largo"—*Handel*.
- "A Voice in the Wilderness"—Solo Tenor.
- "God So Loved the World," from "Crucifixion"—*Stainer*.
- "The King of Love My Shepherd Is"—Trio—*Mendelssohn*.
- Intermission—Offering—Announcement
- "Praise the Lord"—*Randegger*.
- "These Are They," from The Holy City—*Gaul*.
- Soprano Solo
- "Rock of Ages"—*Dudley Buck*.
- "Consider the Lilies"—Trio—*Bliss*.
- "Send Out Thy Light"—Men Chorus—*Gounod*.
- "Gloria"—from the Twelfth Mass—*Mozart*.
- Benediction

This is an attractive program, filled with spiritual power. It will be found to be inspiring to both old and young and its far-reaching effect will be felt long after the service has been completed.

## A Memorial Service

This Memorial Service was held in the Hazelwood Christian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. Our auditorium was entirely filled including the balcony. This service may be of interest to other pastors.—*George D. Massay*.

A beautiful and effective Memorial Service was held on the evening of November 4th for those church members and children of members who died since the laying of the cornerstone of the present church building, five years ago.

Large ferns were given by a local undertaker. Flowers were furnished by most of the families of the nineteen dead whose memories were honored. The ferns were placed at the sides and the flowers in the center of the rostrum on artificial grass directly in front of the baptistry. Four flood lights—two red ones in the center and one green one on each end, lighted the bouquets and ferns. Around the arch above the baptistry in the form of an arc and on the points of the cross nineteen small orange-colored lights were placed.

Following Gloria Patria and the invocation, all sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." The choir sang a special memorial number. The "Beatitudes" were read and followed by prayer. During the singing of the last chorus of "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" the auditorium lights were turned out. From one side the church secretary read the name of each deceased member. A bugler in the choir room back of the pulpit blew a light blast after the reading of each name. One of the

small lights in the arc was turned on. The pastor then repeated the name and gave the age at the date of death and the number of years a member of the church. Between the reading of the name, the bugle blast and the eulogy each counted five for the sake of perfect order. When all the names had been read and while the lights were shining for each, the pastor made a fifteen-minute memorial talk. At its close the nineteen lights went out one by one. When all were out the bugler blew taps, the auditorium lights were turned on and the choir sang, "Lead Kindly Light." As a closing hymn, all sang "In the Sweet By and By."

Some central thoughts in the address were as follows: "We are met to pay tribute to the memories of our loved ones who have gone on before. We honor our soldier dead because of sacrifices made for our great land and for fidelity to the cause of freedom. So we honor those who lived and loved the same Christ who is our inspiration and our love today. Their physical presence is not with us this evening nor are their voices heard, but they live in our memories and their voices speak to us still. I had the privilege of talking and praying with many of those whom we honor near the close of their earthly lives. I can testify that their two great sources of comfort and satisfaction were the comradeship of Christian friends and their faith in God and in Jesus Christ as our Saviour.

They speak to us in voices still and small but



they speak nevertheless. Could they speak in tones audible tonight their message to us would be one of encouragement to fight the good fight and hold fast to the faith of our fathers and to "carry on" the work of Christ and his church.

Their hopes were for a life here and hereafter. In memory of them let us live for the honor and the glory of God who promises us a home eternal in the heavens.

## LINCOLN DAY CAMPFIRE SERVICE

REV. J. S. ELLIS

Stage setting: Log cabin in the background, with open door, showing candle burning on table. Cabin, light frame covered with building paper, striped with whiting, for cracks and chinking. The cabin is a replica of the Lincoln cabin. Big camp fire in center of stage. Use strong light bulbs, covered with red paper, to make a glow all over the stage. All other lights off. A block of wood in front of the cabin, with axe sticking in it.

George Washington Hill (colored boy) seated in front of the cabin. He sings one verse of "My Old Kentucky Home." Voices of young people in alcove answer with chorus of the song. Then song verse and chorus of "Old Black Joe."

G. W. Hill: I seem to hear voices tonight, calling me. They are calling to me and to my people. 12,000,000 black men and women in America. Our race has given to America great business men, great scientists, great singers, great poets. The voices are calling to us to be a people of whom America will be proud. Abraham Lincoln was born in a humble log cabin like this. He became great, and he was our best friend. I love Abraham Lincoln!

(Young people come on stage, laughing and talking.)

William: Hello! Here is George Washington Hill's place. Hello, George, guess we'll sit down by your fire for a while.

G. W. Hill (in friendly manner): Sit down. Sit down. Glad to have you. I was feeling a little lonely tonight.

(Girls sit down. Boys stretch around the camp fire. Mabel, standing, seated later.)

William: This is the life!

Mabel: Maybe it is, but your feet take up so much room I can't find a place to sit down.

William: Beg pardon, Mabel. A man ought not to be held responsible for the size of his feet. They are nature's ornaments.

Anne (Musingly): Doesn't the fire make one think!

George: Now listen, Anne, that's dangerous. It's so unusual, you know!

Mabel: Anne's right. Not only the fire, but this month makes me think. February is the month of great birthdays—Washington's and Lincoln's.

Anne: Yes, and Dicken's, Franklin's, Lowell's, Longfellow's.

G. W. Hill: And Dwight L. Moody's. My mother heard him preach.

George (groaning): This think business is going to my head. I guess I'll go to sleep.

Alice: Let's sing something and wake George up.

All: All right. Let's go! They sing "We're Tenting Tonight."

William: That's not so worse.

Maude: I've been learning a poem about Lincoln. Do you want me to read it?

George: All right, Maude, but don't talk too loud. I've gotta get some sleep.

Maude recites "Lincoln," by Edwin Markham

Julia: What awful times those were that Lincoln lived through! The country was divided. Neighbors were hating neighbors. Brothers were sometimes in opposing armies, trying to kill each other.

Henry: And the worst of it was that both sides believed that they were right.

Alice: Isn't that the way with all wars? Wasn't that the way in the World War?

Mabel: I am glad we are not hating the people of the South now. I just love the South.

Henry: All right. Let's sing their song. Let's go! They sing "Dixie."

Clio: There is something beautiful, and something I don't like about the poem "We Shall Not Sleep." I don't like that line, "Take up our quarrel with the foe." I wish we did not have to think of any people as foes.

William: Give it to us, Clio, I've forgotten it.

Clio recites, "We Shall Not Sleep."

Anne: Now I want to recite a poem. (George groaning, My head, my head!): It is by the English poet, John Drinkwater. He is one of the greatest of living poets. His drama, "Abraham Lincoln," is a wonderful appreciation of our great American. In this little poem Drinkwater shows us who are the greatest sufferers from war—and the ones who one day will declare that war shall be no more. The poem is called, "We Mothers Know." But it is a poem that some mother ought to read.

Clio: Here comes Mrs. Ellis. Why not ask her to read it?

(Mrs. Ellis approaches the group.)

Anne: Mrs. Ellis, do you know the poem, "We Mothers Know"?

Mrs. Ellis: Yes, I love that poem.

She reads, "We Mothers Know," by John Drinkwater.

George (sitting up): That makes me think of an old song!

All: All right, Georgie. Let's have it!

George, solo, with chorus: "In the Prison Cell I Sit."

Pastor's talk: "Abraham Lincoln, the Citizen."

Mabel: I like this thinking about Lincoln and the songs of his day, but suppose we sing one of our own songs before we go.

They sing, "There's a Long, Long Trail."

(All leave stage. Lights on.)

Song by Congregation: "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

Benediction.

## Our Evening Services

For many months your minister and Session have known that something *must* be done about the Sunday evening hour. Last winter's service attracted no more than 7% of the membership. Any one of three ways appeared to be open to us; *First* we might proceed as heretofore with the faithful few, most of whom were present at the morning hour and some of whom came out of a sense of loyalty. This, your Session would have voted down.

*Second* with a very little encouragement from the minister your Session would have dispensed with the Evening Service. Wisely or unwisely, as the case may be, an increasing number of churches, especially in the suburban sections, have chosen that expedient.

*Third* we might alter the type of service, giving it a popular appeal thereby increasing attendance yet keeping it dignified and fundamentally spiritual. This plan your Session, after many hours of deliberation, has unanimously approved. The conventional type of service formerly employed reached neither the youth nor the strangers and appeared to concern but a "handful" of other persons. This new type of program is designed to give to any and all persons a service that will be interesting, inspiring and worshipful. The following tentative schedule was approved:

1. A Favorite Hymns Program.
2. A John Bunyan Program.
3. "Ram Das," a Motion Picture.
4. Choir Concert.
5. Peace Pageant.
6. Choir Concert.

7. Annual Missionary Praise Service.
8. Special for Firemen and Policemen.
9. Christmas Pageant.
10. Choir Concert.
11. College Night.
12. Christian Endeavor Program.
13. Prohibition Anniversary.
14. Choir Concert.
15. Mid-Year Commencement (High School).
16. Fannie Crosby Service.
17. George Dondero on Lincoln.
15. Father and Son Service and Banquet.
19. Choir Concert.
20. Stewardship Pageant.
21. Evangelistic Services (two, with special speakers).
22. "The Crucifixion," by the Choir.
23. "The Story of Joe," read by member.
24. Choir Concert.
25. Mother's Day Dramatic Service.
26. Special Guest Service, Masons.
27. Choir Concert.

Changes will be made of course, but the foregoing may help to give an idea of what we have in mind.

It is believed that the additional attendance will more than meet all costs. The problem of adequate publicity will be the most difficult. In addition to the bulletin, which will reach every family, we are counting on *you* to make the fact known to all your friends that every Sunday evening at our church there will be a worthwhile program.—Rev. Robert H. Rolofson, First Presbyterian Church, Royal Oak, Michigan.

## Advertising the Church

### Improving the Church Calendar

RICHARD KNOWLES MORTON

When thoughtfully and aggressively directed, the planning of the weekly church leaflet or calendar takes its place as one of the important parts of church work.

It would seem wise for a church to experiment with different plans. Sometimes two inside pages may be furnished complete by some outside agency, the church looking after only the other two. Sometimes a simple leaflet of two pages (both sides of one sheet) is mimeographed or multiplied by typewriter carbon paper. Where the calendar is printed by some outside agency, different organizations of young people should take turns in being responsible for gathering news and in bringing to the church the printed copies. The publicity, furthermore, should not be haphazard—a committee of adults and young people should pass on the news, with the pastor, and get it into the clearest and briefest form.

#### Suggestions

1. Provide outline suggestions for guiding people in fifteen-minutes-a-day of religious reading.
2. Print in a prominent place a general "thought of the month" and call attention to an important aspect of it each week. List books, articles, news, etc., of importance that the people should know about. Call attention to bits of information about the Bible or Holy Land which scholars make known or which otherwise come to light.
3. Have a brief question-box, answering each week one or two widely interesting and really important religious questions.
4. Remembering that the calendar serves not only to announce the program of the future but also to record past events, see that some aspect of the general condition of the church—spiritual, social, financial, etc.—is dealt with briefly each week.



5. For many weeks we have started our calendar with a brief prayer of meditation for use in the silent period before the service begins, and which strikes a keynote for the worship of the week. It is well also to use bold-face headings and italics for emphasis. Use an outline method when crowded. Do not print long and tedious notices just to please some literary aspirant or church officer. Study the journalistic art of attracting people's attention. Prepare special messages for holidays like Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, etc. Use special paper, ink and type, with attractive decorations. Get some good engravings, too, if possible, working up the ensemble well in advance. If your church suffers from the fact that the people may not be interested in reading the calendar, try all the attractive methods at your disposal and they will reward you. If the calendar is not read, the pastor will need to take time for announcements, and the news of church events will not be effectively distributed.

6. Print one or two short poems requested by parishioners. Use material when possible which they have found in unusual places and which is not accessible to everyone. When the thought of the people is directed during a season to one general theme, it is astonishing how many apt writings the people will find in unusual volume if they are stimulated to seek for them.

7. When the popular mind is directed for some reason toward some great classic or good contemporary writing, print a telling paragraph from it or give the gist of its contents. Some churches have also successfully printed serially the important parts of great religious books or articles, when permitted to do so.

8. Sum up important local addresses or religious happenings which are not covered in the news. Give people a striking phrase or a "lead" and if sufficiently interested they will attend to getting further material about it. It is often helpful to print an outline or synopsis of your sermon or the historical or social background of an address, and interesting facts about anthems, organ selections, or events in religious history occurring on a given Sunday.

9. Each week a minister is deciding upon what subjects he will speak during the morning and evening services, at the prayer meeting, and perhaps at some other services. He then uses well formulated ideas which reach some definite conclusion. But does he not have many wonderings and groping ideas which are not as yet well

organized and presentable publicly? Does he not have also many thoughts which do not lend themselves at all for public use in the course of his regular duties? When such thoughts arise, why not print them briefly and clearly and thus reveal to the congregation not only your well-polished discourses, but also your problems, doubts, and groping ideas which may be supremely helpful to some people? Suppose, for example, some political, ethical, or moral problem arises in the community and you have not had time to examine all the facts and yet you feel certain things strongly and dislike to let the matter pass out of the public mind before you deal with its religious aspects. Why not print them, not as an address, but as the raw materials for the independent serious thinking of your congregation?

10. In many cases, too, it is advisable to supply your congregation with bibliographies when important matters of broad and deep ramifications come up. Tell people how to go about taking advantage of the religious affairs of the community. Sometimes they do not know how to join a worth-while club or how to acquire privileges in some plan which ministers to the community in some way. They may not know where to look for the best entertainment, instruction and recreation. In connection with holidays, supply historical and other data bearing on the celebration.

11. Why not a "Review" Sunday for the calendar? In the Sunday School teachers usually feel the need for a quarterly recapitulation of what they hope they have already taught. Should not the pulpit also periodically try to recapitulate and to summarize the general trend of pastoral teaching, and should not one calendar in a quarter be largely devoted to summaries of the important ideas, books, references, etc., connected with the service of each Sunday? I think this idea should commend itself to many in some form.

12. When many of the above-mentioned plans (somewhat ambitious, perhaps, and often ignoring the severely limited space at the disposal of many calendar editors) seem impracticable, one can always find room for an apt definition of an important religious term—or perhaps some apt remark on a problem, need, failing, or challenge in modern life.

The calendar can be a valuable aid in promoting church work and I know of nothing which for a few dollars weekly, offer so many possibilities.

## Publicity for the Small Church

REV. MANFRED A. CARTER

Under the present divided condition of Protestantism, most churches are small and hence fall under the above class. The point of view of the small church is entirely different from that of the large one, its task is one of making personal contacts. The following suggestions are offered as a

report on experiments in the making of these personal contacts through publicity.

Church page editors say that many ministers do not submit even their sermon subjects to the papers. Often a minister will publish his subjects in a paper, to which he happens to subscribe

personally, entirely neglecting the other papers that reach his constituency. When the subjects are sent in, there is usually little attempt to make them interesting and in vital contact with the age.

A group of churches recently planned a series of union evening services that included most of the Protestant churches in a population of over twenty thousand people. Only one of four newspapers, and that one very limited in circulation, was given any publicity material. In fact, in union efforts of churches, annual conventions, and conferences, there often is no publicity committee at all. The writer had occasion to move the appointment of such a committee in an annual conference which was receiving a great deal of unfair publicity over the trial of one of its ministers. If there had been a committee earlier, much damage might have been prevented. The press was not to blame that no publicity contact was provided. The reporters simply picked up what they could get where they could get it.

This is typical of the lack of publicity interest in the average church. If ministers have no such interest, who will have it? When entertainments and bazaars are advertised, often the effort is half-hearted and ineffectual. If a minister does use a weekly calendar he usually has to buy his own mimeograph machine, do the work of printing it, and is often rewarded by complaints for the cost of paper and ink. This lack of co-operation may, however, be his own fault for not seeking it. At any rate good weekly calendars in small churches are rare. Perhaps this lack of interest comes from a failure to realize just how easy it is to get a considerable amount of personal publicity of a very effective kind.

In the first place, there are the neglected local newspapers. The editors of today are very eager for church news of almost any kind. A pastor, or a church reporter appointed by the pastor, can easily establish a contact that will keep the people of his community reading and thinking about his church without any cost, or with a very small cost for an occasional paid advertisement. For instance, there is the matter of "personals," which we naturally look down upon as gossip. The editors know that people read these, and there is a reason why it is a good thing for a church to see that they get published. It builds up friendliness, which is the heart of church organization, and news of personalities within an organization is its best advertising.

Likewise, church news of social functions of various types, after or before they happen, is of great value, beyond the money raising interest though that does concern us at present. If a report of one high grade entertainment is published in detail, after it happens, the next entertainment of the church will have an audience. In fact, if a small paid advertisement is inserted, a long "write up" will often be welcomed before the event, even though it is not usually the custom to give free advertising to an event with an admission charge.

In the matter of published sermons, as one city

editor says, "The paper will not publish a reprint of the Gospel." People can read that for themselves elsewhere, and an exposition that merely repeats the scriptural account is not news. But if an attempt is made to apply the Gospel to some local situation editors welcome sermon abstracts eagerly. Even the quieter expositions will be accepted as a special weekly feature when there is some union effort. The writer had a little experience with this sort of thing while serving on a publicity committee of a city council of churches. We were able to introduce, without opposition and even with eager acceptance, the following program. A Monday morning series was used of three or four brief abstracts from sermons preached the previous day. Usually these were selected according to one general theme. Occasionally the space was given over entirely to some outstanding sermon. On Saturday there was a special write-up by the secretary of the council in one of the evening papers, and in the same edition of the competing evening paper there were articles, in a special emphasized space, by various clergymen selected by the committee. Papers are not anxious for carbon copies, but, if each is given something different and distinctive, all of them will be anxious for all the material presented. We also had a weekly radio hour conducted by this same committee. In this union program the various local clergymen were used who would not have easily made contact individually. These are only a few of the newspaper opportunities available and not being efficiently used by the smaller churches. Newspaper "copy" should be brief, accurate, giving full names of all people concerned, and having important facts at the beginning. The telephone may sometimes be used, but is far less satisfactory than an accurate written account.

If there were space, we might consider details concerning the use of local talent in poster making, the ease with which printed programs can be paid for by advertising space included, efficiency in the weekly calendar, etc., but a monthly church paper, described in detail, may prove suggestive to the general attitude toward publicity.

The first essential is building up of enthusiasm and a staff of workers. Our monthly bulletin is a church newspaper and has somewhat corresponding departments of "church news," "personals," "pastor's paragraph," "clippings," "this month's program," "advertisements," and the like. The staff includes an editor for each of these departments, a group of young people to do the work of printing and circulating the paper, and the minister who acts as "editor in chief." No minister has time to do all of the work necessary himself, nor could he do it as well as a staff of helpers can. The purchase of a mimeograph machine is advisable. Printed papers cost too much to be published locally, and the nationally syndicated church paper loses the personal touch, to some extent at least. In fact, the less formal mimeographed copy is more apt to be read than the printed page, though of course it lacks the



dignity a large church would prefer. The work of printing is a means of holding young people's interest in the church, and they like it.

Copy should be given to the sub-editors by members of the congregation during the month. And each editor will be on the look-out for himself and for the other departments. He will cut this material to an allotted space and submit it to the minister for final approval. Then this is given to stenographers in the church who will cut the stencils for printing. These stencils are passed on to the young people, who print the paper and clip the sheets together with a stapling device. Circulation costs may be reduced by distribution at church services and by volunteer paper boys. Only a few copies need be mailed. The pastor will often find it a good excuse for a call.

This type of bulletin has a number of advantages. First, and most important, it is personal. People will read it because of the personals and church news, and, as a rule, will read all the "propaganda" that is included. It keeps all the people informed about all the other people in the church and promotes friendliness. It serves as a pastoral call and increases pastoral contacts tremendously. It advertises coming events in the church as no other medium can.

It is in a form that will be remembered and, when filed, serves as a permanent record of the year's activities. Financial and other problems can be given full publicity and secure a general co-operation. It keeps the program alive. Best of all it pays its own way and hence can be published even in these smaller churches with their limping budgets, often working miracles of financial healing. It has the power of a newspaper which is unlimited.

The appearance may be made attractive by the use of drawings traced from pictures. This does not require the services of an artist.

However, if there is someone in the church who is talented, he or she may be of real service in producing drawings of special local interest. Any picture may be used. If it is not of the right size a tracing may be made by the use of the pantograph, a system of leverage for reducing or enlarging pictures. This same instrument may be used in the making of posters and preparing for Sunday School Chalk talks. It may be purchased in a cheap form at a low cost. Another method is that of tracing on glass held at a distance from the picture, but this is difficult.

Co-operation of the church people in any publicity program is not the least of its values.

## Gold-Mining in the Scriptures

### *The Expositor's "Expositions"*

REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

#### EGOH EIMI HO POIMEHN HO KALOS

##### Four Studies of Jesus Pastor (February and March)

I am the Good Pastor, said Jesus; and so saying, he presents himself as our own ever-faithful friend; he also becomes the example and high ideal for every consecrated preacher of the Gospel. In these months of special pastoral solicitude, looking forward to the Easter in-gathering, we shall be helped by studying the spirit and life of Jesus *Ho Poimehn Ho Kalos*—the Pastor, the Beautiful Ideal.

##### 1. His Pastoral Evangelism. John 10:11-18.

Beautiful indeed, with all moral and spiritual beauty, is the life of that Divine Shepherd, pictured to us in the Gospels as perfect Pastor.

(1) His Brooding Spirit. Matthew 23:37. *Ierousalehm Ierousalehm, heh apokteinousa tous prophehtas kai lithobolousa tous apestalmenous pros autehn, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Murderess of the prophets, and stoning the messengers sent unto her—Posakis ehthelehsa episunagagein ta tekna sou hon tropon ornis episunagei ta nossia autehs, kai ouk ehthelehsate, How often was I fain to gather thy children around me in just such guise as doth the hen gather her brood beneath her wings; yet ye would not! Here is revealed the deep brooding spirit of the Divine One, yearning over his human children.*

Moses of ancient days drew a like beautiful picture of God's brooding spirit (Deut. 32:11): As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord," etc. The brooding spirit of Jesus! How deep a study is there! And without that same brooding spirit, learned of Jesus, there may be brilliant preaching, but no pastoring. May I say it? I would deeply choose to have Christ's brooding spirit of pastoral yearning, rather than the most thrilling power of evangelistic preaching.

(2) His Eager Quest. Matthew 9:35, 36. *Kai perieghen ho Iehsous tas poleis pasas kai tas komas, didaskohn en tais sunagoghais auteohn kai kehrusohn to Euaggelion tehs basileias kai therapeuohn pasan noson kai pasan malakian, And Jesus traversed the cities every one, and the villages, teaching in their synagogues and heralding the Evangel of the kingdom; and likewise healing every disease and every sickness.*

*Idohn de tous ochlous esplagchnistheh peri auteohn hoti ehsan eskulmenoi kai erimmenoi hohsei probata meh echonta poimehna, Seeing then the multitudes, he was stirred to the inmost heart over them, because there were distressed and outcast, even as sheep having no shepherd.*

Hear again is shown the yearning heart of the Good Pastor; and from that brooding spirit of

love comes the impulse which sends him forth, far and wide throughout all his pastoral field, in eager quest after every wandering soul. And still today, as in the first century, in scattered countryside, in village groups, or "where cross the crowded ways of life" in great cities, spiritually unshepherded multitudes, blindly fleeing from Jesus Christ, tug at the heartstrings of Him who came to save! Does not that *Poimehn Kalos* inspire in each true knight errant of his, the same eager quest after wandering Souls? These are they who form "the Brotherhood of Burning Hearts," bound after Jesus!

### (3) His Passionate Devotion. John 10:Passim.

He is *ho poimehn ho kalos*—He comes *hina zohehn echohsin*—He knows each sheep by name, and leads all in safe paths, *ta idia probata phohne kai' onoma kai' eksagei auta*—He guards each from the ravening wolf, when *theohrei ton loukon erchomenon*—He willingly *tehn psuhehn autou tilhehsin huper tohn probathon!* What a portrait of a Divine Pastor, for each human pastor to muse and dream over!

### (4) His Proved Faithfulness. John 17:Passim.

When death draws nigh he solemnly declares to God that he has kept and guarded all the flock committed to him, *Hote ehmehn mei' autohn egoh elehroun autous en toh onomati sou hoh dedohkas moi, kai ephulaksa*—That he has given them God's word, *Egoh dedoka autois ton logon sou*—That he has manifested God unto them, *Ephanerohsa sou to onoma tois anthrohpous hous edohkas*—That he has been faithful to the end, *Egoh se edoksasa epi tehs gehs, to ergon teleiohsas ho dedohkas moi hina poiehsou* (lit. the work having finished, that which thou gavest me in order that I should do it.) Harken now to the words of our Christian hero, Paul: *Mimehtai mou ginesthe, kathohs kagoh Christoul* (1 Cor. 11:1)

### 2. His Chiefest Pastoral Efficacy: Love. John 13:34, 35.

*Entolehn kainehn didohmi humin hina agapate allelhous,—kathohs, ehgapehsa humas hina kai humeis agapate allelhous.* A new commandment give I to you, that ye love one another;—yea, even as I have loved you, that ye love one another! *En toutoh gnohsontai pantes hoti emoi mathehtai este, ean agapahn echete en allelhous,* By this shall all men know that ye are disciples of mine, (viz.) when ye have love among yourselves (lit. among each other.) Two things stand out here emphatically: First, the supreme importance of Love, in the life and work of the Christian Church. Second, Christ's love for us as the norm and standard of love in His Church. For indeed, Love is both the strongest vinculum in the Church of Christ, and the mightiest power of that Church.

(1) Love is the cement which binds the Church into one; it is the life blood which makes that Church a living unity. *Kathaper gar to sohma hen estin kai meleh polla echei, panta de ta meleh tou sohmatos polla onta hen estin sohma, houtohs kai ho*

*Christos: kai gar en heni pneumatihemeis pantes eis hen sohma e baptistihemen,* For just as the body is one and has many members, but all the members of the body, being many, are one body; even so also is the Christ. Yea indeed, for by one Spirit were we all baptized to form one Body. (1 Cor. 1:12, 13.)

(2) Love is the unfailing proof of the new birth in God. *Agapehtoi, agapohmen allelhous, hoti heh agapeh ek tou Theou estin, kai pas ho agapohn ek tou Theou gegenehtai kai ginohskei ton Theon,* Beloved, let us love one another, for love is from God; and every loving soul, from God is born, and knoweth God. (1 John 4:7.)

(3) Love frees a church from judgment for many other failures. *Pro pantohn tehn eis heautous agapehn ekteneh echontes hoti agapeh kaluptei plehtios hamartiohn* Before all things, have earnest love unto each other, "for Love throws a veil over countless sins." (1 Peter 4:7) Christ overlooks many faults in any church that truly loves; so will a community.

(4) For Love proves to all men that we are Christ's true disciples. *En toutoh gnohoontai pantes hoti emoi mathehtai este, ean agapahn echete en allelhous.* And the human pastor who deeply, truly, unaffectedly loves his people—loves them in spite of their faults; loves them, whether or no they be good to him; loves them with passionate earnestness, just because they are *his flock*, which Christ has committed to his care—such pastor shall ultimately find that love is "The Greatest Thing in the World," and that it conquers both God and man!

But, for the human pastor, the climax of this discovery, that the chiefest pastoral efficacy of *Ho Poimehn Ho Kalos* lies in His Love, comes in this other injunction of the Saviour—*kathohs ehgapehsa humas, hina kai humeis agapate allelhous;* that the norm and standard of our love to Christ's people must be none other than the measure of His love to us!

Blessed indeed with priceless blessing is the pastor who humbly and reverently can say, as did one say not long since, at his last sacramental service before retiring from his pastorate:

"My beloved People, with all reverence I dare to say with Jesus, May you love one another 'as I have loved you!' For by his grace, and for his sake, I have loved you! Never once have I had least contention with one of you; never once have I made issue with any, seeking to have my own way; never once, if I know my own heart, have I failed in Christian love for any one of my dear people. True it is that I have never asked of man or woman (but of Jesus only) what I might preach: but, even so, I have ever preached the truth 'in love,' keeping back nothing of loving devotion. And so today with clear conscience I can beseech you to love another even as I have loved you, by the grace of our blessed Christ; whose alone is all the praise." Divine Love was, is, the Good Pastor's chiefest efficacy: blessed be human pastor, loving with Christlike love!



# Illustrations

*A Sermon Without Illustrations is Like a House Without Windows*

## Pearls for Preachers

WILLIAM J. HART, D.D.

### SLEEPING IN LINCOLN'S ROOM

**Ex. 3:5.** "For the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Bishop William Lawrence and his wife passed a night at the White House in February, 1909, when Roosevelt was President. One experience of that occasion is thus described in "Memories of a Happy Life:"

"There are to me few more interesting rooms than that at the east end of the White House, second story, which was President Lincoln's office, and is now a guest room. Inscribed in a plate on the mantel is the record that in that room Abraham Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, January 1, 1863. When bedtime came, I thought of the gaunt, lonely man with divided Cabinet, gazing from his desk through the window towards the south, where across the marsh and the Potomac were the hills of Virginia and its deep, heavy mud clods through which our troops were wallowing. Beyond were the plantations and the soldiers in gray: the slaves also, with their hopes in Father Abraham. I could almost see him bend to sign the parchment. It was not easy to fall asleep."

### SCHOOLMASTER AND TEXT BOOK

**Psa. 119:130.** "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

In that humble log cabin they tell us there was at one time but a single book, but it was *the* Book. With Almighty God for a schoolmaster and His book for a text book, no wonder that the scholar shook the world.—*John A. Shedd.*

### LINCOLN'S PROPHECY

**Dan. 9:24.** "The vision and prophecy."

General Howard once thrilled a vast audience at Chautauqua Assembly by relating his knowledge of Lincoln. At that time he said: "There was a man from Illinois, Mannis by name. His father had been a great friend of Lincoln and he was a boy when Lincoln first knew him. Lincoln liked him and said, 'Always extend both hands when you see me.' Mannis became a professor and a little later he became the president of a university in the far west. Mr. Lincoln, knowing he had become a university president, put him on the board of visitors at West Point, and he came on to perform his duties. When the examinations were over he went on to Washington to finish out his reports. When he got to the war department he wrote a letter: 'Dear Mr. Lincoln—I want to see you. Can you give me five minutes?' Mr.

Lincoln replied, 'I will give you an hour. A. Lincoln.' Mannis went to the White House, and Lincoln greeted him by extending both hands. They talked for an hour, and at the close of the conversation Mannis asked Mr. Lincoln, 'What shall be the issue of this war?' Mr. Lincoln's face changed and turned pale. He looked haggard and the tears came down his cheeks. 'Mr. Mannis, we shall succeed in this war, but I do not expect to live to see its consummation.'

### LINCOLN

**Ezek. 31:2.** "Whom art thou like in thy greatness?"

He had no wealth, no pride of name,  
He was the humblest of the earth,  
And yet he walked a king indeed:  
His royalty was in his worth.

His frame was formed of common dust,  
But genius burned within the clay;  
God chose him from a world of men  
To be the prophet of his day.

He took him from his cabin home  
And led him out to life's stern school;  
He set him where the people thronged  
That he might learn their hearts to rule.

He sought no prize of pomp or power,  
He had no lust for laureled fame;  
And yet today he rules a realm,  
A world rejoices in his name.

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

### WASHINGTON AND ASBURY

**Deut. 31:8.** "And the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee."

When President Coolidge unveiled the Equestrian Statue of Bishop Francis Asbury, in Washington, D. C., October 15, 1924, he delivered an address on "Religion and the Republic" in which he referred to Washington and Asbury as follows:

"When the inauguration of Washington took place, April 30, 1789, the Conference being in session, Bishop Asbury moved the presentation of a congratulatory address to the new President. His suggestion was adopted, and the Bishop being one of those designated for the purpose, presenting the address in person, read it to Washington. How well he fitted into the scheme of things, this circuit rider who spent his life making stronger the foundation on which our government rests

and seeking to implant in the hearts of all men, however poor and unworthy they may have seemed, an increased ability to discharge the high duties of their citizenship."

### TALENTS AND RELIGION MADE WASHINGTON GREAT

Matt. 25:16. "Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same."

"What was it that raised Washington to such heights of glory?" said the late Henry Cabot Lodge. "It was his great talents, constantly guided and guarded by religion."—*The Christian Advocate*.

### THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Ex. 28:12. "Stones of memorial."

I saw a marble shaft gleam white,  
Through darkness on a summer night,  
Its base in earthly shadows lost,  
Its peak where stars the sky embossed—  
A stylus in a Nation's hand  
To write the First Name of the Land.

From Arlington's memorial rood  
Across new snow the shaft I viewed;  
Forgot the Capitol's vast dome,  
The Martyr's colonnaded home,  
To measure with an eye entranced  
The airy point where noon sun danced.

Along the Basin's blossoming ring  
I saw the shaft from verdure spring;  
The cherries in pink showers broke,  
The spirit of the stone awoke,  
And like a burst of music came  
The phrase that celebrates a name:

"The Father of His Country." Who  
In fame's grand pageant of review  
Can match his service to mankind?  
Kings yield their place and walk behind  
One who in travail of his soul  
From racial shards endued a whole  
And in the Virgin Nation's sky  
Set thirteen golden stars on high.

From age to age his cherished name  
Shines in an ever-constant flame,  
As if a ray of vestal fire,  
Flashed from the heart of high desire,  
Burned still in deeds, long proved by time  
To honor marble, live in rime,  
And by a gleaming shaft men find  
Their better selves are kept in mind.  
—*Alma Adams Wiley in The Ladies'*  
*Home Journal*.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON, SURVEYOR

Neh. 7:2. "He was a faithful man."

George Washington, surveyor—high-laced old  
Great boots, and mackinaw neat-mended, cold,  
Muddy, of course, from working all the day  
Out in the rain; a raw bov, but, someway,

A gleam of something in those steely eyes,  
A promise of some far, unguessed sunrise—  
Hungry and footsore, tires, soaked to the skin;  
But grimly certain to make good, to win;  
Pulled down by every new defeat, oh, yes,  
But braced again by every new success.  
George Washington, surveyor—patiently  
Building a future only God could see.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies*.

### JOAN OF ARC'S SECRET OF POWER

James 2:18. "I will show thee my faith by my works."

The people once asked Joan of Arc as to the secret of her power over the French soldiers. It was a straight question and she gave them a straight answer. "I tell my men to go in boldly against the English," she said, "and then I go in boldly myself." If you stand outside of the Christian life in its more searching and exacting requirements, merely pointing the way for others, then you might just as well save your breath. You will make yourself worth listening to only when you have gone in boldly and whole-heartedly yourself.—*Selected*.

### LIVING UP TO FAMILY PRAYERS

James 2:18. "Show me."

A mistress asked her new maid whether she had any objection to family prayers, which the servants were expected to attend every morning. "Not if you live up to them," was her reply.—*The Record of Christian Work*.

### WHY THE BRAKES WOULD NOT HOLD

Eph. 5:16. "Buying up the opportunity." (R. V., margin.)

"For years I went along happily, putting off answering letters and invitations, putting off returning books to the library, and putting off going to the dentist and doctor. Why do a thing today when tomorrow will do just as well? was my philosophy?" Thus began a letter by T. Y. in *The American Magazine*, which won the first prize in a contest on "My worst fault and how I overcame it." The writer continued the confession by relating an incident of a deeply significant nature: "Something which happened last summer broke me of this habit. I had put off getting the brakes of our car tightened, thinking each day that I would do it tomorrow. Then, one day I was driving down-town when suddenly a little girl about five years old ran out into the street. I blew the horn, pushed in my clutch and foot brake, grabbed the hand brake, shut my eyes and prayed. I heard a terrified scream; but the car kept on going, for the brakes wouldn't hold. Finally, the car stopped.

"I opened my eyes and looked back. The little girl was lying on the pavement a few yards behind the car. My heart stopped beating. I jumped out and ran back. It took all my will power to force myself to look at that child; but when I did so, and saw she was apparently unhurt, I had to sit down on the pavement to keep from fainting.



"The car had knocked her down between the wheels and thus avoided killing or hurting her. I picked her up and carried her back to the car. I drove to the doctor's. He examined her carefully, and said she had only been stunned a little by the fall. Needless to say, I got my brakes tightened that very day.

"That cured me of procrastination. Since then, every time I start to put something off I think of that scream, and the way that little girl looked when I first saw her huddled on the pavement. My motto has become: 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.' And I honestly try to live up to it."

### FATHER AND SON

**Prov. 10:1.** "A wise son maketh a glad father."

Referring to the "Life and Letters" of President Wilson (by Ray Stannard Baker) at the time of publication, the editor of the *British Weekly* said:

"In these days, when some will even say there have been too many criticisms of fathers by sons, it is a sheer delight to be allowed to follow the deeply affectionate intercourse of the future President and his father. The son, in a vacation, helping his father with minutes for the General Assembly; the father in turn thinking definitely of his son as at the very moment standing before an audience lecturing; it is as pleasant a thing as one would wish to read."

### REMOTENESS OF THE STARS

**Job 22:12.** "And behold the height of the stars, how high they are!"

I heard an astronomer give an analogy about the stars, Sir Oliver Lodge said, to show how far apart the stars are in proportion to their size. You look at the midnight sky, and see a whole blaze of stars. Are they close together? No. They are a long way from us and from each other. This was the analogy the astronomer gave: Take the sun and the five stars nearest to it. Take six oranges or apples, and place one in Europe, one in Asia, one in Africa, one in North America, one in South America, and one in Australia, and that would represent the distance of the stars from each other in proportion to their size.—*The Cornish Post*.

### PRESIDENT ELIOTT'S SENSE OF HONOR

**Rom. 13:1.** "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers."

This illuminating illustration is given by Edward H. Cotton in his "Life of Charles W. Eliot":

"Dr. Eliot was a man of uncompromising integrity of character. In 1886 Harvard celebrated its 250th anniversary. The heads of all the American universities, but one, were invited to participate, and a number of them were awarded degrees. That one university was represented by a distinguished physician because the head of it had lived a notoriously immoral life. Though his trustees had condoned his deeds and hushed the

scandal, Dr. Eliot refused to invite him to the jubilee, much less honor him with a degree."

### MY TALENT

**Matt. 25:25.** "and I . . . went and hid thy talent."

A talent bright was mine  
Long years ago.

"Use it," the Giver said,  
"Twill brighter grow."

I used it; how it shone!  
And then one day,  
For just a whim,  
I laid my gift away.

Untouched I left it  
While the years rolled on.  
Today I seek it,  
But my gift is gone.

—*Frances Swift Pender*.

### ENVELOPED BY THE LOVE OF GOD

**Rom. 5:5.** "And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts."

My friend went one day to consult a famous London doctor. He was highly gifted and was just at the time beginning to reveal unusual literary powers. He was also at the opening stage of a promising career in business. He was coming to be recognized as the spiritual leader of the younger section of his religious fellowship. Everything which makes life rich and great was before him. The doctor gravely and with almost killing frankness told him that he was the victim of a subtle and baffling disease which would destroy his hearing and his sight and would eventually seriously affect his memory. He came down the stairs of the doctor's office and stood almost stunned on the curb of the street, realizing that all the large plans for his life had collapsed like a child's house of blocks. Suddenly as he stood there, waiting to decide which way to go, he felt as though he was enveloped by the invading love of God and filled with a sense of unutterable peace. There came within him a source of energy sufficient to turn his tendency to despair into a steady consciousness of hope and joy which lasted throughout his life and gave him extraordinary power and influence.—*Prof. Rufus M. Jones in "Fundamental Ends of Life."*

### EJACULATORY PRAYER

**Luke 18:1.** "They must always pray, and never lose heart." (Weymouth.)

Presenting his problem to Dr. David Smith, a business man said, "During business hours one encounters all sorts of personalities, some quite delightful, others like wet blankets. How to reach the end of a busy day without a ruffle will be good advice."

The reply of Dr. Smith included the following: "All that the best of human friends can be to us—

all and more—is the Lord Jesus Christ to one who knows Him and walks through life in fellowship with Him. This is the golden secret which I now commend to you out of my own experience of its efficacy; and it may not be amiss that I should tell you how it was first revealed to me. In the earlier course of my ministry there was none of its sacred offices which troubled me more than that of pastoral visitation. It was so difficult in going from house to house to maintain simply, naturally, and unaffectedly in each the ministerial character; and what profit was there in my visiting a home unless, when I went away, there remained something of the fragrance of Christ? One evening after a round of visitation I was sitting in my study, weary and somewhat discouraged, reading that gem of biography, St. Bernard's Life of St. Malachy of Armagh, and I lighted upon a passage which tells how, when walking abroad in company, he would lag behind, and, pausing for a moment, lift up his heart and 'send forth as it

were a darted prayer (*veluti iaculatam emittebat orationem*),' and then follow on. This is an example of the devout practice known in mediaeval literature as 'ejaculatory prayer.' It is a picturesque phrase. *Jaculum* means a missile—a dart or shaft; and the phrase depicts a wayfarer prosecuting his errand with his bow and quiver slung from his shoulder. Suddenly a bird rises and wings its way overhead, and in a moment he fits an arrow to the string and brings down the quarry.

"Here, thought I, is the needful secret, the solution of my perplexity. And ever afterwards, when I knocked at a door, my instinctive habit was to lift up my heart and 'send forth a darted prayer,' entreating the Lord's presence and aid. And it made a blessed difference. I entered the home in conscious fellowship with the Unseen Master, and the thought of Him put kindness in my heart and refrained my lips from idle converse.

"This is the secret which has helped me and which I now commend to you."

## Illustrations from Art and Literature

WILLIAM E. BIEDERWOLF, D.D.

### HISTORY

#### General Hancock at Gettysburg

*Obedience to Will of God True Heroism.*

Luke 22:42; Psa. 40:3; Acts 5:39; Rev. 2:10.

It was during the days of fierce fighting at Gettysburg that General Hancock saw what he believed to be the necessity of a most hazardous and deadly undertaking. Hancock said afterwards he would have ordered the charge if he knew it would have cost the life of every man in the regiment. The officers and men were astonished. It seemed not only unreasonable but impossible. The men believed in their commander and although it seemed like going,

"Into the jaws of death; into the mouth of hell," it was,

"Their's not to make reply;

Their's not to reason why;

Their's but to do and die."

In a moment of supreme heroism they met the deadly fire. They went down like grass before the mower but they swept on until with a shout they gained the ridge, seized the post and routed the enemy before them.

We do not want to make unreasonable sacrifices nor do we the unreasonable thing, yet there come, in the experience of great souls, times when they must act and give as the only ground for their action, their faith in God. When McKay had spent fourteen years of apparently fruitless toil in Africa, Stanley met him and said, "Come along home." It did look as though that was the reasonable thing to do, but McKay's faith was stronger than Stanley's argument and the world knows the result.

If men have the heroism to follow with such blind confidence their human leaders, ought we not to render quick and glad obedience to the

known will of Him whose wisdom can make no mistake and of whose power to perform there can be no doubt.

"It's better to walk in the dark with Him

Than to walk in the light alone."

The greatest triumphs of the cross are records of a faith like this.

### MYTHOLOGY

#### Minerva and The Brain of Jupiter

*Growth in Grace, Holiness, Perfection, The New Birth.*

1 Pet. 2:2; Eph. 4:12,13; 1 Pet. 1:16; Heb. 6:1.

People ask, "Do you believe in holiness and perfection?" There is nothing more real in the universe and nothing more evidently taught in the Bible. But to hear some people talk of holiness and perfection you get the idea that for them at least the maximum of spiritual attainment has been reached. There are two points of difference between the birth that makes one a child of God and that of the ancient goddess Minerva who is said to have sprung from the brain of her father. If you want to know more about this famous "blue-eyed maid" you may read Ruskin's interesting story of "The Queen of the Air." She was the favorite of all the daughters of Jupiter. Just what sort of a sensation the great Jupiter, or Zeus, as the Greeks called him, must have felt in his head on the morning of Minerva's birth is difficult to imagine. One is almost tempted to believe that Vulcan must have broken open his skull with a blow from his "far-sounding hammer," but at any rate, so the story goes, Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, sprung from her father's head full-grown and full-armoured, agleam with all the panoply of war. The birth that makes one a child of God is real, but the other is not. The story of



Minerva's birth is "the fictitious narrative of an event that never happened." The second is that no man ever has come forth from the hand of the regenerating Spirit of God in sudden, mature, and perfect sainthood. But it was "for the perfecting of the saints" that certain gifts were given unto men, "for the edifying of the body of Christ till we all come in the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

## LITERATURE

### The Story of Tito Malena

*Sowing and Reaping, The Law of Spiritual Harvest, The Wages of Sin.*

Gal. 6:7; Job 13:9; Rom. 6:23; Matt. 7:2.

George Elliot dedicated her greatest volume to a study of the principle of the law of moral retribution. In her *Romola* we have the story of the orphan, Tito Malena, who grossly wronged his foster-father and upon whose head was heaped the fearful retribution of his own misdoings. Nature had shaped him like a Phoebus Apollo, and the subtlety of his intellect would have done justice to a medieval schoolman. Born of poor parentage and early left an orphan, he was taken from beggary when a child by one Baldassarre, who became to him a father, reared him, cherished him and made him a scholar and whose head had lain hard that Tito might have a pillow. But one night when he had grown to the age of young manhood, he left his adopted father in slavery, stole all his gold and precious gems and fled to a foreign land. He came to Florence in Italy and here with his stolen wealth he bought position and fame and married the heroine of the story, the virtuous *Romola*. Baldassarre came but Tito denied him. His whole career was one of deceit and intrigue and he seemed to be giving the lie to the law of retribution that a man reaps always what he sows. But at last his villiany was unveiled and the populace turned against him. Pursued by a mob he sprang from a bridge over the Arno into the river and swimming far down the stream he came at last in exhaustion to the other shore. As he drew his tired body out he found himself face to face with his gray-haired father whose eyes glared with bitter hatred and with the resolve of sweet revenge. Beseechingly young Tito sought for mercy, but the hour of justice had come. Baldassarre sprang upon him with the fury of a maddened tiger, pressed his knuckles against the round throat and knelt upon the chest with all the force of his aged frame, and with a smothered bitter cry Tito reaped his harvest.

The statement that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap is not true because it is found in the Bible; it is found in the Bible because it is true. The seed that is sown holds in itself the germ of all the harvest that shall be reaped. Sometime, somewhere, in some way, you may be sure your sin will find you out.

## ART

### Frances Ridley Havergall and Her Noble Confession

*The Power of Holy Life; Witnessing for Christ.*

Mark 8:38; Matt. 5:16; Rom. 1:16; Matt. 26:34.

Frances Ridley Havergall was a devoted Christian as well as an accomplished singer. She was a guest at an occasion where many distinguished people, including the King himself, were present. A famous Italian *Prima Donna* had been engaged to furnish entertainment for the brilliant audience, and after a number of wonderful renditions, Miss Havergall was asked if she would sing. She hesitated. You know she wrote, among other songs,

"Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord to Thee;  
Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only for my King."

But from the drift of the evening and other indications she knew they were not ready for anything like that. She paused a moment in uncertainty, then stepped to the piano and made a most exquisite rendering from Handel's most difficult oratorio. Then even before the applause ceased she began to sing to her own accompaniment the words of her most deeply spiritual poems, for which her pen had become so noted.

"Oh Saviour, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love,  
Oh name of might and favor,  
All other names above."

Among the very first to congratulate her was the renowned Italian artist who said to her, "You have something I do not have and I want it." Indeed it is not only true that much of the value of real music lies in the quality of the soul that renders it, but there is an attraction in the manifestation of sincere and genuine Christian experience that overcomes prejudice and melts down opposition and dissipates barriers until men and women come to want it as their own.

## BIOGRAPHY

### How John Newton Wrote a Famous Hymn *The Atonement, Forgiveness, Conversion.*

2 Cor. 5:19; Phil. 2:8; Col. 1:20; 1 Pet. 2:24.

"I saw One hanging on the tree  
In agonies and blood;  
Who fixed his dying eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.

A second look He gave which said,  
I freely all forgive;  
My blood was for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou mayst live."

This hymn was written by an ex-drunkard, an ex-blasphemer. His name was Newton, "Drunken Jack Newton," he was often called by his mates and others who knew him. He was a sailor on a ship trading to the African coast when his soul was aroused to its danger. He was in agony, not knowing what to do to get rest and peace. One night he was keeping anchor watch. He was alone on the deck and the night was dark and eerie.

His sins troubled him. All that he had ever heard of the crucified Christ whom he had so often blasphemed, swept into his soul and he groaned in the misery of his sin-convicted state. Suddenly he paused in his deck-pacing and looked up. To his feverish imagination the Yard which crossed the mast high up above his head appeared like a mighty cross, and it was remembering this, with all the soul-experience of that night, that in after years, when he became a preacher of the Gospel and a noted divine, caused Dr. John Newton to write the words of the hymn that appears above.

Thank God for such an answer to the demands of a sinful heart and a guilty conscience. There is a Physician who heals—One who comes to take my place and suffer for me the just deserts of my own sin. If I owe a man a debt and he holds a mortgage, nothing can save me from it if I am unable to meet it myself except another come and pay the debt, principal and interest and all, and cancel its claim against me. And this is what the Man on the Cross did for me:

"I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His wondrous love to me,  
On the Cross He sealed my pardon;  
Paid the debt and set me free."

\* \* \*

#### When Henry Grady Felt Himself Slipping

*The Lost Vision Restored, Necessity of Watchfulness, Lure of World.*

Gal. 3:3; Eph. 6:18; 1 Cor. 16:13; Rev. 3:15.

A beautiful incident is told in connection with the life of the late Henry Grady. He was in his day Atlanta's foremost citizen. He was a true patriot, a great statesman and a Christian gentleman. Some of the most beautiful things in the English language have come from his pen and his brilliant editorials as the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* are the pride of the Southland today.

If you ever find yourself in Atlanta they will show you a statue in Piedmont Square and say to you, "This is our Henry; Henry W. Grady, the man we loved so much," and then they will tell you the following beautiful story of how this

warm-hearted, devout Christian man in the midst of his busy life, his quick and astonishing success, discovered that he was losing his vision of Christ and that the richness of his Christian experience was going from him.

The trouble with most Christians is that they *never mind*. But it worried Henry Grady and he suddenly disappeared. He packed his grip and made off to his boyhood home some sixty miles into the country where his dear old mother was still living. He hurried down the lane and through the yard under the old familiar trees, took a drink from the old pump and then on into the house.

The old mother's face lit with joy as she said, "Why, my Henry boy! I'm so glad to see you. How did you happen home?"

He said, "Mother, I'm drifting away from God, and I want you to let me play the boy again around the old home."

And his mother did. She had his grip carried upstairs to his old room. She baked corn-pones for him and sweet-potato pie and mothered him and kissed him as she had done when he was her fair-haired boy and she took him upstairs to bed and tucked in the covers as she used to do and kissed him "Good night," and for five days, great, strong man that he had grown to be, he got down on his knees in the morning by his mother's chair and in the evening by the bedside and said his prayers as he had done when a child. And she would talk to him about God and what Christ had done for him and after five days of an experience like that he returned to the city and the citizens of Atlanta noticed that a change had come over him. He had caught again the vision of his Lord and the sanctifying faith and rich experience of the earlier days had come back. They could tell it in his footsteps and in the shining of his eyes.

Life today is just as strenuous and the Christian must have a care lest the rush of things steal his mind away from God. But Oh, the hallowed memory of the wooing voice of other days when the vision was clear! Yield yourself to them and they will bring you again to the place where Christian experience is deep and sweet.

### Sermon Stories for Junior Congregations

WILLIAM J. HART, D.D.

#### THE ROCKS FOR THE CONIES

Psa. 104:18. "And the rocks for the conies."

"The conies are like rabbits, and they live among the great rocks," said Dr. John Kelman to a group of children. "Approach cautiously their habitations, and you will see a big man-coney on sentry. Immediately he espies you he will give a peculiar whistle, and all the conies feeding above ground will scurry for safety into the clefts of the rock, and you will see them no more. Ask the conies why the rock was made and cleft, and they will say, 'For the conies, of course.' And they are right.

"In Edinburgh there is a great rock, and on that rock an ancient castle. In the high clefts of that rock, where the foot of man has never ventured,

the sparrows have found houses for themselves, and the straws from their nests are seen fluttering in the breeze. Inquire of them the purpose of this rock and its fissure, and they will say, 'The rock is for the sparrows.' And they are right.

"There is another mighty rock with a gaping cleft in its side. It has stood for 2,000 years, and into it the feet of sin-laden and troubled men and women have hurried throughout the generations. Ask one of them: 'For what purpose is this rock with its riven side?' and he will reply:

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"There may all children find a resting and a hiding place."



## BUSY WITH THE MOTOR

**Ezra 6:3.** "Why should the work stop." (Moffatt)

When Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was engaged in taking up the members of the diplomatic corps and their relatives at Washington for a ride in his air-ship, in March, 1928, he went about his flying very seriously. Whenever anyone attempted to talk with him while in flight, the reply was given: "I can't talk now. I'm busy with this motor."

He had learned to concentrate on the task on which he was engaged; and despite his successful career it is evident that he would take no careless chances.

## A UNIQUE BURIAL SERVICE

**Prov. 10:18.** "And he is a fool who spreads a slander." (Moffatt.)

"Idle Curiosity Gossip, born in the year 1, died March 5, 1928, on Bennett College campus. May her rest be undisturbed," is the caption on the headstone of a newly-made grave on the campus of Bennett College for Women, a college for Negro girls sponsored by the Methodist Episcopal Church. At a student forum discussion, led by a half dozen of the college and high school girls, gossip was revealed as an inconvenient luxury, fostered by idleness, jealousy, and a general feeling of inferiority and furthermore it was concluded that any campus may be rid of her by steadfastly looking for the good in everyone. A funeral service was held for her at chapel, and then the faculty and students filed past the casket and on to the grave, where the sod was thrown forever over Miss Gossip. Under the spreading branches of one of Bennett's great oak trees, close to chapel and Y.W.C.A. bulletin board, Idle Curiosity lies buried . . . deep.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

## BRAVE BOY

**1 Cor. 16:13.** "Acquit yourselves like men." (Weymouth.)

In a case where many adults would have given up and lost their lives, a 12-year-old boy performed an almost impossible feat and has recovered from his adventure. The boy became lost in Yosemite National Park. He left his party to search for a spring and was unable to find his way back to the camp. He struck out in an easterly direction, crawled down steep, smooth rocks, and after five days succeeded in sighting Mirror Lake and the tourist camps. The boy fell over a cliff and suffered a leg injury and he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees the greater part of the way. Berries constituted his only food. He was exhausted when found. Twice he traveled 4,000 feet down a mountain side, only to crawl back and go down another way because he could go no further on his first attempt.—*The Utica Daily Press.*

## GIRL LIKED LINCOLN'S SINCERITY

**Phil. 1:10.** "That ye may be sincere."

Selected from a group of letters sent to *The Portal*, it was decided by the editor that the fol-

lowing gave "the best reasons of all for liking Lincoln."

I believe one of the reasons why I like Lincoln is because he was so sincere, and I think sincerity is one of the finest things in the world. You don't find him posing or pretending, ever. You can't imagine Lincoln being ashamed of his backwoods bringing up, or his poverty, or the fact that he was a self-made man. Even after he got to be President and lived in the White House, he was simple and quiet and friendly in his manners. And just because he was so sincere it gave him a dignity that was greater than that of the people around him who were trying to act wise and grand. I know when they begun putting on airs, he just gave them one of his quiet, humorous little looks and they stopped right away.

Lincoln never bragged or pretended and yet he was the greatest American that ever lived and had a right to feel proud of himself.

On Lincoln's birthday I always make a vow that I'm going to try to be honest and sincere like him.—*Gladys Armstrong.*

## LAD LOYAL TO DAD

**Prov. 15:20.** "A sensible son is a joy to his father." (Moffatt.)

"Parental respect is still abroad in the land," declared a newspaper man. In fact, it is almost a reverence the lad sometimes has for his dad the same writer affirmed. This conviction was the result of a pleasant experience. Meeting a boy in an elevator, they became friendly in a short time, especially when the lad learned that the man had not been long out of college.

Proceeding along the sidewalk together, the boy referred to the morning paper for which the newspaper man was working; and, in contrast, rather boldly said, "My father works only one night in the week, and gets out a better paper."

"The —," added the lad, as he named a certain paper in the city, "has the best sports section in Central New York."

The newspaper man made a brief reply. Then the boy added: "No wonder it's good. Look who's the sports editor!"

"Who?" asked the newspaper man. He rather thought the boy had received some particular favor recently from that gentleman.

"My father!" was the swift and proud answer. Then he shot away to catch a street car.

"There's family loyalty!" admiringly exclaimed the newspaper man as he told the story.

## GEORGADA WASH

**Judges 6:12.** "Thou mighty man of valor."

A girl, aged eleven, sent to *The Portal* this poem as being her favorite on Washington:

Georgada Wash was a biggada man,

Of his country he wasa da pa,

He licka da redcoat wid ona da hand

And maka heem yell for his ma.

He crossed in a boat the biggada riv,  
And maka da Hessian fly,

He yell, "I maka you look like a siv!"  
And Georada Wash never lie.

Georgada Wash was first President man,  
He get all da votes, just lika dat!  
I bet you my life he could sell da banan,  
Or show Babada Ruth how to bat.

My name? Why it's Tony: I'm Italiano,  
I sell da banan, da apple, da squash.  
Some a dese days I be good 'Mericano,  
Alla same Georgada Wash.

—T. A. Daly, in his book of poems, "Canzone."

### START AT THE BOTTOM

1 John 3:18. "In deed and in truth."

"I wish that I were a big, big man," said little Joe to his big brother Frank one afternoon as Frank finished telling him a story about George Washington.

"Why," asked Frank.

"Then maybe I could be a President, like George Washington," said little Joe.

Frank smiled at little Joe. "It is not so easy to become a President as you might think, Joe," he said. "And if I were you and wanted to be like George Washington I think that I would start in right now and not wait until I were a man."

"How can I start in now?" asked little Joe.

"By being truthful," said Frank. "Little George Washington never, never told a lie."

"I will," cried little Joe happily.

"And you must be good and kind and brave and gentle and true as well, Joe," said Frank. "You must start right at the bottom and be everything that is good and beautiful if you ever hope to be the kind of a man that George Washington was."

"I will," said little Joe quickly.

"Then I am sure you will be like George Washington in a great many ways when you grow up to be a man," said Frank, "even if you are not a President. And I hope that all of the other little boys will be like him, too. Being President, after all, is less important than being worthy to be President!"

—Maude Stevens.

## Work with Boys and Girls

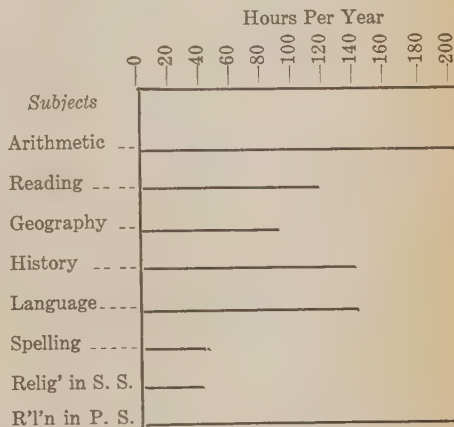
### GIVE THE CHILDREN A CHANCE

The graph shows the number of hours devoted to the major subjects in our parish school in the course of one year.

The reader will note that the time allotted to religion in Parish School is about the same as that given to a mechanical subject like spelling. Surely religion ought to occupy a more prominent place in the life of the child than the above program provides, especially so in view of the many temptations the average child is exposed to in this day and age. Why not give him the spiritual equipment he needs in these grave times? This is only in line with the letter and spirit of Scripture and modern educational thought. In Eph. 6, 11-17, we read: "Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. . . . Stand therefore having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness. And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and be the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

Also Deut. 6, 6-7, concerning the children: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and

when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." This passage makes it plain how fathers should go about the work of teaching God's word to their children.



They should use every opportunity to teach them diligently. Do any of the other ways of imparting Christian instruction come anywhere near meeting God's demand in the passages quoted above? Are we not sending the cream to the Hindu children and feeding our own boys and girls skimmed milk? We maintain schools for the heathen in India and for the negro in this country, but the great mass of our own children are sent to the public school where the Word of God is not at all heard.



A statement by Tigert, National Commissioner of Education, reveals a keen evaluation of the subjects to be taught. He says, "I would rather have my child in heaven studying the a-b-c's than in hell reading Greek and Latin." He puts the teaching of religion above the teaching of secular branches. Why can't we? By so doing we are but following Christ's urgent admonition, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things will be added unto you."—J. A. Bushman, in *The Lutheran Standard*.

### AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE AT THE LIFE HISTORY OF A WORTHWHILE AMERICAN

Dr. Anna M. Fisher, mother of Mrs. George R. Geer, celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday on Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. George R. Geer's nephew, the Rev. James A. Geer, and family, of Long Prairie, Minn., enjoyed the Thanksgiving festivities with Dr. Fisher and her daughter at 330 East Twenty-seventh Street, Minneapolis.

Dr. Fisher was the first woman student to study medicine at Ann Arbor Medical College. While a mother of three little children she pursued her medical studies in the face of the popular prejudice against women becoming physicians, and was graduated with honors in 1873. For some years she and Dr. Will Fisher, her husband, practiced at Lesuer, but thirty years ago they moved to Minneapolis. Dr. Fisher not only practiced her profession with marked success, but also identified herself in a very positive manner with the woman's rights movement, woman suffrage, and the W.C.T.U.

Mr. W. E. Graw, vice-president and general superintendent of the St. Louis and Southwestern Railroad, is the son of Dr. Fisher. During the Mississippi Valley flood he and President-elect Herbert Hoover worked together to save life and property and feed the hungry.—*From Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

## The Unfailing Light

(Continued from the January Expositor, page 422)

M. A. JONES

"I lived in South America four years, bought and sold sugar, until I had accumulated enough money to go back home and surrender to justice. I got to drinking, somehow. I tried to forget—drown—the awful curse that seemed to sear my very soul. I went from bad to worse, John, bumming my way back to the States. I tramped my way, until I reached this city two years ago. After I had spent my last half-dollar up the street, I was thrown out of the place and the door closed against me. I wandered to this corner in a blinding blizzard, cold, and below zero. I was nearly frozen. This window attracted me, with the light that never went out. A car stopped at this corner and a woman, dressed in a nurse's uniform, stepped from the car, and helped me across the street to the door of the church, where she turned me over to the care of the watchman. She gave me this, her card, a five-dollar bill, and—was gone."

He gave the minister the card, saying: "And that very act put me to shame, and taught me the lesson to *find and help myself*."

"Alfred, are you that young man of whom Katherine has spoken so often?"

"Why—yes, brother, it must have been, under the circumstances. I went into that church drunk; ragged, and filthy, dirty soul and body, nearly frozen to death and not a penny in my pocket. I slept the sleep of a babe, there in that sanctuary, underneath the shadow of His wing; then in the morning the watchman brought me a good breakfast. By that time I was sober. While the watchman was waiting for the janitor, he took me up to the auditorium to see the wonderful window—and then—well—a transformation took place—I—became a man, I accepted Christ as my Saviour and my Redeemer—then

and there. I have lived in this city ever since, and have done fairly well at my optical work; but, this is the first time since that night that I have come back here. I wanted to see Katherine Armstrong, to prove myself worthy, before leaving the city. This was my purpose for coming today. She said she worshipped here. I have attended church regularly in a large church down-town."

The man, John, was fairly stunned at what he had just heard from Alfred's lips, and sat gazing in speechless wonder at his younger brother's soul torture of six long years; then he spoke.

"Alfred, is it really possible! You certainly have been guided here today, by an unseen hand, here to my own church in order for us to meet again. I am sorry that you have not seen Katherine Armstrong; the beautiful, brilliant Katherine—but—she has gone to California." He was silent in deep thought—then he continued. "Speaking of Katherine, she is a bosom friend of Alice, my wife, and I have known her ever since I became pastor of this church. She was one of my best workers, both in the Sabbath school and the church—she has been the means of bringing many into the church. Her angelic personality, her beauty, her voice, and her tenderness with all she met in her social work—besides her patients at the hospital—made her famous. She was widely known throughout the city; her smile won all, yet her heart was filled with sorrow, and, behind each smile there was a smothered sob. Katherine has had trouble, but now—she is free—she buried her unworthy husband just before she went to California. At his death they found his insurance policy in her name, by which means she could give her daughter, Helen, a much needed change of climate. When this child was only six months old, Katherine's husband went away—and never

returned — then, she was notified of his death in Bermuda. Shortly after he left her, she and her mother came to this city; she entered the hospital and became a most efficient nurse. They rented a furnished apartment, next door to the parsonage; and, that night when she so bravely guided you to shelter, she was on her way from the hospital to her home, where, her little daughter Helen was tossing in fever with pneumonia; the child partially recovered, then the doctors advised her to take Helen to California, where the child would become strong."

After dinner they all went for a motor ride through the parks, and over the boulevards. "Oh, John, I forgot to tell you," exclaimed Alice. "I had a letter from Katherine, yesterday evening. She has left California and is now in Denver. She seemed to think it better for Helen to be in that climate, and, little Helen is doing splendidly. They have taken an apartment on the boulevard."

"Well, I am sorry to lose Katherine, however, if that is to be her place of residence, I know the people she will meet will soon learn to adore her and appreciate her work and labor of love in the hospital, and, in her social work," answered the Rev. John.

Then Alfred spoke fervently. "Well! Katherine Armstrong is the one to perform social service; this service is the epitome of kindness, tenderness, and understanding; a service through which people find and help themselves — she certainly has the gift to help others! Please do not mention a thing about me, to her; because I am going to see Katherine Armstrong myself, some day. She has never been absent from my mind since that night two years ago, I can't tell why — but her face is imbedded upon my heart, and I can't get away from it — now — you may form your own conclusions; I *love* her — and why should I not?"

"There is no reason in all this world, Alfred! Woo her and I will be only too glad to perform the ceremony," answered the Rev. John, jokingly.

"I am going to resign my position this week and go to see Uncle Arthur, he wired me to come to take charge of his business at G—— R——. I don't think uncle is at all well, so, I am leaving almost immediately, and will not be able to see you all again before I leave. So this is good-bye, for this time," said Alfred, as they drove to his hotel.

He resumed his name, Alfred J. Clark, before he left the city. His Uncle Arthur Jerome was his mother's only brother, and unmarried. He was an extensive lumber dealer and owner of many furniture factories, in the North West. So Alfred took full responsibilities, and became the president of the firm. His uncle died the next year, leaving Alfred as sole heir. Alfred continued in the business and prospered, building for himself a beautiful residence on some heights overlooking a woody lake.

One day he was driving through the park, and noticed a lady on horse-back some distance ahead. Suddenly the horse shied at a piece of wind-blown paper, reared suddenly and Alfred saw the rider

fall. Alfred stopped his car and running to her, lifted the unconscious girl, carried her to his car, and sped away to St. John's hospital.

He recognized Katherine Armstrong. It was she he held in his arms those few brief moments. She did not regain consciousness until after the nurses had placed her in bed; and no one knew who the handsome man was who brought her there, to the very hospital of which she was head nurse.

She was not seriously injured, but even a broken collar-bone can be very painful. Every day a beautiful bouquet of roses was delivered to Katherine's room.

"Who under the sun is sending me those marvelous roses! Ophelias, Premier, the beautiful yellow Sunbursts, and, oh those deep red Jacks — all from 'Your ardent admirer.'"

In a few weeks Katherine again was able to resume her duties, but the flowers continued to come. One day the flowers did not come, and Katherine felt a hidden disappointment deep in her heart — for the flowers were like a burst of glorious sunshine to her soul. On her arrival at her apartment, she found a box of choice candy and a box of spring flowers, with the same card, but, this time with a miniature five-dollar note stamped in one corner — which puzzled her more than ever. She sat there pondering a long time, then, all at once, she cried out, "Oh, I wonder — could it be he —?"

Then she sat dreaming, going back to the night of that dreadful blizzard, and thinking of the young man — so nearly frozen.

"Yes, it must be he, but who can he be? What is his name? Who, under heaven is it who is sending me all these beautiful flowers? Who else would have sent me a facsimile of that five-dollar note? Oh, I *must* find him."

That night there was to be a gathering in the public hall, for the benefit of the crippled children. Katherine was on the reception committee. Evening came, and Katherine never looked more beautiful, never so animated. Her rich auburn hair was waved. Her beautiful white neck surrounded by a single strand of pearls. Her expressive brown eyes, with the long lashes sweeping down over her pink cheeks — she was indeed the embodiment of perfect grace and beauty.

She was tastily clothed in a quiet gown, charming, as she stood there bending over his flowers, selecting the very choicest buds, with a few sprays of green.

She stood in the receiving line, when she noticed the approach of a stranger. He wore in the buttonhole of his coat, the same variety of rose buds that she was wearing. He reached out his hand, saying, "How do you do, Katherine Armstrong, I wonder — do you remember me?"

"Indeed, I do," she answered, in her low sweet voice, "but you have the advantage of me; I do not know your name. You see I did not know it — that night of the storm. For these — pointing to her flowers — I am under obligation too, and, I thank you — for this time you are *my* good Samaritan."



He gave her his card: Alfred J. Clark, president The Clark Lumber Company.

"Are you related to the Rev. John W. Clark of C——?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. He is my brother—but since dinner has been announced, may I have the honor to escort you? We may talk more later."

"Indeed, as soon as I call my assistant." She then took his arm, and they retired to the dining-room. He placed her, then took his seat beside her. After dinner he escorted her to the auditorium, where they sat until it was time to adjourn.

He took her home in his car; he did not go in, for it was too late, but, by her permission he would call the following evening.

"Yes, I shall be greatly pleased," she assured him.

The next evening at eight o'clock, the door bell rang, and Alfred J. Clark was announced. Katherine received him cordially. The evening went only too quickly for two new lovers. He inquired about little Helen, of whom Katherine answered "I left her in Denver with mother, until she becomes stronger, then I shall have them come here with me."

In the late fall, Alfred and Katherine were married, the Rev. John W. Clark officiated. They stood below the huge window of Cathedral design, and knew, both of them, knew that He whose pictured arms outstretched above them, had guided their paths aright.

## Chats With the Children

DR. J. W. G. WARD

### THE RESCUERS' REWARD

How many times have you been late for school this term? That doesn't seem a very kind question to ask. You will understand why we put it in a moment. Ian MacLaren, in his fine book of Scottish life, called *The Young Barbarians*, tells us that one afternoon, when the village school assembled, there were only nineteen boys there, instead of sixty-two. You are good at figures, so you will know that meant forty-three were absent. Where were they? Down bathing in the river! Now bathing is a fine, healthy exercise, as the master knew. It might need something, however, to bring the glow to the skin afterwards, and so looking out a pretty good cane, he waited patiently. It was after two o'clock when forty-two boys, flushed and breathless, sidled into their places, and tried to look as though nothing had happened. And then the schoolmaster spoke. "I've been master of Muirtown Academy for fifty-five years, and some 1,800 lads have passed through my hands. But such a set as you . . . What have you to say for yourselves?" Then Duncan Robertson told how the boys had been in bathing when little Ernest, a new boy who had stayed in longer than the others, had suddenly lost his footing, and been carried downstream. "Is Ernest drowned," asked the master. "No, sir; some women have taken him home, but he was nearly gone." "Who saved him?" The teacher's lined face had become white. "One of the boys, sir. It was a gallant thing, but I promised not to tell." Turning to another boy, the master demanded the name of the rescuer. "It was Peter, sir, but I wadna have told if ye'd no asked it." Peter McGuffie was always in scrapes and he had been doing his best to hide his face, but the master called him to the front, and then noticed the lad was wet through. "Now, Duncan Robertson, tell the story—every word of it—that every laddie in this room may remember it as long as he lives."

So Duncan told how the boys had got dressed after bathing. Some had already started for the school, when a cry went up that Ernest was

drowning. Peter jumped into the river, and swam towards where the boy had sunk. The current was strong, however, and when at last Ernest came up, the two were carried away by the turbulent water. But with mighty swimming, Peter managed to get towards the bank, and there some salmon fishers had lent a hand. Peter interrupted the story. "It's not true, Duncan. You helped Ernest out, and you're as much to blame as me." The master ordered silence, and then said to Peter, "Ye're the most mischievous, upsetting laddie in the school. Ye've fought, and ye've played truant, and now ye've done this business. There's no denying it. Ye saw a little laddie out of his depth and likely to drown. Ye might have got help from the fishers, but instead of acting like any decent, well brought up lad, and being at school in time, ye jumped clothes and all into the Tay." (Of course, the master did not mean this to be a rebuke. He was proud of the lad, but Peter did not know it.) "And the wicked spirit in ye made ye swim in the part running strongest, where an able-bodied man wouldn't care to go. And why did ye risk your life? To save an orphan laddie from death. And ye did it Peter! It beats anything ye've done since ye came to Muirtown Academy. And you, Duncan, you are not a grain better. Peter was in first, but ye're in as soon as possible, and both of you are in this exploit."

Peter had hung his head with shame, and Duncan did not look a bit happier. Then the master said to the class, "Boys of Muirtown do you see those tablets?" He pointed to the roll of honour which hung from the wall. There were the names of former students who had won fame as travelers, scholars, doctors and ministers. "It's a grand roll, and an honour to have a place on it. There are two names to be added." Turning to the two lads before him, he went on, "Laddies, I am proud to shake hands with you, and—to be your master. Now be off, and change your clothes, and be back in half-an-hour or it'll be all the worse for you!"

When school gathered on the following Monday morning, the boys read two names which gleamed with all the glory of new gold: "Peter McGuffie and Duncan Robertson who, at the risk of their own lives, saved a schoolfellow from drowning." Girls and boys, do not be late for school, for punctuality and diligence are priceless virtues. If it is to do a splendid deed like that, however, you might be excused. Yet there is this for us all. Never let a day pass without asking Christ to help you to be of some real help to those about you. To stretch out the hand in kindly service, to make some real effort to brighten another life or lighten another's load, is the way of reaching lasting greatness. Our names may never appear on the roll of fame, where men and women of distinguished service appear. Yet, shall we tell you of another Roll of Honour of which the Bible speaks? Christ tells of some who, feeding the hungry, ministering

to the afflicted, found abiding honour. They did not know it at the time, but even the smallest deed done, for love to Him, was really done unto Himself. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." And to have our names written in the Lamb's Book of Life is the greatest distinction which we may achieve. There is one other thing, for even though it is not in the story, it is suggested by it. What would little Ernest think of the stout-hearted Peter who had risked his life to save him? Would he not think that Peter was the finest fellow in the school, and wouldn't his heart go out in love to him? Well, Christ Jesus died that we might be saved. And the least we can do in return is to love and serve Him. So each of us will say:

"I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be."

## Pulpit and Pastoral Prayers

REV. JOSEPH CLARE, PH.D.

Search me, O God. Thou art acquainted with all my ways. Thou knowest the sinfulness of my heart and the weakness of my faith. I come to Thee for strength and for help.

Forgive me all my sins for Jesus' sake and create my heart anew as a Temple of Thine.

Bless thou my home and everyone that is in it and make us all more than conquerors over sin, doubt, and the world. And bring us at last to that glory of the Eternal Kingdom where there is fullness of joy forever. In the Saviour's Name we ask it. Amen.—*Rev. Alfred Doerffler.*

### A PRAYER FOR UNITY

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, the Prince of peace, give us grace seriously to bring our hearts before Thee, that we may know Thee in this hour, as the One Lord and Father of all men; that we are brothers of one common cause, Thy Kingdom for all men. May we seriously consider the dangers of unhappy divisions in the Church of God, and grant that we will lay to heart Thy teachings concerning this serious situation among Thy children. Take away from us all hatreds and malice, and the prejudices that might prevail in our lives, and whatever else there may be that hinders from a godly union with each other. We pray that as there is one body, one spirit, one hope of glorious calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, so may we be of one heart, knitted together in the holy bond of truth and peace, of great faith and noble charity, that having one mind in Christ Jesus and one mouth to utter Thy praise, we glorify Thy glorious name; Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Rev. Joseph Clare, Ph.D.*

### PRAYER FOR LIFE'S NEEDED LESSONS

Our heavenly Father, out of Thy wisdom, teach us the lessons we need to learn. Teach us to be patient, to have a spirit of goodwill within us, the faith that will prevail under discouragements. Be to us in all things the Teacher of our lives, that we may not go astray in a world of pleasure and of trifles, but may be blameless and spotless in Thy sight. May we feel Thee near to us, and hear Thy smallest whisper, and may Thy Holy Spirit direct our paths that pleasant joys be ours in Thy companionship. Be Thou our chief Guest each day, guide us until we gather again in Thy name to recite the wondrous way in which we have been led and blest. Over all Thy children we ask a full measure of Thy Divine riches. May their hearts rejoice in the wealth that never leaves, and the treasures that no thief can take away. May we follow after wisdom, and be instructed in righteousness, to the glory of Thy Name. Amen.

### THE BENEDICTION

May Thy blessing be upon us, our Father in heaven, as we walk with the Master. May we sense our own weakness, and rely upon His keeping power. We realize that our steps are feeble. May we have the strength of Thy blessed Spirit. May we be guided by the impulses of Thy Holy Spirit in the paths Thou wilt appoint, in an obedient spirit. And grant O Lord that our beaten paths and ordered ways of our life, be instrumental in bringing us to a better understanding of Thyself, knowing that Thou art bearing men upon Thine own heart, and also realizing that Thou art the Chief Burden Bearer and Leader of all in self-sacrifice. May we follow in Thy footsteps in Jesus Name. Amen.



# The Homiletic Year—February

Pre-Lenten

Lent

Washington - Lincoln

REV. PAUL WAGNER ROTH, D.D.

## THE PROTESTANT USE OF LENT

Every year about this time the papers have a good deal to say about Lent. Most of it is superficial stuff, small rules, petty precepts, little regulations, directions "how to keep Lent." They would wash the sinner without wetting him. Accordingly we may as well try our hand at a paragraph or two by way of protest.

We protest against making Lent a season of sadness. God means us to be glad, not sad. He created us for happiness, and the means to that end lie all around us. The Means of Grace are meant for our gladness. If Christ died for our sins and to give us more abundant life why should we go around blubbering with sorrow begotten of fear for the consequences of our wrong-doing? Even godly sorrow is not repentance. But godly sorrow "worketh repentance." And if it does not work that it is not godly sorrow. Some people seem to think that repentance is a slinking, hang-dog way of walking through life. No. It is the work of the Holy Spirit by which a man who has been going wrong, turns about face and goes right. There may even be much gladness and even mirth in the man as he goes. "At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the Light, and the burden of my sins rolled away—and now I am happy all the day," is the way the Salvationist sings about his repentance. For him it is Lent all year long.

We protest against making Lent a season of withdrawal from the world. It should mean withdrawal from worldliness. The world needs Christians all the time. They are the salt of the earth, the light of the world. Why withdraw, most of all at a time when the tides of life and energy are rising in their might and need to be directed in right and godly channels? Why substitute the pale and sickly "activities" of gazing and sighing and wishing, for the kind of activity that crowded the days of our Lord and His disciples in their ministry? Fastings, vigils, meditations, meetings and such things are incidentals, and not essentials in the right use of Lent. We must not mistake the means for the end.

We protest against making Lent a time in which to fulfill our neglected religious obligations that have accumulated over the entire year. To think that by Lenten observance in this cheap and shallow way we can pacify a guilty conscience and an angry God and make amends for our misspent time and talents is rank nonsense. Sincerity, not formality is pleasing to God. The deepening of our convictions of His reality and goodness and the exercise of a sleepless purpose to walk with Him instead of apart from Him is what really counts. That is the sub-soil ploughing that changes the landscape of a man's whole life. "Render your heart

and not your garments." We despise those old Pharisees who had a loosely sewn seam in their outer garments so that they could quickly rend it and as quickly sew it up again. Godly sorrow and repentance must not be reduced to a dramatic oriental gesture. To do so is to mock God. Nor are we to treat Jesus as the false disciples of John treated their leader. He was a burning and a shining light and they were willing to rejoice in his light—but only for a season.

We protest against self-renunciation merely for its own sake. That is not a Christian principle. It has crept into certain parts of the Church from that ancient vicious dualism which marked a line down through all things and declared that all on one side was sacred and all on the other side was profane. Soul and body were in conflict. Manichaeism attributed the visible world to the devil and looked on the body with contempt and hatred. Natural appetites were unholy and the body must be depleted in order to cultivate the spiritual life. Luther saw clearly that all these distinctions were false. There is no difference between sacred and secular acts. Whatsoever we do we are to do it as unto the Lord. Fasting and bodily preparation are a good outward discipline. But what good is discipline for discipline's sake? Who digs ditches for the sake of digging ditches? Self-denial must be in the interest of service, or it is silly.

## SEED TIME

It is seed time in the Church Year. Of course we sow the seed of divine truth at all times, but the season of Lent, together with the Sundays immediately preceding Ash Wednesday, is the time of times for the preaching of the Gospel. The word of the Cross is preeminently the seed from which God grows the increase.

There are two pre-Lenten Sundays in February. The Gospel Lesson for the first of these is the Parable of the Sower, which deals with the Word of God in its relation to the human heart. The second pre-Lenten Sunday pericope is equally well chosen. "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished." Sexagesima and Quinquagesima Sundays prepare us for the Lenten Message, just as spring plowing prepares the soil for the seed.

Seed time surely comes, but what if we have no seed? What if our seed be the wrong kind or of inferior quality, unable to stand up against its enemies, unfit to resist the forces that oppose it, helpless to bear fruit after its kind? No farmer will knowingly seed down his laboriously prepared acres with worthless seed. He secures the

best. No matter what it may cost. In that he is an example to the preacher whose greatest opportunity of the entire year is upon him as he stands on the threshold of Lent. Two recent books deal with the story of how men have toiled and sacrificed with tireless patience in the development of superior strains of seed corn and wheat. While "Red Rust" is a novel, "The Hunger Fighters" is popular science offering another proof that truth is stranger than fiction. Illustrative material lies in abundance in these two books. Every preacher ought to know the story of the struggle for rust-proof wheat, and early ripening, heavy yielding corn. Our success as preachers depends on the kind of seed we sow. Our failures and our scanty harvests are not all to be blamed on the soil. God's Word must be preached in its truth and purity, free from the weak admixtures of human opinion. At no time are we surer of the quality of our seed than when we preach the meaning and power of the Cross. At no time in the year is this message given a friendlier reception or a wider hearing than during the pre-Lenten and Lenten season. Those who realize this are reluctant to devote much time to the commemoration of such really great men as Washington and Lincoln on the anniversaries of their birth not because they are unworthy of our grateful remembrance but because there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus only. Christians have but one hero—all others are heroic only in so far as they illustrate and exemplify His spirit of sacrificial and redemptive self-giving.

The husbandry of the soil and the husbandry of the soul are so closely related in Scripture that there must be some deep underlying reason for constant use of the terms of one in teaching us truth about the other. Perhaps that reason is found in the great pedagogical principle that the unknown must be translated into terms of the known. As a child I remember sitting in a little old church and looking at some colored windows which depicted the Sower and the fate of His seed as it fell on the various kinds of soil. I would have a hard time recalling what the minister said during the services, but I have never ceased to think about that seed and its fate. I can still see the black crows swooping down upon it as it fell on the beaten path. In the next window the rock strata jutted out of the ground. Next to that the briar thicket was shown choking the desired growth. Last came the window picturing the good soil and the heavy yield. Even a child can learn the lesson the Master teaches in His beautiful parable. But when we grow up we listen to so many conflicting voices that we become confused and bewildered and sometimes find ourselves engaged in a husbandry of the soul that is not according to the Master's word. We may even be sowing such seed as can never yield a harvest.

Seed time requires attention to the seed, and also to the soil in which we sow it. When our churches fill up with crowds of Lenten worshippers coming under the impulsion of all kinds of

motives and bringing all kinds of hearts—there is the soil! There we find souls that are as hard as the beaten path, souls that come in quick but shallow enthusiasm, souls that are choked with the brambles of pleasure and business. Also come souls that are longing to receive and believe in their Saviour. Some commentators call the Lesson for Sexagesima Sunday the Parable of the Soils. And most of them for our comfort bring out the fact that even Jesus failed to get His message home to certain kinds of people. There once was a preacher who spake "as man never spake" the words of eternal life—and they nailed Him to a cross. We do our best, study faithfully, speak as dying men to dying men, and still we get no response from certain quarters. The hearers are to blame: "Neither will they be persuaded, if one rose from the dead." But there is much for us to do before we dare take comfort in that fact. Our eyes must be more keen to discover the faults in our preaching and in our lives than they are to discover the faults in our hearers. Never dare we blame souls for their refusal to bear fruit if we are found preaching another gospel than that which Jesus gave us to preach.

### THE WORD OF THE CROSS

A metonymy is a figure of speech in which a part stands for the whole. The word of the Cross is a metonymy. It stands for our entire salvation. The death of Christ is an all-transcendent demonstration of the love of God, which evokes in sinful souls a response that is the whole of Christianity. But how does it save us? Are we saved by a contemplation of the wood? the nails? the blood? the agony we see there? Or are we saved by its meaning? Dr. Denny illustrates the need of insight into the meaning of the Cross by imagining himself sitting on the pier and a man jumping into the ocean to prove his love for him, and finds such an act quite unintelligible. But if he has fallen off the pier and is drowning and *then* someone springs into the water at the risk of his life and saves him, then there would be an intelligible relation between the sacrifice which love made and the necessity which evoked it. Nothing can be a motive which has not a meaning. The motive power of the Cross lies in its meaning. Sight and insight must go together.

There is a great difference between impression and insight. When we hear the details of the crucifixion we are impressed. We may even weep at the thought of its horrors, and turn away thinking we have done a fine thing to shed tears at such a sight. Far different is insight. The temporary impression needs to be deepened until it becomes real insight. We need to see into Christ and the meaning of His Cross. Insight does not mean spinning something out of the Cross: it means gazing steadfastly into the Cross while a humble and believing understanding beholds what is really there. If Jesus is indeed the Christ of God then His Cross is the most stupendous and meaningful thing in history. It is the spiritual center



of gravity for the whole universe. What we need is an ever-growing insight into the meaning of that. The one and only point in time and eternity when sin had an opportunity to make an attempt upon the existence of God was when God became man and exposed a vulnerable side to His enemies. The one and only point in time when God condescended to deal once for all and forever with sin was when He overcame it on the Cross by exhausting its meaning and power. There He suffered the worst that it could do, and emerged victorious from the grave into which it had cast Him. The joy of Christian living is to live in the meaning and power of that fact.

God offers us in the Word of the Cross the result of infinite wisdom and power dealing with the greatest of all problems, Sin. He offers us the free gift of His love, dying in our stead that we might have life. He opens on Calvary a fountain for the cleansing of our hearts. He offers us penitence, pardon and peace. He extends to us a hand pierced for our sakes and proffering strength and grace to win our hardest battles. He makes Himself known to us in terms of human life so that even a child may know and love Him. He offers us a pattern and the power for the crucifixion of our worst foe, Self. He offers us Resurrection and Immortal Life in a better world to come. These are the themes we have to contemplate during this season and every sentence in this paragraph is a Lenten theme.

"What does it mean, this wood  
So stained with blood;  
This tree without a root  
That bears such fruit;  
This tree without a leaf  
So leaved with grief!

"What does its height proclaim  
Whose height is shame;  
Its piteous arms outspread  
Where death lies dead;  
And in the midst a heart  
Cleft wide apart!

"Tho' fool, I cannot miss  
The meaning this:  
My sin's stupendous price;  
His sacrifice;  
Where closest friendships end  
One Friend—my Friend."

—Harriet Kimball.

#### WHAT CHRIST HIMSELF SAID ABOUT HIS CROSS

Here is a series of themes for the Lenten preacher. A study of the Cross from the standpoint of Christ's own consciousness of its meaning and value ought to yield a whole array of sermons full of the very marrow of the Gospel. When we examine some of the passages which record His own words about the Cross we find them falling into a sequence of thought covering the main subjects usually handled during Lent.

1. First, there is *its foreordained place in history*. He tells His disciples, in Matt. 16:21, that He must go up to Jerusalem to be crucified. The divine necessity is declared again when in Luke 22:22 He says, "For the Son of Man goeth, as it hath been determined." The Cross is a necessity for God because He must be true to Himself, as well as to His creation. He cannot deviate from the demands of holiness, righteousness and love, and still be God. Had Christ fallen to temptation in the wilderness He would not have remained the Son of God. He would have been a sinner. Had He avoided the Cross He would not have been the Saviour of the world. He would have been untrue to Himself and His mission.

2. Then we may consider *its voluntary character*, declared in John 10:10 where He says, "No man taketh it away from, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment received I from My Father." Because the Cross was love's necessity it is willingly complied with. There is a sense in which the Cross is not the will of God. False ideas of His will arise from confusing good and evil, as when we think that it was God's will that Judas should be guilty of his perfidy and that his accomplices should carry out their evil counsels. They willed crucifixion, not atonement. No Caiaphas, Pilate, Judas, world or devil could have taken away His life if He had not willed to submit to their abuse of power. When they will the monstrous wickedness of the crucifixion it is their evil work, not God's. He wills to submit to it in order that He may overcome and undo it. He wills it in the service of His great and worthy purpose, the redemption of man. He wills it in the power of an unselfish love for what we may yet come to be. He endured the Cross, despising the shame for the joy that was set before Him. All golden deeds must be willingly done. True love is reckless of consequences to self in serving its object. His love drew Him from heaven, carried Him through the experience of the Cross. We too have the power to lay down our lives in sacrificial service, and to take them up again as He did, when we rise in newness of moral and spiritual life.

3. In the third place we may consider *its manifold fascinations* for Christ. See Luke 12:50, John 12:32, Luke 22:42; Luke 23:48, John 12:27, John 11:16. Twice was Jesus powerfully fascinated by the Cross—once by the horrors of it when he prayed "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me": that was the travail of His soul. Again he was fascinated by the joys of it when He cried, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me". this was the endless reward of His travail. Having become one with humanity, Christ is one with us in suffering the fascination of horror. How it holds us spell-bound when we even so much as hear of some appalling tragedy such as the crucifixion! There must have been a far greater fascination in the joys and possibilities opened up by the Cross to have enabled Him to overcome its shame and horror. He must have envisioned the redemption and

restitution of our lost world or He could not have felt so straitened and circumscribed until His passion baptism has been accomplished. Hence the magnetic attraction of the Cross in preaching.

4. The fourth subject that Christ dealt with in His words about the Cross is *its great central purpose*. Luke 9:56, Matt. 20:28, Luke 19:10. These passages show that by the Cross Christ proposed to do for man what man could not do for himself. Here God did for us what we are helpless to do for ourselves. He redeemed us. He ransomed us. He deals with our piteous need and our total inability by giving His life for us. Thus as the world's Redeemer He gains His sovereignty over souls. He purchases us in sin's slave market, as the Greek word *agorazo* teaches. He purchases us out of the market, as the Greek *ex-agorazo* indicates, and we are not for sale again. The guilty entail is ended. He sets us free (Greek *lutro-o*) from the curse of the broken law, the guilty conscience, the slavery of dead works, the wrath to come, and the death that hangs over us. This free gift of God's love to humanity is the central thing in Christianity.

5. A fifth sermon might deal with *its profound reasonableness*, using Christ's words in John 12:23-31. The Greeks came just before His death. It seems their coming brought Him a temptation to take the easy way. But all nature exemplifies the sacrificial principle. The law of redemption is in continuity with the constitution and course of nature. The grain of wheat must die in order to bear fruit. The ransom price of all our good is death. The very limestone of Golgotha itself is built up by the death of innumerable myriads of marine animalcules. Plants and animals are sacrificed that man may live. The mother gives her life-blood for the child she bears. The intellectual world exhibits the same sacrificial principle. Many a great brain has been burnt up by the splendid ideas it sought to give the world. Social progress is also by the way of sacrifice. Vicarious sufferings mark all our progress. The Lamb is slain from the foundation of the world. The Cross is cosmic! What a harvest has sprung from that grave into which they cast God's "Corn of Wheat." The Cross is not only reasonable. It is the Highest Reason.

6. What Christ said about *the endless values of the Cross* might be used as the subject of a sixth sermon in the series. From His post-resurrection discourse we have these words about the values of the Cross: "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations." Luke 24:46. St. Paul's defense before Agrippa contains an account of Jesus' words to him on the road to Damascus. Acts 26:18 are words of the Master's post resurrection discourse reported by St. Paul, and may be used together with those given by St. Luke. From these texts we see that the Cross has endless values for producing repentance, for bestowing the remission of sins, for world evangelization, for evangelical preaching, for the inner life of each believer; and,

if we add those texts which teach that the gift of the Holy Spirit is an endless value won by the Cross we conclude that no preacher can do justice to such a subject.

It might be well to say, for the benefit of any young preacher who contemplates delivering a series of sermons like the one here suggested, that the preparation must be well in advance of any announcement of the series. One is attracted to the idea of a series and on the first consideration finds abundant material coming to mind. But toward the end of a series the enthusiasm of the preacher is not sufficient to carry him through. Then he will wish he had hewn his timbers, mixed his mortar, and gathered his stones before he called on the people to celebrate the completion of his building. Or else he will wish he had never entered the ministry. It is a splendid thing to block out a good series of sermons on the Cross a long time ahead, and then work on it daily until the time announced.

## WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

The preacher who turns away from preaching Christ to preaching Lincoln and Washington ought to resign his pulpit and take to the lecture platform. But the preacher who fails to see in the lives of these illustrious men a wealth of fine illustration for sermons on Jesus Christ is dead at the top, and will soon be removed from his pulpit.

Preachers ought to remember that twenty-three ministers of different denominations in Springfield were all against him in his campaign for the presidency except three. Bateman, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, saw tears fill his eyes as he stopped pacing to and fro after hearing of their opposition, when he said, "I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything." Perhaps preachers of today are trying to make amends for what their brethren failed to do in those trying days. They were not broad enough to comprehend him. They were not big enough to take his measure. Even his wife was more charitable and fine in her judgement of the great mystic: "He never joined a church, but still he was a religious man. But it was a kind of poetry in his nature, and he never was a technical Christian."

Washington was a "technical" Christian, a vestryman in the Church, and a life-long and consistent follower of Jesus Christ. But in all his testimony there is nothing finer than this experiential testimony from Lincoln: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day."



# Great Texts and Their Treatment

REV. PAUL WAGNER ROTH, D.D.

## THE SCANDAL OF THE CROSS

1 Cor. 1:18

Can you imagine anything baser than a crucifixion? Can you think of anything more foolish than to attempt the overthrow of hoary iniquities and the establishment of righteousness in the earth by proclaiming a crucified man as God? Is anything counted weaker in the world of today than to meet the assaults of brute force with the weapons of love? Who in the world today believes that men possess less wisdom than is shown in the "foolishness" of God and the Cross? So far gone in its self-righteousness and self-idolatry is the world that it utterly despises the Cross and is scandalized by such a proposal for the world's salvation.

But to us who believe, this is the very power of God unto salvation. We believe that He accomplishes more when He pleads than when He drives. We know that "light and love and truth are powers that work and weave the eternal will." The world reckons of nothing but brute force and counts love as a weak sentiment. Yet God achieves great results by weak instrumentalities—a rod, a jaw-bone, five smooth stones from the bed of the brook, a handful of meal and a little oil, a wisp of cloud on the horizon, five barley loaves and two small fishes. With things like these in the hands of believing men and women he turns the wisdom of the world into foolishness and works the wonders of his grace. And with the "scandal" of the Cross, the "absurdity" of the Gospel, he saves those who will accept their salvation at His hands. Through the death of Christ the counsels of the eternal wisdom are fulfilled, the redemption of humanity is wrought, the foundations of endless bliss are laid, and all powers antagonistic to the welfare of the race are overcome. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty: the base things of the world, and the things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence."

## PERENNIAL APPEAL OF THE CROSS

Jno. 12:32

No rationalizing can explain away the perennial appeal which the Cross makes to all earnest-minded people. It has a strange power to touch and attract human hearts, and nothing on earth has shown a like power to transform human lives. Wherever the Word of the Cross is properly preached great results follow. What is its attraction? It draws us because of our affinity with

the Crucified. His human nature and our divine nature are akin, and they call to each other as deep answereth to deep. It draws us because it provides the salvation which we so much need and for the lack of which we so constantly suffer. It attracts because we behold there the finest exemplification of perfect manhood as well as the fullest expression of Divine Love. It draws because there we see a Divine Substitute take the sinner's place, dying that we might live. The Cross exerts its attractive power for the separation of souls from their sins, as a magnet separates steel filings from dust and debris. Gentle, silent, holy, and with ever-growing power the Cross wins out over the tempestuous power of sin. The penitent thief tells us how it is done. The other thief causes us to remember that this separating, saving power of the Cross can be shut out of our lives entirely, just as it is possible to plunge a jar into mid-Atlantic and to bring it up on deck dry as if it had been in an oven. Only when we yield to its sweet persuasion, only when we open mind and heart to its stupendous meaning, only when we give it entrance into our innermost hearts can it exert its miraculous regenerating and sanctifying power. God's love to us is stronger than sin, or death, or hell itself. He was lifted up that He might draw all men unto Himself. May we be lifted up by His grace and power to rise victorious over all the enemies of our souls.

## HIS POWER TO USWARD

Eph. 1:18-20

But how has the gift of God's Son on the Cross any power "to usward?" How may we know and experience its saving efficacy? In wrestling with this thought we need to distinguish two ideas of God that have been in conflict through the ages. The pagan idea regards Him as a force adequate for all tasks, and consequently its idea of religion is that therein we have a means of coercing this force to serve our ends, a rubbing of the Aladdin lamp to summon the genii to do our will and bidding. The Christian idea of God on the other hand regards Him as a persuasive moral power, a divine Person whose name and nature is Love. Consequently worship of the Christian God becomes a fellowship in which the true worshipper serves the will of God rather than striving to bring God to the service of his own selfish will and purpose. The power of the Cross is not coercitive, magical, mechanical. It is moral, spiritual, holy. We are such poor Christians at times because our idea of the power of the Gospel is not God's idea, and our way of working is not His way. We have plenty to say about God Almighty but we have no faith at all in the power of His love. To us the

real powers are force, wealth, competition, self-interest. Yet these do not make nor do they save the world. They wreck it. Think it out in the light of their history. Love is the only real creative power. And it begets in its own likeness. Love alone is creative, redemptive, sanctifying. God knew what He was about when He went into the stupendous business of saving sinners by the power of His holy love instead of resorting to His almighty power. Our business is to detect, recognize, love and trust the mighty inward working of His saving power as it comes to us in Word and Sacrament, the power of His infinite love.

### THE RANSOM PASSAGE

Matt. 20:28

This is the famous "ransom passage" which the theologians all study so closely and carefully. Naturally we want to know how we are saved by the death of Christ, and so there have been many theories advanced. As in other great matters so it is in this, the truth is so much greater than all our explanations of it that it requires a putting together of the best that is in all our theories and explanations to spell out the full meaning of the Cross. And then we have not exhausted its meaning.

The power of the Cross cannot reside in some magical formula of words mumbled superstitiously. All that such a formula can do is to preserve the truth until the time when some one searches into its meaning. Each succeeding generation must make itself possessor of that meaning, and also discover deeper and wider meanings which earlier times have overlooked.

When the way of our salvation seems vague and uncertain to us, then is the time to find help by returning to Calvary and meditating on what the wisdom and love of God was doing there for our redemption. The Word of the Cross is able to break our stubborn hearts and make them over again. The meaning of that Word is found in this ransom passage. It contains Christ's own statement of the purpose of His death. If to know the meaning of "ransom" we need to study and explain to our hearers the use of the word in ancient times let us do so, resting well assured that the time is well spent. Only in the knowledge of that truth is the worship He receives at innumerable altars justified. While the Cross is at the basis of all righteousness and justice, and confirms the severest condemnation which our consciences pronounce upon our sins, yet at the same time it underlies all mercy and charity, and inspires the finest acts of Christian service. Its riches are inexhaustible. If through sin the sinner forfeits his life, and is saved by the ransom of Christ's blood, then we have here man's supreme need met by God's supreme help. The very soul of Christ is given us. It is God doing His utmost for man. "This hast Thou done for me: what have I done for Thee, Thou Crucified!"

### HOW THE CROSS DELIVERS FROM SIN

Gal. 6:14

Three crucifixions are mentioned here. Two of the three cancel each other, leaving the Christian to glory in the Cross of Christ. Luther says, "The world is crucified to me, that is, I judge the world to be damned. And I am crucified to the world, that is, the world again judgeth me to be damned. Thus we crucify and condemn one another." That leaves us free, for a thousand reasons, to glory in the Cross. The world tried to make an end of Christ there. But it dies there, and He lives whom it counted accursed. Looking at that attempt upon God Paul as good as says, "now I know you for what you are, O World! A carcass, nailed up! I glory to see you there in the place you so brutally made for Him. To me you and your attractions are dead, dead, dead. Your true character is unmasked. Your threatenings and your blandishments alike find no response in me. You awaken in me nothing but the revulsion which arises at the echo of a murderer's death cry." How quickly that world responded by calling Paul a fool and a criminal. The world in which he once moved as a learned and influential man cast him out, ostracised him, treated him as if he didn't exist, and at last cut off his head with a sword. The Cross is the supreme challenge to us to rise and smite the Thing that makes men meaner than weazels, and more bloodthirsty than tigers. It calls on us to smite it whenever it lifts its head within our hearts. Because we see in the Cross the death grapple between God and this hideous Thing that has risen to dispute His throne with Him we glory in His victory, and in its grace and power we win our own battles with sin.

The Cross has power to destroy every sin that combined to crucify Jesus—envy, hatred, greed, lust, fear, unbelief, indifference and murder. Take hate. It differs from anger. Anger is brief, sudden. Hate is slow, and calculating. "Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray, that I may live to say, the dog is dead." So Shakespeare expresses hate. But that is no more hideous an expression of hate than when we read the words, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children!" How can the Cross overcome such a thing? Well, look at the Cross and you will see what a hideous thing hate really is, and how sublime a thing is its opposite. By looking from the Cross into our own hearts we may discern whether this cancer be at work there. It used to be an old superstition that a murdered man's body ran warm blood again as soon as its murderer was brought near it. Suppose that were true? How many men living would begin to be blood all over in your presence? You and God know the names of those you hate. And God says, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." So much hate as a man has in him so much of death has he in him. So much love as he has, so much of life has he. When we begin to put God between ourselves and the object of our hate we begin to overcome it. By looking to Christ, by thinking as He did about his enemies, by treating them as He did we overcome hate in



our own hearts. And we set up in the hearts of our enemies the positive reaction of friendliness. If this doesn't overcome hatred we may be sure nothing else will, least of all violence.

Listen to what Dr. Dale says about how the Cross of Christ effects the destruction of sin in us. "Sometime through our union with Him sin seems to perish as by a sudden blow. More frequently it dies slowly—dies as those died who were out to death by crucifixion. The nails are driven through the hands: it is tortured with an unsatisfied thirst: there are convulsive struggles which last long and which show that vitality has not gone out of it. It seems to perish at last by exhaustion. But it is actually crucified, if only our union with Christ is complete, and though it may still live, its power over us is gone."

#### A SERIES OF SERMONS ON THE MEANING OF THE CROSS

I. The Cross is the Crowning Sin of the Human Race. Jno. 19:14-18.

II. The Cross is the Central Act of God's Holiness. Rom. 3:19-26.

III. The Cross is the Supreme Disclosure of God's Love. Rom. 5:1-11.

IV. The Cross is the Power of God Unto Salvation. Rom. 1:16.

V. The Cross is the Standard of Triumphant Faith. Col. 2:6-15.

VI. The Cross is the Point at Which Resurrection Begins. Lk. 14:45-48.

#### PICTURES FROM THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

I. "And when He came into Jerusalem all the city was moved."

II. "Then came the day of unleavened bread."

III. "A garden which was called Gethsemane."

IV. "In the palace of the high priest."

V. "In the judgement hall of Pilate."

VI. "When they were come to a place called Golgotha."

VII. "And in the garden of a new sepulchre."

#### THE ABIDING VALUES OF THE CROSS

I. Here our ignorance of God is removed. Rom. 1:1-24.

II. Here a Divine Substitute died in our stead. 1 Pet. 3:18.

III. Here the chains of our slavery are broken. Gal. 4:4-7.

IV. Here a fountain for sin and uncleanness is opened. 1 Jno. 1:5-9.

V. Here we get power from God for right living. Heb. 10:19-25.

VI. Here we gain assurance of life after death. 1 Cor. 15:1-58.

#### A LENTEN SERIES ON ISAIAH 53

I. "All we like sheep have gone astray." Isa. 53:6.

II. "My servant shall deal wisely." Isa. 53:13.

III. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Isa. 53:3.

IV. "By oppression and judgment he was taken away." Isa. 53:8.

V. "His soul a guilt offering for sin." Isa. 53:10.

VI. "Therefore will I give him a great multitude." Isa. 53:12.

#### THE CROSS IN THE CATECHISM

I. The Cross Satisfies the Law's Demands. Catechism, Part I.

II. The Cross is Central to Christian Faith. Catechism, Part II.

III. The Cross is Our Best Argument in Prayer. Catechism, Part III.

IV. The Cross is Basis to the New Life. Catechism, Part IV.

V. The Cross Feeds Our Hunger for Righteousness. Catechism, Part V.

#### A LENTEN SERIES ON THE GOSPEL LESSONS

##### ATTITUDES TOWARD CHRIST

I. Flattering and Tempting Him. Matt. 4:1-11.

II. Trusting and Importuning Him. Matt. 12:21-28.

III. Delivered and Kept By Him. Lk. 11:14-28.

V. Reviling and Persecuting Him. Jno. 8:46-59.

VI. Owning and Enthroning Him. Matt. 21:1-9.

#### A SERIES ON THE EPISTLE LESSON FOR LENT

I. An Appeal to Be Reconciled to God. 2 Cor. 6:1-10.

II. "For This Is the Will of God, Even Your Sanctification." 1 Thess. 4:1-7.

III. "Walk As Children of Light." Eph. 5:1-9.

IV. "Stand Fast in Christian Liberty." Gal. 5:1.

V. "A Purged Conscience." Heb. 9:11-15.

VI. "Let This Mind Be in You." Phil. 2:5-11.

#### THE PIERCED HEART OF JESUS

Jno. 19:32-37

*Introduction.* Approach this subject in utmost reverence and awe. Here we are in the holy of holies. Appreciate the text as a fulfillment of prophesy. Employ it as a means of grace as well as a mystery of faith. Remember that we are not saved by wonder even at so great a spiritual mystery. Observe that even after our Lord's death men rudely assailed Him.

**I. The Sacred Heart of Jesus Was First Broken**

The terrible cry on Calvary.

The anguish of His mental sufferings.

Reasons for that anguish.

Sin, but not His own sin, broke that heart.

Present-day counterpart of the historical fact.

Men break His heart when they deny His  
Deity, refuse His doctrine, reject His  
atonement.

**II. The Sacred Heart of Jesus Was Then Pierced**

The murderous thrust that sin makes at the  
heart of God.

The malice that maltreats a dead body.

The mental and spiritual state that so expresses  
itself.

Modern counterpart of such conduct.

Confess and forsake the sin that can carry men  
so far in evil.

**III. The Sacred Heart of Jesus Then Poured  
Forth Blood and Water**

Crassamentum et serum.

The preciousness of that heart is revealed.

Justification and sanctification are granted.

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood

Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God

Is saved to sin no more."

**IV. The Sacred Heart of Jesus Is Still Open for  
You.**

It has always been open. It is wide open now.

By our sins we opened it.

"Given and shed for you, for the remission of  
sins."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee."

**THE FOURTH CRY FROM THE CROSS**

Matt. 27:45-49

I. It Is the Cry of One Who Has Reached the  
Final Issue of Sin.

II. It Is the Cry of One Who Has Fathomed the  
Profoundest Depth of Sorrow.

III. It Is the Cry of One Who Is At Last Over-  
whelmed in the Silence of Inexplicable mystery.

IV. It Is the Cry of One Who Was Dead and Is  
Alive Forevermore.

**THE DEATH OF JESUS**

Jno. 19

I. As a Fact.

II. As a Deed.

III. As a Doctrine.

IV. As a Redemption.

**LENTEN SEQUENCE**

Do you ever read poetry? Here are three little  
stanzas that remind us of the endless misery man  
falls into when he tries to get along without God,  
and the endless joy he finds in finding God.

The first is from the Deva's song to Prince  
Siddhartha, in Edwin Arnold's beautiful version:

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,  
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.  
Lo! as the wind is so is human life—  
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

Even before Augustine it has been a proverb  
that God has made man for Himself, and the soul  
of man finds no true rest till it rests in God.

How God yearns to meet our need of Him is  
told in these few lines from that remarkable poem,  
"The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson.

"Still with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbed pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
Come on the following Feet,  
And a Voice above their beat—  
'Naught shelters thee, who wilt not  
shelter Me'."

The soul's response to God's "majestic in-  
stancy" is voiced in the hymns of faith. As for  
instance:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say:  
'Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.'  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad:  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He hath made me glad'."

Lent is God's call to the soul and also the soul's  
quest for God. No greater experience is possible  
to man than to find Him who so dearly loves us.

Such a sequence of Lenten thought, expressed  
in the words of our great poets ought to make an  
acceptable change from the usual Lenten exhorta-  
tions printed in the ordinary Lenten folders. Try  
your hand at constructing one.

**THE CONVERSION OF ZACCHAEUS**

Rev. J. William Neyman

Luke 19:2-8

Of the many conversions recorded in the Bible,  
there are no two alike. While the result is the  
same the circumstances in each case are different.  
As man differs in his education, in his tempera-  
ment, in his likes and dislikes so he will differ in  
the matter of conversion. Repentance is a change  
of mind, conversion is a change of life.

Of the various conversions of the Bible, there  
are none more interesting than that of Zaccheus.  
Let us consider:

**I. Zaccheus Seeking Jesus****1. Who was Zaccheus?**

He "was chief among the publicans, and he was  
rich." (v. 2.)

**2. Zaccheus desires to see Jesus.**

"And he sought to see Jesus who he was."  
(Greek, "kept seeking.") This desire to see Jesus  
was not from mere curiosity, but it was a sincere



desire to see him, resulting from a spiritual longing in his heart for salvation, caused by what he had heard of Jesus.

3. Zaccheus seeks Jesus.

"And he ran before and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him; for he was to pass that way." (v. 4.) Only those who seek the Saviour in sincerity will find him. (Deut. 4:29.)

4. Zaccheus was hindered from seeing Jesus.

(1) By the crowd. "He sought to see Jesus but could not for the crowd." (v. 3. R. V.)

This may fitly represent the hindrances from without. The world with all its allurements: Companions, wealth, pleasures, etc., often hinder the sinner from seeing Jesus.

(2) Because he was little of stature. "He sought to see Jesus but could not because he was little of stature." (v. 3.) This may fitly represent the hindrances within. The sinner is often hindered from seeing Jesus because of the stubborn will and rebellious heart. He stands on the low ground of prejudice and bias and hate.

## II. Zaccheus Receiving Jesus.

1. Zaccheus immediately obeys the call of Jesus.

"And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up and saw him, and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy house. And he made haste and came down, and received him joyfully." (vs. 5-9.)

2. Zaccheus receives Jesus joyfully.

"And he made haste and came down, and received him joyfully." (v. 6.) No one ever received the Saviour in any other way but joyfully.

## III. Zaccheus Confesses Jesus

1. He made an open confession of Jesus.

"And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord; Behold, Lord, etc. (v. 8.) He confesses Jesus before the multitude, many of whom were not friendly with Jesus.

2. He confesses Jesus by his hospitality.

As soon as he had received Jesus as his Saviour he took him to his home as his guest.

3. He confesses Jesus by his charity.

"Behold Lord the half of my goods I give to the poor." (v. 8.)

## 4. He Confesses Jesus by His Restitution

"And if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." (v. 8.) The truly converted man will want to make right the wrong done before his conversion.

Jesus is just as willing to receive the sinner today who seeks him in sincerity as he was to receive and bless Zaccheus. We should not only receive Jesus but we should confess him.

## A SERIES OF FOUR SERMONS ON THE CHRISTIAN'S WORSHIP

### Assurance, Service and Trust

Taken from the 100th Psalm

#### 1. How Can a Christian Worship? Vs. 1, 2.

I. With a joyful noise.—"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands."

II. With a glad heart.—"Serve the Lord with gladness."

III. With a singing soul.—"Come before his presence with singing."

#### 2. What Can a Christian Know? Vs. 3.

I. The true God.—"Know ye that the Lord He is God."

II. The true source of man's origin.—"It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves."

III. The true source of the Christian's sustenance.—"We are his people and the sheep of His pasture."

#### 3. How Can a Christian Serve? Vs. 4.

I. By creating a spirit of thanksgiving.—"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving."

II. By creating a spirit of praise.—"... into his courts with praise."

III. By creating an atmosphere of gratefulness and blessing.—"Be thankful unto him and bless His name."

#### 4. What Can a Christian Trust? Vs. 5.

I. The goodness of God.—"For the Lord is good."

II. The eternal mercy of God.—"His mercy is everlasting."

III. The continuous truth of God.—"His truth endureth to all generations."

## Sermons

### The Offset to Riches

REV. GEO. CLARKE PECK, D.D.

Text: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." Luke 18:24.

This is certainly a depressing Scripture to urge upon any age. It nearly broke the heart of one conscientious churchman who came to Jesus in quest of the way of life. And it would break a

good many modern hearts if their owners really believed that the text means precisely what it says. Ours is an age in which the spirit of money making is a perfect infection, and the man who has not caught it is considered a "back number." No other struggle absorbs so many people as does the

struggle to get rich. No master drives such docile, uncomplaining slaves as does the grim master of the market place. The brightest dream which spreads its hues before the souls of our young people is, not, today, a dream of heaven: it is the dream of a comfortable and even luxurious old age. So moving and glorious, indeed, to average men is the prospect of fresh dollars that, could we divert their zeal from pursuit of fortune without focusing that zeal on attainments equally engrossing, the world would surely take a long step backward toward the Dark Ages.

In the face of which patent fact, it would be hard to imagine a more unpromising Gospel than a Gospel of implied poverty and rags. There are so many heavenly uses for human dollars, to say nothing of their more earthly functions, that we are not at all convinced the Kingdom would be "at hand" if all our prosperous citizens went bankrupt or "sold their goods and gave to the poor." The more one hears of the famous Russian Tolstoi, in his voluntary renunciation and threadbare garments, the more doubtful it becomes, whether to account him martyr or maniac.

What then shall be said with respect to the particular saying of our Scripture. Did Jesus mean that poverty is the beatific state for human life? Let it be replied that *He did not say so*. Did He mean that no man can be righteously the possessor of a larger fortune than his neighbor? Again, let it be affirmed, *He did not say so*. Did Christ mean that the door of His most holy Kingdom is forever shut to prosperous disciples simply because they happen to enjoy a copious share of the world's good things? Still again I affirm that *He did not say so*. What He did say was this reasonable and far-reaching thing: that the very treasure which qualifies a soul for admittance to some lower kingdom may effectually keep it out of a higher kingdom. The riches which men amass have often proved a weight to keep their faces in the dust. The ease for which men struggle desperately, as if to win it were to reach the goal of life, becomes frequently a complete paralysis of their noblest powers. The worst calamity which can ordinarily befall an immortal spirit is a surfeit of the comforts of the world. Plenty is a more redoubtable antagonist than poverty. More souls have gone to sleep on the soft cushions of a great prosperity than have dropped from sheer exhaustion in the dreary sentry boxes of life. In view of which considerations there was certainly nothing arbitrary in Jesus' declaration to the rich young ruler. He was simply affirming, as concerning His Kingdom, a principle too plain to be denied.

It used to be said, during my college days, that a certain University would never recover her lost prestige in athletics until she had succeeded in abolishing her aristocratic spirit. Year after year her teams had gone to their Waterloo. Season after season her banners had come home trailed in dust. It was scarcely conceivable that all the strongest arms and backs had been matriculating elsewhere. Here lay the trouble. Athletics had

become an auxiliary to social prestige. Social "lions" were posing as muscular heroes. The "upper crust" was furnishing material for team and crew. It took a good many years to learn the lesson, but in the bitterness of successive humiliations on stream and field, the lesson was finally learned: "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom" of muscle.

It has often been noted that certain wealthy fathers are most rigorous in the training of their sons. Not, surely, because rigorous treatment is agreeable either to the subject or object of it. It would be very much easier for a rich man to give his son an allowance of ten thousand a year than to hold the same boy to present discipline and hardship. But the unkindest thing of which a wealthy father can be guilty is to make his son's path too easy for him. And so, in many a factory and foundry, touching elbows with common toilers at the bench, learning skill and self-control where the great struggling throngs learn such things, mastering the first principles of trade or finance before he can be permitted to loiter in an office armchair, you will find the son of luxury and culture. There is no cheaper way to make a man of him. Fifth Avenue and Beacon Hill bring forth more louts than luminaries wherever fathers have not learned this lesson. In many effeminate and useless lives one may read in letters of flame: "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom" of manhood.

During the mustering of regiments for the war, much was made of the fact that blue-bloods were marching side by side with mechanics and farm hands. And why not? Is it more heroic for a college graduate to enlist in defence of his flag than for an ordinary citizen to do the same thing? Surely our cultured homes are not less deeply indebted to their country than are the tenement houses. The very fact that the phenomenon was noted at all goes far toward proving how much harder it usually is to get a prosperous man away from his comfortable hearthstone than a peasant from his humble cot. Luxury carries with it a singular seductiveness. It is characteristic of ease that it softens the heart fibre. The contrast between Delmonico dinners and army rations is a frightful thing for a rich man's son to contemplate. With some notable exceptions it takes men whose spirits have been stiffened by real hardship and acquainted with life's struggle, to make good soldiers. To use again our Scripture phrase: "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom" of battle.

I noticed one day that the son of one of our multi-millionaires had patented a great invention. The news went the rounds of the papers as a sort of "nine days" wonder. Had the inventor been a poor man we might not have heard of him for years to come. Why is it so noteworthy an event that a millionaire's offspring should do anything better than spend his father's money? Simply because luxury is confessedly so spring-less. The world's great geniuses have sprung from common folk. It may well be doubted if Shakespeare



would have left so immortal a name had he been unfortunate enough to be born of a rich father. Heine's most matchless poetry was written in a garret; I am not sure he could have produced such lines in a palace. Napoleon was only an ordinary Corsican until he pushed his way past mediocrity and hardship to fame immortal. Mozart had no parlor pipe-organ on which to practice. Luther entered a monastery partly because his foster parents were too poor to send him anywhere else. It was during his own humble peasant days that Millet found inspiration for that little canvas which has been sold for so many times its weight in bullion. And when Lincoln and Grant were needed, the world had to look through the ranks of tanners and rail splitters to find them. Edison may be a plutocrat today, but he was no whit better than a common electrician when genius sprouted. It was not in his bishopric, but in his humble position at Golden Grove that Jeremy Taylor caught his sublimest visions and wrote the works that have comforted multitudes. The strongest souls are those that have never been emasculated by riches. The moving spirits of earth have commonly been trained in difficulty. Poverty is a better nursing mother than unblest plenty. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom" of genius.

After the death of Russell Sage many harsh things were said. Nor were excusing voices altogether wanting. But the best defence which I have seen of such career is that Mr. Sage's genius was for the making, not for the spending, of money: that the very intensity of his passion for the dollar made him blind and deaf to the appeals of humanity; and that, knowing his own mood, he did well to leave the distribution of his immense fortune to the wife who had made a study of the sweet uses of charity. So be it. Even so, the outstanding lesson is the same. The great wealth which made him so influential a factor in the world of finance, rendered him incapable of blessing the world which had so vastly blessed him. He never knew the joy of lightening the loads or abating the misery of others. "The quality of mercy" was always "strained" for him. So that here again the text is true: "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom" of pity

Let me not confuse meanings. I have no thought of urging people to covet poverty and hardship. I realize perfectly well that prosperity offers its own advantages. I have acquaintance with rich men who are simply magnificent in spirit and achievement. But all this does not change the statement of the text. In proportion as life has become easy for such men, they have lifted their standard of devotion. It is always "hard" to enter the kingdom of real greatness. Such kingdom is never won except by struggle.

But now to the more spiritual bearing of this truth. If it is hard for the pampered fellow to become a good athlete or business man; if prosperity takes away from the likelihood that a soul will ever shine for sacrifice or genius, no wonder

that Jesus affirmed it to be a hard thing for a rich man to get into His Kingdom. Does the pauper, then, make the best kind of Christian? I should be ashamed to say so. But to say that great prosperity carries with it a sort of ennuï to the soul; to affirm that there is a peculiar disqualification in the "creature comforts" of life; to allege that it is invariably harder, in the face of the seductions of the world, to cultivate those graces which are the special glory of our religion, is but to phrase a truism.

The whole movement of the modern world is toward an increase of the conveniences and accoutrements of life. But when our temporal advancements interfere with the consummate purpose of creation—the spiritualization of men and women—it were better that the world took time to ponder. We are far too prone to measure progress by the improvements secured in material things. It pleases us to compare the furnishings of a modern dwelling with the meagre equipment of our grandsire's cottage. A modern railroad coach, set alongside the sort our fathers traveled in, gives us a sense of stupendous growth. The extravagances of fifty years ago are the bare necessities of life today. It would be difficult to persuade a modern mission school to worship in so plain a structure as our Puritan ancestors thought good enough for their temple. What modern home is complete without its telephone and electric lights? These things are commonly supposed to be the register of progress. And so they doubtless are. But if with all our proud achievements we are less like our Master, what then? We must make up by added labor and more eager devotion what our temporal blessings have helped us to miss. If prosperity makes it harder to enter the kingdom of Christlikeness, the disciple must strive and pray the more. Let not the richness of the soil be excuse for rankness of growth.

Take the case of humility, for instance. It is significant that pride grows by equal stages with prosperity. Let a child be taken out of the slums and put into fine garments, and he will begin to strut and swagger as if he owned the town. Let it be announced to some day-laborer that he has fallen heir to a great fortune, and our common earth will be scarcely good enough for him to walk on. I have seen a sweet spirit utterly transformed by being moved from an humble dwelling into a palatial home. It is indeed one of the most pitiful characteristics of our human nature that few of us can be advanced in life's position without a corresponding accession of pride. I know, of course, that pride may be found in humble homes. Not all vanity looks into plate glass mirrors. It would be easier to help Christ's little ones if they had more of their Master's humility. More than once I have been made to feel as small as the fine dust in the balance, when I had been trying to do a real kindness to one of Christ's lowly disciples.

But I am talking, just now, of that pride which grows most easily in times of great blessing. It is almost impossible not to be affected by the quality

of carpet in one's parlor. The mere changing of one's dress makes a difference in his bearing. A long bank account is always a menace to humility. And if the Kingdom of God involves humility, who can wonder that Jesus announced the difficulty for rich men to enter it—it is so hard to keep an humble mind when one is prosperous!

See how it is with work. I have always found it harder to work after a holiday. The thought of going back to school when my arms were full of Christmas presents was always peculiarly exasperating. So that triumph which kindles the spirit with delight, opens the way for one to settle back into mediocrity. Ole Bull used to say that if he failed to practice for a single day, he could note the difference in his playing. If he omitted practice for two whole days, his friends noticed it. If three days passed without finding him at the keyboard, his audiences realized it. Constant effort was the price of his success. The beautiful veins of human nature, like veins of marble, come out by friction. Christian character grows strong and sinewy by wrestling. If work gets slack, the workman must make work for himself. I know of men who "do not have to toil for bread; therefore they are apt to conclude that they do not have to toil. But when a man is so situated he does not have to toil for bread, he must toil all the harder for something else than bread. For it is only by the sweat of his brow, his brain, his spirit, that he can escape the curse in life and find the blessing in it." There is no entrance into the kingdom of holiness and helpfulness except by struggle. The Kingdom of Heaven must always be taken by violence. If then, luxury tends to relax one's moral fibre and to depress the heart, Jesus was right in what He said about riches and the Kingdom.

Or, take sacrifice. No soul can live largely without sacrifice. It is quite as important that the lungs exhale as that they inhale. But the

tendency of our prosperous lives is to become self-centered. Why else is it that a man with an income of a thousand dollars will frequently give ten per cent to God, while the merchant with ten times that income gives five per cent? And the millionaire is accounted generous if he bestows one per cent? Why should it be so much easier for the woman who does her own housework to go on an errand of mercy—why so much easier than for her more wealthy sister? What makes Christians grow more indifferent to spiritual concerns as their temporal blessings increase? Simply because life tends to grow selfish with its prosperity. No life is glorified apart from sacrifice. And it will take more than a five-dollar note to mean sacrifice to some of us. There is no Christianity in the gifts one can just as well spare. Christianity begins where modern conventionality leaves off. To secure the blessings of the "widow's mites," a man must give his all. Sacrifice involves a Cross, and no banquet chamber ever helped a soul toward Calvary.

Heaven moves far away as earth grows larger. It is a bad sign when an absent boy never gets homesick. He can scarcely afford to have comforts if they wean him from home. The most native cry of the human heart is for home and mother. And when our earth-gold blinds us to the glory of the golden streets: when we become so comfortable we cannot bear the thought of being disturbed; when we get so satisfied with earth's good things that we forget to live for heaven, what then? Why, then, the Master's words are keenly true: "how hardly shall they have riches enter the Kingdom of God." And if in spite of many honors we still succeed in keeping humble; if, with every added comfort, we raise our standard of excellence; if we assess our estates on a sacrificial basis; if through all earth's glamour the soul never loses sight of its goal, the text is still true, though the sting is gone.

## The Hero and His Summons

Text: "Behold the man!" John 19:5. "For the Son of man himself has not come to be served, but to serve, and to give His life as a ransom for many" Mark 10:45. "Follow me." Matt. 9:9.

Our subject naturally divided into two parts:

- 1st, The Hero;
- 2nd, His Summons.

### 1. The Hero

Every nation has its heroes. The Jews have their Abraham and Moses and David; the Greeks, their Alexander; the Romans, their Caesar; Russia, her Peter; Germany, her Luther and her Frederick; France, her Napoleon; Sweden, her Gustavus Adolphus; England, her Nelson and Wellington; Scotland, her Bruce and her Knox; we, our Washington and Lincoln.

The annals of the church abound in Missionary heroes—Carey and Livingstone, McKay of Formosa and John G. Paton, Judson and Brainard, and a host of others.

Legend offers us some striking heroes—Achilles, Romulus, King Arthur. And how thrilling are the accounts of valorous deeds which the ink of imagination has enabled master pens to give us of these heroes, mythical or perhaps quasi-historical! Is there a boy who has never found captivating delight in reading of the Trojan war and the fabulous deeds of Achilles and Odysseus, of Paris and Hector! Who has not been thrilled as he has read of King Arthur of the Round Table and the quest of the Holy Grail; and who thereby has not been moved to humbler, holier service!

Every religious system has its hero: Confucian-



ism, its Confucius; Buddhism, its Buddha; Christianity, the Christ. But Christ is not simply the Hero of the Christian religion; He is the Hero of all heroes; he has no rival among the noblest, the greatest, the holiest, of any country and of any age. He is not a hero among heroes, He is *the* Hero. And as He is the Hero without a peer, so is Christianity the life of the truest heroism.

The accepted definition of a hero is one who has exceptionally noble or manly qualities, or, who has done a deed or deeds showing him to possess such qualities. How wonderfully does Jesus Christ fill out the meaning of these words! The sentence is not a definition of Christ; for definition implies limits, and who has ever reached a circumference in the character or ministry of Jesus! Neither are these words an adequate description of our Lord: what human language could be found commensurate with the fact intended! But they are a suggestion which our Master gloriously fulfills; so that the words point to Him preeminently and of Him we can truly say:

O Prince of men,  
Thee we adore;  
The Hero Thou  
Forevermore!  
Thy traits of mind  
So noble, true,  
That life with Thee  
Makes all things new.  
Thy service, too,  
So humble, grand,  
That by it led  
Men take their stand  
On love and truth;  
Being ever won  
To this high place  
By Thee, God's Son.  
And through Thy name,  
Still men are drawn  
From self to God,  
From night to dawn:  
And well we know  
The world around  
Thou yet will be  
The Hero crowned.

Christ ever impressed men with His nobility and utter manliness. Nothing unworthy was ever found in Him. When accusations were brought against Him they had to be false. When a betrayer was sought he was paid for his perfidy. When a jury was desired which would bring in a verdict of guilty, it had to be packed. When it was determined to have the voice of the Roman ruler in condemnation, it was necessary to press upon him the certainty of political complications. When enemies of Christ appeared, they were always of undisguised expression of the hostility of sin to holiness, of selfishness to the most heroic service for others. The truth of His life had so taken hold upon the thought of His countrymen and eye-witnesses that they came to know instinctively that any intimation of sin regarding Christ was simply an expression of jealousy or hate. Even the hideously black and mercenary

betrayer of Jesus knew that he had sold "innocent blood." The Jews who voted "guilty" and vociferously cried out, "If thou let this man go thou art not Caesar's friend," and "Crucify Him, crucify Him," were all the while troubled in conscience, as the question of the High Priest revealed: "If Thou art the Christ, tell us." And they equally showed with their Priest, utter disregard of honor and justice, indeed, the basest meanness, by turning Christ's plain acknowledgement of Divine claims into ground for condemnation. The Procurator who gave Christ up to the hands of the violent mob, knew all the while that there "was no fault in Him." No one ever became an enemy of Jesus Christ without first being an enemy of truth; no one ever opposed Him except first he was opposed to true, manly traits of character of which Christ is the perfect exponent.

How sympathetic was Christ! He was ever touched by human suffering and infirmity. How gladly He healed the sick and even raised the dead! Did ever appeal for help come to Him in vain! He delighted not in condemning but in restoring both body and soul to completer life. How sympathetic and gracious was He when He would not even condemn the woman taken in the act of sin but rather sent her forth a repentant soul "to sin no more." Men crowded around Him hungry and weary, and He, by the multiplying touch of His finger of sympathy gave them abundance of food. Men were brought to Him for physical healing and He so far exceeded their hopes that He addressed to them the soul-renewing words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

And yet with all this beautiful sympathy and tender graciousness, there was never the slightest suggestion of weakness or unmanliness. He forgave freely the Peter who had so cruelly denied his Lord—and He would have forgiven the betrayer too, black as was his awful crime, had he come to Christ humble and repentant—and Peter was forever won by the strong, manly, forgiving Christ.

And with all his unique tenderness, how uncompromising with sin and error our Master was. From the very strongholds of the Jews He drove the unscrupulous Temple bankers, with His whip of cords as a visible instrument but with His moral dignity as the real power. Hear His words that cut to the quick those legalists who prided themselves upon their ceremonial sanctity, "Woe to you, ye Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites;" and again to the Jews who had just been glorying in their descent from Abraham and while their claim, "We have one Father, even God," was warm upon their lips, with utter fearlessness and with piercing plainness, He said that they were of their father, the devil, and that the lusts of their father it was their will to do. Listen to the grandeur of His uncompromising words in the very face of the representative of Roman authority, when, too, as we would say, His life was in imminent danger; "Thou wouldest have no power against me, except it were given thee from above."

This was the heroism of His character which

found expression in all His beneficent life, and its climax in the giving of His great and precious life on Calvary. We have glorious records of heroic deeds even to the death for home and country, but there is none other like Christ who gave himself for the world. Numberless instances might be quoted where men, and women too, have died for those they loved, but Christ laid down His life for His enemies. We shall never in this life adequately appreciate the meaning of the truth that Christ came "not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many."

Think of all the glory He laid aside and of the humble conditions He endured; of the great burden He bore, of the blessings He freely dispensed, of the opposition He encountered, of the persecution He endured, of the misunderstanding of which He was the victim, of His love for man so intense that weighted by the sin of the world, it burnt His life out on Calvary: think of all this, out of devotion to the Father's will and to human interests: think, too, that this heroic life and this death of the Hero was for you and me; and surely in profoundest admiration and warmest love and most absolute devotion, we shall appropriate Shakespeare's noble words, and reading into them far more than any human language could carry, say:

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in Him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This is a man."

So will we stand before all the world and as we consider Christ's heroic qualities, the unspeakably noble and self-sacrificing deeds which reveal these qualities, and the soul-stirring results in human life which the Glorious Hero has accomplished by the completeness of His mission; and, moved by the height of honor of His heavenly exaltation, we join with angelic and redeemed hosts in ascribing all praise to the Hero of the Ages.

Thou only, Lord, art worthy to have the praise we bring;

The Hero Thou supremely and evermore, we sing.

## 2. The Hero's Summons

Our subject might have been worded, "The Hero and His Appeal." There may be someone who is inclined to feel that the term "Summons" is too exacting. But the note of authority it contains is just the reason why it is used. The Hero does not make an appeal which can be heeded or ignored at pleasure; but with authority. He summons men and our relation to that summons is attended with the most momentous consequences.

How does the Hero summon?

1. By His invitation.

There is nothing legal about His summons. It has a far greater and higher authority than law could impose. It is the authority of interest and love. He said to men most graciously, and still the words come with tender and effective pressure to our hearts: "Come unto me, all ye that labor

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He said to Simon and Andrew: "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men;" and so He speaks to us. How pathetic are His words to the Jewish Capital which had so signally turned against Him: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her own brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" And to Matthew, he said, "Follow me;" and so authoritative was this with the publican that "He arose and followed." So, verily by His blessed invitations is Jesus summoning us.

2. By the very fact of His heroism.

If Christ had never said one word of stirring appeal to be noble and to do nobly, the very fact of His heroism would constitute an appeal which would have an overwhelming effect upon any but a callous soul. The fact of His true life and heroic death makes a tremendous appeal, a veritable summons, upon us to rise to a worthy life and service. Washington did not need to leave us a stirring oration in order to inspire us to deep devotion to civil and religious liberty. It is not Lincoln's words of which we think when moved to service for our country or mankind. It is their heroism which makes so vital an appeal that it is an irresistible summons to do noble things for the flag which they made and saved. He who is not profoundly moved by their heroism to a nobler appreciation of what it means to be a citizen of the United States and does not determine to crystallize that appreciation into character and service has no soul to which an appeal can be made. The most forceful sermon is a heroic life. So the life and sacrifice of the great Hero makes upon us today the strongest appeal and is for us the most authoritative summons to make the most of ourselves, which the God of Heaven could send to the heart of man.

3. By the large value of mankind His heroism gives us.

Since the world began, multitudes have been dying in awful misery as well as living in galling servitude. A human life did not seem to be of much value. Did even the great mass of humanity amount to much? Had not the Creator left man to make the best or worst of his hard conditions? The value of a human soul was never estimated until Christ came. Before, men did not know in what terms to attempt a computation. But the Hero has told us by His sacrifice what value the Father puts upon a human soul. Since, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son," and the Son came that we may have life abundantly, we have no reasonable difficulty in feeling how valuable is even one soul. In this new appreciation of the value of mankind lies a tremendous appeal to look after our own eternal interests and to devote our energies to helping others into the true life. If "He is not willing that any should perish," surely we should be eager for the salvation of men. If men are so essentially



valuable that the great Hero made such effort to save them that heaven held its breath in sympathy and even the sun in the heavens veiled his face because he could not witness the awful agony of the Eternal Hero pouring out His life for men; surely in the fact of human value which this heroism reveals there is for each of us a summons that will ever nerve us to strenuous and holy service.

4. By the new sense of affiliation with all men.

Before Christ came, there were Jews and Gentiles; there were Greeks and Romans; there were the bond and the free; there were the ruling and the ruled. There were the residents of Palestine and of Greece and of Italy; but there were no citizens of the world. It is only since our Hero lived that there has been any meaning in the "unity of the race." Just as the heroic efforts of a Washington bound all this people together in the thought of a common need and a common purpose; so Christ, the great Hero, is binding all the world together in the sense of a common purpose. The summons to serve one's country, glorious as it is, is far eclipsed by the summons of Christ to serve the world. As we think and act with our Hero, there are no foreigners—no white, no black, no yellow, no brown—but all men, in every condition and everywhere, are by our prayer, our sympathy, our effort, "bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

5. By the new opportunity His heroism opens to us.

The possibilities of the human soul had never dawned upon men and much less had they been realized before Christ revealed them. The shackles of sin by which mankind was bound were

snapped on Calvary so that men became free for holy service. The sense of affiliation with all mankind and of responsibility in their behalf was before practically unknown. The incentive to high and unselfish service and its true and adequate example had not appeared. But the heroism of the Christ made all this plain. Both in objective need and possibility, and in subjective desire, incentive and equipment, has the summons flashed across our life; and opportunity has new meaning and larger scope since Christ has sacrificed and triumphed.

O men, and women, too,—for the need is for heroines as well as heroes—behold the consummate Hero and His summons! If anything on earth or in Heaven can stir the heart to its depths and raise it to its highest, it is the nobility of the Hero and the vitality of His appeal. O will you not, each one, obey the Hero's summons to follow Him; and lovingly, earnestly, humbly, through Summer's heat and Winter's cold, through favor or through frowns, through cordial response or cold refusal, through life and through death, faithfully and heroically, follow Christ.

"In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

—Anon.

## The Comfort of Consummation

REV. ROBERT WHITAKER

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." 1 Thes. 4:18.

One of the foremost preachers on the Pacific Coast, addressing a largely attended Ministers' Meeting in San Francisco, years ago, told this story with much effect. He said:

"The other day one of my principal business men, a man of great wealth and great enterprises, remarked to me after the morning sermon, as he took my hand with warm pressure and with tears standing in his eyes, 'Oh, Dr. G——, there isn't anything you ministers could not do with us business men if you would only comfort us.'"

The passage of which this text is the climax and the conclusion is one of the most sympathetic utterances of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. Paul is recognized everywhere now as the supreme thinker of the early church. It is significant that we have from this intellectual leader the world's outstanding utterance upon love, the great psalm known to us as the Thirteenth of First Corinthians. It is not less significant that we have from the same pen in this other immortal passage which deals with the hope of the Second Coming what deserves to be regarded as an equally incomparable

song of hope. Whether we are to "comfort" one another with these words, as the authorized text has it, or to "exhort" each other by this consolation, as the margin suggests, the meaning is substantially the same. Here is a promise which has in it an exaltation able to lift us on the wings of comfort out of any abyss of disheartenment wherein we have fallen, and by which we may well exhort one another under any and all circumstances to the more courageous pursuit of the life worth while.

Nor does the comfort wherewith we comfort one another, or the exhortation which we build upon this word, depend upon any limited interpretation of this great prophetic passage. Whatever view we may take as to the program which Paul here sets forth, however much of it may in our opinion belong to the experience of the past and however much we may hold for the expectation of the future, in a word whatever our particular doctrine of the Second Coming may be, the substance of comfort and inspiration remains the same.

The setting of the text is obvious and familiar enough. The Apostolic Age was drawing to its

close. The Great Hope of the return of Jesus had not yet been realized as many had confidently expected that it would be. Some were already dead who had hoped to live to see His coming again in glory, and others were going down to their graves disappointed because they feared they were not to share the supreme experience. The friends of those who had passed on, or were about to pass, were much disturbed because their loved ones seemed to be outside of the program of glorious consummation and reward. To these all Paul speaks an authoritative word of hope and confidence. And that authoritative word abides with us however we pass ourselves upon the form of Paul's own expectation.

Here is the gist of the whole matter. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." And in brief, the assurance which follows is to this effect, that the surviving shall not "prevent," used here in its original sense, that is shall not "come before," or have preference over those who have passed on before the consummation is realized.

Now without involving ourselves in any discussion here of any present doctrine concerning this same "Blessed Hope," of which the Apostle wrote, and with which he was immediately concerned, there is an application of these words to the whole range of our human experience which we have been too slow to see. We are under no delusion now as to the disadvantage of those who die before the Second Coming as to their inclusion in whatever experience belongs to all believers, without respect to whether they die before the event or live immediately to participate in it. But many of us find the world in which we are, with its extraordinary developments, mechanical, social, and religious, so promising that we cannot but grieve for our loved ones who go, that they have not lived to experience more of the great achievements of the age, and we are hardly less concerned for ourselves at times that we shall not be participants in the more wonderful world which another hundred years may reveal. If things go on as they are moving we may hope to see, for instance, a warless world before another century has passed, and, as some fondly hope and con-

fidently expect, a world from which poverty, as we know it, will have passed, wherein the nations of heathendom will have achieved their place in the more perfect civilization that is coming on, and where all mankind will have realized the "parliament of man, the federation of the world." In a measure we can hardly estimate now. This at least, is the dream of many, and there is much in the present movement of mankind to give ground to such expectations, as well as much to cause question and raise serious doubt.

Here again the assurance of the text is independent of any particular program which may actually work out. For fundamentally this is what Paul says that is of permanent meaning and consequence to us all, that whatever the consummation of things may be those who play their part in the early stages of the conflict, and are "workers together with God" in the morning hours of the world's day, are not going to lose anything of the final triumph. Life is to be no fragmentary experience for any of us. In some way or other all who have worked with "Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob," that is all who have shared the labors of the earliest of the hosts of faith shall sit down by and by and enjoy with the latest the consummating feast of the harvest home. Spring-time and autumn will be bound together in the sheaf of life, and all shall come rejoicing, "bringing their sheaves with them," when the Harvest Home is realized.

We do not work alone for our own day. We are inheritors of all the past, debtors to make good for their sakes who have brought us to this hour, and we are heirs expectant of the future which shall carry on all that has been worth while. And somehow and somewhere we shall all enter in to the comfort of the consummating hour. "All things are yours," says the same apostle in another connection, and further specifies, "things present, and things to come." Therefore may we comfort and exhort one another to "enter into the joy of the Lord" in the measure of achievement already attained, and in the confidence that the summing up of it all belongs to us all. The faithful of the forenoon shall not be missing at the evening fire-side, or, if you will in the perfected realizations of the immortal day.

## "No Sons—But Daughters"

REV. EDWARD A. DOWEY

Text: "And Zelophehad the son of Hephher, had no sons but daughters." Num. 26:33.

It would seem as if Zelophehad was very unfortunate in having no sons but five daughters. Sons were greatly desired for the perpetuation of the family name and inheritance. When we read of the treatment afforded baby girls and the women, too, in heathen lands, we can understand how they would view the plight of this man. They would regard him as being five times cursed of heaven.

However, when we consider what these daugh-

ters accomplished for the women of Israel, we are impressed with the thought that they were a credit to the name of Zelophehad and fully compensated for the lack of sons. They were pioneers for women's rights. They had the courage and the intelligence to speak right out at the door of the tabernacle. They said, "Why should the name of our father be done away from among his family, because he hath no son? Give unto us therefore a possession among the brethren of our father." Num. 27:4. Moses took their cause before the Lord and the result was a new statute in Israel,



which marked a distinct advance in the inheritance rights of women.

No sons, but daughters—the *Law of Compensation*. What appears to be a great misfortune turns out to be a great blessing. This law of compensation is constantly in operation and has many ramifications. We notice it:

(1) *In the Animal World.*

The elephant has a very short neck to support his heavy head. How difficult it would be for the elephant to eat, if the law of compensation in nature did not operate to supply him with that marvelous instrument of many muscles, commonly called the trunk. The giraffe has no proboscis but a long neck instead. The crane, while depending on the water for its food, does not have web feet for swimming, but is equipped with long legs for wading. The parrot has a hooked upper bill which would make it impossible for him to get food into his mouth, if the upper jaws were not movable as well as the lower. This apparent drawback of a curved beak is a great help to the parrot in climbing. The spider feeds largely on flies, but how is he to catch them since he cannot fly? God in nature, takes care of that by making it possible for him to spin a web from his own body and thus catch his food.

The snail has no wings, feet or thread, and yet can climb up the stalks of plants, because of a sticky fluid discharged from its body. One of the commonest illustrations of this great law of compensation is to be found in every barnyard, the chicken. When we wish to emphasize the scarcity of some commodity we say that it is as scarce as hens' teeth. Yet the chicken eats whole grains of corn that would seem to require powerful mastication. The hen has no teeth but a grinding machine instead, called the gizzard, which makes up for the lack.

Thus in the realm of nature there are many illustrations of this law. It is a warped and inadequate viewpoint that would consider these various creatures unfortunate or handicapped, because of the lack of certain facilities when this lack is supplied in another way, sometimes with interest. So it is the warped viewpoint of the human mind that would regard Zephehad as an object of commiseration because he had no sons, when he had five splendid daughters.

(2) *In the Carnal World.*

By the carnal world we mean the realm of everyday affairs, such as can be seen with the eyes, heard with the ears, handled with the hands. The world of the lame, the halt, and the blind; of the rich, the poor and the stupid; of the brilliant, the homely and the handsome; of the old, the young and the middle aged. We incline to the belief that the average conception of life is narrow and rather one-sided. All too frequently men see in the life here and now, the clouds, and fail to perceive the bright light therein. Should we make it our habit to look for the operation of the law of compensation, in all the circumstances of life, many of the apparent injustices, misfortunes and

inequalities in the affairs of men would "fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away."

A brief newspaper account told of the graduation exercises of Northwestern University, Class of 1924. There were 1100 graduates. The name of the honor student was read and he was requested to step to the front of the platform. As he did so he was given a tremendous ovation, greater than any ever accorded a hero of the gridiron or diamond. The outburst was spontaneous. There had been honor students before but never such a greeting as this. Why this enthusiastic reception? Because he was *blind*.

As we read this account we began to speculate somewhat. Would this young man have been as good a student if he had had the use of his eyes? Was he compensated for the loss of sight? Is it not true that when the eyesight is gone, the sense of hearing becomes more acute and the sense of touch more delicate? Are not the distracting scenes around one shut out and the powers of concentration and imagination greatly heightened? Could the imagination of Milton have soared as it did in *Paradise Lost*, if he had not been blind? We might paraphrase the text and say of the blind—no eyesight but remarkable development of the other senses.

No sons, but daughters—sometimes we may read it—no smooth road in life but blessing and strength derived from traveling a rough road. Would Abraham Lincoln have been a greater man, or as great a man as he was, if he had been born in a well-to-do family, and sent to the best educational institutions of his time? Or would he have lost his originality and been nothing more than a fine polished gentleman like thousands of others turned out of the educational mill? It seems impossible for the American people to think of Lincoln and his greatness apart from Lincoln and the log cabin and poverty. Bitter as was his struggle against poverty and hardship, these were essential in the making of the man and without them there could have been no Lincoln as we know him.

No sons, but daughters—no brilliance, but perseverance. The victory is not always to the strong nor is the race always won by the swift. The best student in the classroom is not always, perhaps not usually, the greatest success in life. The two-talent people who have determination are constantly passing the five-talent kind who have latent ability which is allowed to remain latent. The plodding tortoise often overtakes and passes the swift-footed but sleeping hare. Adam Clarke was considered a dunce when he was a boy, but a reading of his commentary on the Bible is convincing evidence of perseverance and the ability to "toil terribly." Those who endure to the end are saved.

No sons, but daughters—no beauty but a loving heart. That is to say that frequently where physical beauty is lacking is to be found the more substantial beauty of character, expressing itself in loving deeds. A class of nurses was graduated from the training school of a hospital. Most of

them were very pretty girls as most girl graduates are, but there was one who was rather lacking in "good looks." No beauty, but she was the best nurse in her class. She was tireless in her care of a patient, ministering to the sick in a gentle, efficient manner, that savored not of professionalism. Is it any wonder that her services were always in demand? The sweetness of her disposition and her eagerness to serve more than made up for lack of comeliness. We have never read that Florence Nightingale was beautiful as to face, but through loving service she earned for herself the title, "The Angel of the Crimea." It is a decidedly superficial view that rates physical beauty above beauty of soul and service.

Thus we might go on and multiply illustrations of the compensations of life. We must learn to give less heed to our supposed misfortunes and more heed to our blessings and advantages. Zaccheus was little but he could run and climb and these compensating circumstances led to his greatest happiness. A man may have no motor car nor any large sum of money, but he does have a home life and health and happiness such as many a millionaire would gladly give all his wealth to possess. No sons, but daughters—there are many misfortunes that are more apparent than real.

### (3) *In the Spiritual World*

Christianity is the divine exposition of the law of compensation in the spiritual world. It is natural for mankind to be self-centered. The universal motto whether written in so many words or not is "take care of number one" or "if you don't look out for yourself, nobody else will." The natural man's creed may be expressed in the one word "greed." In his quest for happiness man enthrones himself as king and brings all his powers into play to serve this self-made king. Christianity introduces a new note and a new conception of life, by calling upon man to deny self and promising him compensation for the doing of it.

No sons, but daughters—not self, but *Christ*. This is the new note. What a profitable exchange. "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself and take up his Cross and follow me." Deny self. Not deny himself a bit of sugar and give the money to missions, but deny self by dethroning self as king of the life, and making Christ king instead. Here is to be found the greatest happiness, the most enduring satisfaction. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." When Paul lost his old life for Christ's sake it was to find the life more abundant, if we are to believe his own words: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be content." Christ was found sufficient for every need and as superior to the old life as gold to dross.

To make Christ supreme in the life means also—not self but others. We remember to have read of a college boy who had for his motto on a card in his room, "I'm third." On being questioned about its meaning he said he was endeavoring to follow the teaching of his earnest Christian mother and put Christ first, others second, and self third. The worldlings viewpoint of the missionary who leaves behind familiar and loved scenes to work among strange people, is that he is the unfortunate victim of a delusion and is wasting his life. They know nothing of the joy of service which the missionaries experience. A member of the commission of the United Presbyterian Church to the mission fields, who visited the missionaries in Egypt, the Sudan, Abyssinia and India, declared that the missionaries are unquestionably the jolliest people that one could possibly find. No! No! Not the unfortunate victims of a delusion but he privileged representatives of the greatest commission ever entrusted to mortal man. Not wasted, their lives, but invested where the return on the investment is ten thousand per cent: "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold."

## The Greatest Wisdom in the World

REV. S. R. NORTHROP

Text: "He that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11:30.

Great truths are often expressed in fewest words, "as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn." The text is one of those familiar proverbs, crystallized in a brief sentence, like maxims in law, seed thoughts in literature, axioms in philosophy and postulata in mathematics. It is one of those diamond gems of inspiration most frequently quoted, and as we turn it toward the sun of righteousness, and the mellow warmth of the Holy Spirit, the rays of divine light thus falling on each face and angle, how it flashes forth the mind and will of God that man should be won back to the kingdom of grace by the righteous wisdom of soul-winning. As man was instrumental in the ruin of the race, so should

he be in its salvation, the divine and human blending as one in the gracious service. "Everywhere the human soul," says Carlyle, "stands between hemispheres of light and darkness, on the confines of two hostile empires." And methinks the winning Christ, with His fishers of men, stands upon the shore of the hemispheres of light "to draw all men unto Him."

"From the wild ocean  
Of the world's sea of sin."

On the Stygian shore, black and waste, of that other hemisphere appears the "prince of darkness" with his legions of subtle messengers. Between these two great hemispheres of light and darkness, on the broad straits of this billowy sea, is a vast throng of moving, unredeemed millions. As we look on such a scene of woe and hear the imploring



cries of sinking multitudes, there bursts spontaneously from every lip the prayer,

"O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on a rock and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with a troubled sea."

Truly "He that winneth souls is wise."

I. Consider the Inestimable Value of the Soul as the Incentive to the Work. The value of anything depends upon its intrinsic worth: upon what it costs in time, labor, sacrifice, and means to secure it. For gold, man leaves home, loved ones and native land, sails over seas, crosses continents, overleaps yawning chasms, climbs dizzy mountains, digs and delves in storm, heat and cold, faces perils, famine and sword to reach the Eldorado of his fond hopes. For the precious diamond he passes through the same strenuous experience, satisfied only when he snatches from the depths of a Golconda the Kohinoor which flashes from the jewelled hand of a princess, or the golden crown of a king. But gold and diamonds and political preferment and professional glory are not all there is in this world—surely not in the next—only the things of a day that perish with the using. Put all worlds, therefore, known and unknown, in the one scale, and the immortal soul of the vilest outcast in the other, and how kicks the beam? Ah, just as we expected—the spiritual outweighs the material.

"Knowest thou the importance of a soul immortal? Behold the midnight glory; worlds on worlds; Amazing pomp, redouble this amaze; Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more; Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all."

But there is another and truer method by which to determine the soul's value—God's estimate. The real worth of anything depends on what the one knowing its value is willing to pay for it. He who created the soul knew its worth, and so in exchange gave His only begotten Son. The redemptive price paid, "not with the corruptible things as silver and gold," was "the precious blood of Christ," the highest gift and the brightest glory Heaven could afford. "To win souls should be the animating principle underlying the work of the Christian in pulpit or pew. This incentive should go down deep and permeate heart and conscience, intensifying every word and action of every child of God. Soul-winning should be the ruling passion of our lives, and the highest ideal of the most ambitious religious zealot. Indeed, it is the sum total of all wisdom. "He that winneth souls is wise."

### The Character of This Service

II. *What Is It to Win Souls?* Let the Scriptures answer. On the inauguration of the kingdom of Heaven, Jesus, from the shore of that historic sea, called Simon and Andrew, brothers; James and John, brothers; the very nucleus of the apostolic fraternity—type of the universal brotherhood—commissioned to be soul-winners. In Luke, our Lord declares "The Son is come to seek and save that which is lost." The Father sent the Son on

this special mission and the Son sends us. If souls will not come to Christ we must take Christ to them. Our word of command is "to go for them;" drawing, constraining, inviting, winning, seeking, finding, and "turning many to righteousness." This is the distinct character of soul saving. Hear what Paul says about his master for this service: "Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men;" "My heart's desire and prayer for Israel is that they may be saved;" "I am made all things to all men that I may by all means save some;" "I ceased not to warn everyone, night and day with tears." James is moved to write: "Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death," and Jude, his brother, is not far behind: "Some save, snatching them out of the fire." Even Job, thousands of years before the Cross, is stirred by the same spirit when he cries: "Deliver him from going down to the pit."

In this inspiring service we should be careful not to make our own characters self centering. In other words, we are to win to Christ. Our duty is to point souls right away from self to our Master as a personal Saviour. It is only when God is everything and we are nothing, when He is everywhere and we are nowhere, when we keep ourselves humble, that the Holy Spirit in saving, convicting power descends in pentecostal blessing upon our efforts for the lost. Fishers of men must, therefore, keep themselves out of sight if they wish a "good catch." A certain tourist spent his vacation in Scotland, and concluded one day to fish for trout. He bought some fancy tackle and other necessary appliances, went to one of the "bonnie blue lakes," toiled all day and caught nothing. Just at sunset he spied a little ragged urchin, with common pole and line, hauling the trout out of the water with the most surprising agility and success. Amazed at such results, with so cheap an outfit, whilst he with expensive equipment failed outright, he asked the secret. The boy replied: "The fish'll no catch as lang as ye dinna keep yoursel' oot of sight." Oh my beloved, behind the uplifted Cross let us hide ourselves whilst we draw all men unto it. "He that winneth souls is wise."

### Methods

*How to Win Souls.* Ah, that's the question, and there's the rub! The "how" is the essential point under consideration of our wisest and best Christian leaders, and the most intelligent and consecrated religious bodies of our time. Summer schools, conventions, Chautauquas and assemblies, here and there constantly have before them this supreme vital question in one form or the other—"How to win souls; "How to reach the masses;" "How to arouse the Church to her responsibility in seeking the lost;" "How to save the boys and girls." Who can give us the key? Who are the "wise?"

1. *Social Influences.* What a soul-winning agency is this! Jesus won those with whom he came in contact in this same simple way—by a word, a smile, a deed. "Follow" Him now and learn



His art and He "will make you fishers of men." See, he goes where people are sick, where people weep, where people hunger, where people labor: and he cures them; comforts them, feeds them, rests them. In the country, the city, on the desert or the lake, in the home, always the same interested, affectionate Friend; pitying and loving, living and doing, serving and saving, weeping and dying to win the sinner from this world.

If we expect to enter the very sanctum of the soul, and so take Jesus in, we must become Christian confidence men and women. We can never get hold of individuals about us unless by sincere actions we can prove that we are friends indeed. Sanctified affection is a winning grace, to be sure, but because of its simplicity it is not exercised. The magnetic, consistent Christian will do more to lead souls to Christ than the most intellectual either among the laity or ministry. The dying world, "without hope and without God," longs today for more heart than brains—it craves sympathy; not a sickly sentimentality that piles flowers upon the caskets of the dead—a kind of *post-mortem* love—but scatters them in the pathway of the living, their perfume giving life and hope and peace. What a power over humanity is the kindly greeting, the warm grasp with your heart right in your hand; the comforting word in the hour of deep affliction, social trouble or financial reverse; the tender inquiry, the friendly call and the heroic rescue just in the nick of time; the fraternal salute to the passer-by on the other side, a cheery "how do you do" in pew, prayer-room store, office, shop and street to all classes, rich or poor, high or low. Anywhere and everywhere—

"Watch and weep,

Pray and feel

For all."

2. *Earnestness*—a burning passion for souls—is another power. Dead saints can never win live sinners! Sleepy professors cannot "catch" wide-awake sons of Belial! Sluggish-brained Christians are no match for the quick-witted "children of this world." In grace as in nature, light should overtake darkness in the race for supremacy. We must be up in the morning in this service, for "the night cometh when no man can work." How like drowsy boys and girls at peep of day are some professed followers of the ever-busy Christ, who must be called once, twice, thrice before they get their eyes wide open. Nothing but the loud, clear bugle blast—"Awake, awake, put on thy strength" seems to arouse them to their opportunity. Others never seek the salvation of the perishing unless they are pressed into the service; like wheelbarrows they move out into the highways and hedges" only when they are pushed. Some show wonderful activity and no results; like rocking-chairs, motion, motion, but no progress. Others still, during revival seasons, make great headway toward "seeking and saving;" but like bicycles, fall flat to the ground when special effort ceases. For soul-winning endeavor we want warm hearts which glow with the white heat of enthusiasm twelve months in the year, and lips touched

with a live coal from off the altar. Believe me friends, we shall never move others Christward till we first move ourselves. "Action, action, action," applies as practically in bringing souls to the feet of Jesus as it did in the oratory of the eloquent Athenian long ago. The president of one of our leading universities once said to a student at the close of his chapel declamation, "Young man, what you want is that," snapping his fingers. And so we all need snap—consecrated earnestness to awaken an interest in the careless and produce a sensation of alarm in the unconcerned. Jesus was so intensely anxious for sinners that the world declared "He hath a devil," and of Paul, "Thou art beside thyself." The same criticism was made against scores of men of later times whose consuming purpose was to win souls; like persuasive Whitefield, whose heart yearned night and day for the perishing; like heroic John Knox, who was wont to agonize, "How can I sleep when my land is not saved;" like the saintly Alleine, "who was infinitely greedy for the conversion of souls;" like that sturdy defender of the faith, Lyman Beecher, who affirmed "that the greatest thing was not theology, not controversy, but saving souls;" like thoughtful Matthew Henry, "I think it is a greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ than mountains of silver to myself;" and like devotional Doddridge, "I long for the conversion of sinners more sensibly than for anything besides." I do wish, by all that is sacred, that we too could be fired with the same zeal as these mighty lovers of souls. Looking at them and then at our own "poor dying rate," with a heart temperature down to zero, we are led to cry "alas! alas!" An Alpine traveler—the incident is familiar—after facing the blinding snow storm and freezing blast of night, feeling that fatal drowsiness coming over him, almost ready to perish in despair, struck a heap in his pathway, and found it to be a human body half-buried beneath the snow; the next moment our half-frozen traveler had taken a brother in his arms and was rubbing his hands, chest and brow, now breathing upon the cold lips his own warm breath, and now pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. What a godsend to the stiff body of the one, and the freezing limbs of the other? Have we grown cold? Is our spiritual life benumbed by inaction, chilled by the frost particles of unbelief, or lulled by the blight of indifference? Oh, may our Heavenly Father, through some wise providence, send us stumbling somewhere along the highways of life upon some fellow mortal, and by a little spiritual friction revive his torpid soul, and our alike rewarm.

3. *Direct personal effort*—winning a soul. "If we would win the world to Christ we must take men one by one." Somebody must have had in mind that memorable battle when they slew everyone his man. The Gospel plan is that people are to be saved, not in masses, but individually. Telling of Jesus before crowded audiences may be inspiring to a speaker, but it is face to face, hand to hand, work that reaches the heart

after all. With every revolution of the earth upon its axis 100,000 souls move into the unseen world but they must be led into the Kingdom of our Lord one by one. Jesus must needs go through Samaria, walking its scorching sands for hours to save just a single soul, and at Jacob's well He found His audience of one, and she drinks of the water of everlasting life. An angel directs the steps of Philip, the Deacon, to a certain desert till he meets his congregation of one, "a man of Ethiopia," and he runs to him—Christianity on the run for a lost soul—climbs up into his chariot by his side, and preaches unto him Jesus. Result—one more soul for Christ.

Units, therefore, are significant indeed in this labor of love. It is so in fruit harvest. The gardener carefully gathers the plump blackberries, the delicious raspberries and the tempting strawberries, one by one. The wise farmer is content to pick by hand every one of the golden apples from the overloaded trees and tenderly places them in the barrel one by one. In this way they are nicely preserved for our winter use. This, too, is the Christ-method of gathering souls. The shaking process may bring down the most fruit in the shortest possible time and make famous the ambitious pastor, or the self-seeking evangelist, but the converts brought into the fold one by one are sure to keep for the Master's use.

Christianity always has, and always will, grow on this line of personal finding. A wins B, B wins C, and C wins D. The feet of every one of us who love the Lord Jesus were turned to the Cross through the influence of some one person—some neighbor, friend, mother, teacher or pastor. In the first chapter of the Gospel of John how strikingly is this point demonstrated. There stands that rugged, kindly-faced wilderness preacher with two of his disciples. He humbly introduces them to the Lamb of God; then Andrew "findeth" the Messiah; then he—human nature like—first "findeth" his brother Simon; Jesus then "findeth" Philip, and Philip "findeth" Nathaniel. Surely this the chapter of "Eurekas," "I have found him! I have found him!"

4. *We Are to Win Souls by Preaching Christ in Sermon and Testimony.* Said an ancient worthy: "Were the highest heaven my pulpit, and all the angels, with the numberless host of the redeemed, my audience and eternity my day, Jesus always should be my text." "Souls are to be won by the gateway of speech, and the best way to preach sinners to Christ is to preach Christ to sinners." It was the heavenly-appointed plan for reaching with transforming power the minds of men, as implied in that little word "go" by our Lord to his astonished disciples at Olivet. They took up the word of command, and like an electric message it ran all along the line. After the endowment of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, Peter lifted up his voice for Christ as the only Saviour of humanity. In the very presence of the murderers of Jesus he fearlessly declares as he looks them in the eye: "Him ye have taken and by wicked hands crucified and slain." No wonder after such a

sermon three thousand souls were pricked in the heart. Such personal preaching tells! Now comes Paul—from the moment of his baptism to his death—towards the Cross his index finger points till you almost see the letters in phosphorous light, "We preach Christ." He melts that precious name in every sentence he utters, till like molten ore flowing from the furnace, it shoots like a thousand glowing threads and interweaves its golden tissues with the whole fabric of his thought and speech. To win souls, then, "Christ" must be the "all in all" of the sermon and testimony. I do not mean a narrow limitation of that word, but those "commanding themes which lift themselves from the pages of the Bible like the white peaks of Mont Blanc, belittling all the low-lying, out-lying ranges at its feet." The great doctrines which emanate from the Cross are mighty compelling forces, and none can fail to feel their influence, and none can resist their power.

These sublime verities that attract the hearts of men are the same today, as when they came fresh from the lips of Jesus. Redemption means just what it did when the warm blood ran down that quivering side. Man in all his sorrow and sins is just the same as when they shook their heads and mocked: "Others He saved, Himself He cannot save." These mighty soul-winning truths, like their author, are "the same yesterday today and forever." The old Gospel won its way to the hearts of men in Christ's and Peter's and Paul's time. It wins now! Preaching side issues, dragging into the sacred desk irrelevant subjects, making it the medium for advertising false issues and the very men who create them, repels rather than attracts. Never have the opinions or theories of any French sceptic, German materialist, or American rationalist passed these lips in the presence of any living audience. By God's grace they never will. The name of that person who blasphemes my Saviour either from book, press or rostrum, shall never be repeated by me in pulpit or prayer-room. Such references never induce a soul to cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" It is all nonsense to exhaust ourselves in striking at gnats with the club of a Hercules. Bad men and bad principles will work themselves out of existence if we let them alone. The history of preaching reaffirms my position, hence I do not speak at random. Drive out unbelief from human hearts, if it is making its way and outbreking sin is rampant, by publishing the name of Christ all the more. A faith proclamation, positive and clear, has always succeeded in arousing the conscience of sinners. Apologetic preaching and bolstering up the Cross by a system of negations never convicts of sin. The Gospel of assurance, the "I know" of John's epistles, always awakens thought and concern. "We believe, and therefore speak," is a sure token of victory to the soul-winning soldier of the Cross. Said Goethe to a friend: "If you have convictions I will listen, but keep your doubts to yourself" and Daniel Webster: "In the house of God I want to meditate on the simple verities and the undoubted facts of



religion, not upon mysteries and abstractions." "Once a week, at least, I like to hear a man who believes what he says, as though he felt the Lord Jesus Christ at his elbow," declared an eminent historian. So say we all of us. A young man had just laid away a lovely wife in the grave. Prostrate with grief he went to divine service to seek "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The man in the pulpit gave, instead of crumbs of comfort from the bread of life, a stone—a speculation about this, that and the other in science—a good lecture-room talk. Instead of a masterly presentation of some delightful theme which radiates from the Cross, there was a namby-pamby essay upon ethics and culture. Instead of soothing words like these: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" "Let not your heart be troubled;" "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest," he was told of "tridactyl footprints of ornithoid reptiles." Instead of the sweet story of Christ's sympathetic heart for the afflicted, he heard something about "the glacial period." Instead of "the balm from Gilead" for the healing of his wounds, there were strange sounds like "molecules, crustaceans, and articulata." Instead of some tender message, distilled into his soul to win it from sorrow and sin, to the joys of pardoning love, he listened to a Ciceronian *dilettante* on pre-historic man—a sort of Darwin dev-il-up-ment theory—and finally a Platonic peroration, smacking of pedantry, of which that old philosopher, had he lived this side the Cross, would have been ashamed. The young man went away sorrowful, perhaps lost forever, with the sad lament on his lips: 'No man careth

for my soul." To such false teachers God speaks in thundering tones, "Watchman, the blood of this man will I require at thy hands." Verily "he that winneth souls must be 'wise'."

5. A godly life is a most winning influence upon the unsaved. "The living epistle known and read of all men" is the most practical sermon the Christian can preach, be he preacher or layman, the only Bible some people ever read. It is evident, however, that such a life is dependent upon the inbreathing of the Holy Spirit into our very natures. Here is a most magnificent organ, massive in its proportions, ingenious in its thousands of mechanical contrivances hidden and unseen back of these pipes; now it is still as the grave, silent as death. In a little while "from one strong blast of wind to many a row of pipes the sounding board breathes," and soon the fingers of a master-hand wander "o'er the yielding planks of the ivory floor," and there sounds forth dulcet symphonies, softened tones and uplifting in their influence over the soul. Co-workers, without the infusing of the Divine afflatus, the Holy Spirit, into our hearts, all our modern methods of soul winning and new Evangelism, we are only like that silent organ—beautiful in form, wonderful in physical mechanism, possessed of almost limitless power upon those about us, but making no music to attract the lost to the open arms of the great "Friend of sinners." To win souls, then, our constant cry should be, "O Lord, breathe into me the breath of Thine own music, and make my being, my doing, my thinking, my living, my praying, and my service a psalm of praise to Thee, and a song to cheer and to win back a dying world to Thee." So mote it be! Amen!

## Prayer Meetings

### Mid-Week Topics

REV. W. SCOTT STRANAHAN, D.D.

#### TWO PRAYERS. Luke 18:9-14

In the lesson of the Pharisee and Publican who "went into the temple to pray," a test of our faith; of the spirit of our prayers; as to whether we have the secret of earnest prayer is given. Are we repentant sinners or are we satisfied conformists? Are our prayers importunities for daily bread, for mercy as sinners, for protection against temptations, for the coming of peace and goodwill among men? If there is conceit in our prayers—personal or racial or sectarian or national conceit—even though disguised as thanksgiving, we are like the Pharisee, and will go back to our homes unjustified, ripe for humbling because we have exalted ourselves.

I. *Pharisaism*. The white races are given to this weakness of Pharisaism. We thank God that we are not, brown, yellow or black. English speaking

people have this attitude towards Latins, Teutons, Slavs. We are Pharisees to them in our assumption of superior morals. If we are irritated to have this fact mentioned, that is an unconscious tribute to its truth.

The prayer of the self-righteous Pharisee was lip-service and a pose to catch public attention. Its thanksgiving was not for anything that he had received or expected to receive from God. He was so much better than men all about him. He was outdoing them in fasting and giving alms. In a word he was perfectly self-satisfied; he neither needed nor asked anything. According to Jesus, such a prayer is no prayer at all. All the rest of the people thronging the Temple courts were "extortioners, unjust, adulterers." For all time Jesus pilloried as supremely ridiculous the Phar-



isee who went into the Temple and thanked God that he was not as the rest of men. For all time he stamped with the distinction of discriminating favor, the man who knew that he was a sinner, who would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven but who was forgiven and justified because of his truthfulness, his humility and his courage.

### II. *The Prevailing Prayer*

The simple prayer of the Publican prevailed. He went down to his house justified. He had been a great sinner, exploiting his fellowmen and sacrificing everything to satisfy his passion for gold. But we find him truly penitent, and off in a corner, away from the crowd, crying out in real anguish for God's forgiveness, "Lord be merciful unto me, a sinner!" Such a prayer is always sure of an answer. The first result of God's mercy will be to help us to right, as far as possible the wrongs we have done, helping us to gain our own self-respect as well as the love of our fellowmen, and a greater fruitage will be a growing appreciation of the larger, better life that God daily opens up to us as we seek prayerfully to do his will. So whether God gives or withholds he is answering our prayer.

"From thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavor and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer and his will to serve—;  
But O thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all thy gifts the crown!  
Give what thou canst. Without thee we are poor  
And with thee rich. Take what thou wilt away."

### KADESH AND ITS CHALLENGE. Numbers

#### 13:17-33. (Lincoln's Birthday)

This was a long-looked-for day in Israel. The hopes that had been cherished for many years seemed about to be realized. The Promised Land lay before them. At Kadesh they stood upon its threshold.

No life is without its encampment at Kadesh. It is reached in the dawn of youth. The hour strikes to go up and possess the land. With high hopes and enthusiasm we set our faces to the forward path!

#### I. *Counting the Cost.*

It was the part of discretion that these Israelites sized up the situation thoroughly and counted the cost before they attempted to go in and possess the land. Though it was a "Land of Promise" it was not to be theirs without effort. Opposing forces were firmly established. It is always a wise thing to estimate beforehand what is involved in any enterprise. What folly to fling ourselves in blind optimism upon the future, without reckoning on the cost and facing the difficulties and problems with resolution and courage! What are the problems before us? What obstacles will we encounter? What are the real values? What resources will we need in order to meet these larger demands? He who goes blindly into any undertaking, courts sure disaster.

#### II. *Facing All the Facts.*

Twelve went into the land beyond Kadesh to study the situation and for forty days the people waited their return. Finally they came bearing samples of the fruits of the land. And what fruits they were! Twelve men declared that it was a goodly land, a wonderful inheritance.

What then? This is where the investigators were divided. Ten of them had nothing further to report save to repeat and to magnify with every repetition the difficulties that stood in their way. They set about to depreciate themselves and the people as over against the forces opposed to them. It is hard for some people to see things that are; and it is harder for them to see things that are not. Not that we really intend to be false; but what we actually see is colored by our feelings and our desires and prejudices so that when we come to tell it we add a good deal of what is inside of us to what is outside of us. It is a great accomplishment to be able to tell the simple truth about persons and things without superadding something of ourselves which has no business to be in the telling.

We hear much about moral education these days. Learning to tell the truth is a part of it. The lesson is not found in arithmetic, nor geography, nor grammar, but it is an indispensable part of our education. To see things with a clear eye and to tell them with an honest tongue are very essential to good character.

When one begins to complain about how little he has, how poor a chance he has had and how utterly unable he is to overcome the hard things that lie between him and achievement then there is not much hope that he will go very far.

But two men of the twelve, Joshua and Caleb, took God into the reckoning, and found him greater than all that could be against them. On that plan they lived their lives and by that reckoning they overcame and entered the Promised Land.

#### III. *Lincoln's Vision.*

Every progressive leader of men has known Kadeshbarnea. Lincoln had a vision of a land free from the cry of slaves. Many thought his idea glorious but utopian. They wished him well, but shook their heads and said, "Practically impossible!" Finally, trusting in God's help, in heroic daring he wrote the Emancipation Proclamation as a war measure. This was the first step into the Promised Land, guaranteed by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to our Constitution.

As Christians we are glad to remember the humble piety of Abraham Lincoln. His name is shining with glowing luster through the years. His supreme trust was placed in the providence of God who orders the affairs of individuals and the nation.

"In your own self lies destiny. Let this  
Vast truth cast out all fear, all prejudice,  
All hesitation. Know that you are great—  
Great with divinity. So dominate

Environment and enter into bliss.  
Love God and hate no man. Hold no aim  
That does not chord with universal good."

### THE MAN OF THE HOUR (Washington's Birthday)

Moses had for many years been the very soul of Israel's movement toward the larger life and hope of the Promised Land; but now Moses was dead. And by his death the burden of leadership was placed on Joshua's shoulders. Joshua, real or personified stood, to the Hebrews, for "Yahweh is Salvation" or "Yahweh is Deliverance." That is he was the way of God unto salvation—God's agent or representative according to the thought of the time. Joshua's opportunity did not come by mere chance. Opportunities and responsibilities of this sort usually seek the person who is ready for them. This is the same Joshua who stood in the face of the cowardly multitude at Kadesh and showed the courage that was in him as he challenged them to count upon God and go forward to the achievement of their goal in spite of the "giants in the way."

#### I. *Life's Opportunity.*

Joshua had ever been building this same principle into his life; and when the great hour came he was ready for it. It is folly to complain that opportunities never come our way. They always come the way of those who are laying out their lives for bigger living by tireless application, constant courage and unbounded faith in God and his fellowmen. The difficulties in Joshua's way were great and only a great equipment could enable him to carry it out. What was that equipment? That is the question that most concerns us as we stand on the borders of our unwon fields of life and plan to go over and take possession. There can be no doubt that the training of the wilderness experience helped to prepare Joshua for his great task. And just as certainly education and training have a large part to play in equipping young people for successful living today. But there is another factor that goes back behind all of these and makes them really dynamic. It was this other factor that mainly accounted for Joshua's achievement. The secret is found in the thrice-repeated exhortation which God spoke to him: "Be strong and of good courage" with the assurance of God's presence and guidance in his life and its undertaking. That is the secret of real effectiveness in life and leadership.

#### II. *Leadership Through God.*

An attitude of victory and confidence is contagious. It is one of our great privileges to disarm the cynic and restore the fainting hearts of many of our struggling companions by bearing ourselves in the dignity and strength of a faith in God, in life and in our fellowmen.

#### III. *Joshua.*

It is appropriate to recall him who has often been called our Joshua: George Washington. Both were successful soldiers and generals, God-

fearing men, patriotic leaders. George Washington was so great a man that today, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, his birthday arouses anew the interest and thoughts of an entire nation. It closes our factories and shops and banks and schools; and invites us to study again the achievements of this man as a supreme lesson in patriotism. If all our public men should initiate George Washington's patriotic virtues political corruption would die. We have our industrial and financial troubles of course, but our most real afflictions today are moral, as they always have been. It is envy and hatred and strife, sectarianism and sectionalism and class warfare, that threaten us far more seriously than anything else; and the remedy for all these things is to be sought; not in political economy but in the Word of God.

George Washington was a high-minded citizen, an able general, and an exalted statesman—and he was more. He had the fear of God in his heart, and what he did for his country was done honestly and unselfishly, ever seeking divine guidance and strength and wisdom.

### WHERE ARE THE NINE? Luke 17:11-19.

It is interesting to notice that the Samaritan and the Jews were together. In ordinary life Jews would have nothing to do with Samaritans or Samaritans with Jews, but common misfortune had brought them together. How easy it is to forget that we are all brothers when things are going well with us! How impossible to escape from the fact, that when trouble comes and makes our little dignities look ridiculous, the conditions are reversed. The pity is that we should need trouble to bring us together, but perhaps that is one reason why so much pain is allowed in the world. When we are strong and prosperous we tend to get proud and self-satisfied and to forget the sorrows of the world about us.

#### I. *The Healing.*

In answer to the prayer, "Master have mercy on us," the ten were bidden to go show themselves to the priests, "And as they went they were cleansed." The faith of the men was severely tried and they must have set off wearily dragging their heavy limbs along; but as they moved their pace became more brisk and each noticed that the skin of his companions was losing its white color.

But only the Samaritan thought it worth his while to go back to render thanks to his Healer. The nine failed in this crisis of their lives to behave as well as the despised Samaritans, because however correct their habitual external behaviour may have been, they were unsound at the core. The nine ran away from the greatest experience that could have happened to them as lepers. They were cleansed but they did not pay the bill. They received, but they did not face the Giver. They had been in the presence of the very Source of Life and they did not seek more life. They drank but not of the waters that would quench their greater thirst. They showed respectful deference, compliant obedience to instructions but not the faith that makes one whole.



## II. Gratitude.

The important thing to remember is that in all his associations with us Jesus expects something from us. We must not read too much censure into the words of Jesus. "Were not the ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" The nine may only have been inarticulate. They may have had something like our own or the English shamefacedness about excess of enthusiasm. It is only in contrast with the loud voice of the lone foreigner as he glorified God and with his demonstrative prostration; only in contrast with the fear, amazement and joy usually expressed by those who came under the ministry of Jesus, that these forgetful nine appear so unresponsive. Their voices had been lifted up readily enough in the demand for mercy. But now they had no whisper of glory to God. What is especially commended in the Samaritan is not that he gave thanks, but that he went out of his way to return and glorify God. It is not the phrases that he used or even his

prostrations at his Benefactor's feet; it is his faith, the whole course of his behaviour. He had initiative, originality like that of the centurian, of Mary choosing the good part, of the penitent who wet Jesus' feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair, even of Peter on the mount of transfiguration. Each of these, feeling profound emotion in the moment of a great experience, expressed it in a way that was natural, spontaneous, appropriate to an individual personality. All were impulsive, generously appreciative in the clutch of a great faith, moved in their several ways to show their gratitude, their reverence, their amazement.

"When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart  
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise  
For benefits received, propitious Heaven  
Takes such acknowledgement as fragrant incense,  
And doubles all its blessings."

## Prayer Meeting Suggestions

Week of February 3, 1929

### FORWARD OR BACKWARD

#### (Men's Meeting)

*Equipment* needed for illustrating the lesson of this evening is as follows: One small new post, with base so that it will stand upright; one old post showing service, with base so it will stand upright; one decayed portion of post to show the final end of the post; one small tree, preferably evergreen; one fair-sized tree showing the progress of a growing tree.

The three posts should be arranged on the platform so they can be seen easily by those attending the service. The trees may be on the opposite sides of the platform.

*Advertising* for the service should arouse interest in the lesson to be taught. Posters may be made and displayed showing a post on one side and a tree on the other, with a large question mark in the middle, and the wording "Are you a stand-still post, or a growing tree? Come to the Mid-week Service and judge for yourself." (Give the name of the church, address and date of service.)

#### Program

Hymn: Take My Life, and Let it be.—Patmos.  
Scripture lesson: 1 Pet. 2:2-12.

Scripture text: "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." Verse 9.

Hymn: Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.—Christmas.

*First Reader*: "The creator of our universe brings forth from seeds the plants about us which serve the needs of mankind. Some seeds sprout, flourish, bring forth a bloom, then seed, after which they wither and vanish from our sight.

Others sprout, take root deep in the earth, and continue to flourish and grow year after year, building a seemingly permanent bodily structure, to us a *Tree*. So long as its roots find nourishment and moisture in the earth, and its leaves perform their function, this tree will continue to grow and serve."

*Second Reader*: "Should any man decide to cut the body of the tree from its roots, and trim its leaves, in order to use a portion to his own purpose, such as these you see about me here, growth ceases; we see here a portion that has just been cut, and although it would look alive, we know it to be beyond the power of putting forth further effort to increase its length, its girth, or its quality of hardness. After a time we find it can no longer appear as a live thing and it takes on a lifeless look, and soon we find sign of decay. There is no life-giving sap flowing through it to rebuild the decaying cells. It cannot remain as it is, but gives away entirely to a process of decay. These things you see here, these dead posts and live trees, were alike at one time, endowed with the same life-giving element and promise of becoming great trees."

*Third Reader*: "As these symbols on the platform may be classed as *posts* and *trees*, even though they are apparently of the same materials, so we in this audience may be divided into two classes. Some there are here who have roots deep in the soil, and who reap from the experience of daily living those qualities which help them to grow in grace and Christian Service. They are always present when help is needed, because they are in contact with the life-giving forces in the church and the community. They are present at the altar of God during the hour of worship, because their spirit naturally reaches out for the divine source from which it sprung. Then there are the

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human posts, whose contact with life forces has been allowed to wither or to be cut, and they stand alone. As these wood posts here, are a prey to weather, insect, rot and decay, so the human posts are a prey to evil companions, evil thoughts, slander, crooked business practices, and bad language. As the character of the tree decays when it is turned into a post, so the character of the human post decays."

*Pastor:* "While the illustration we have witnessed here this evening should cause us to examine ourselves, so that we may know to which classification we belong as individuals, we must remember that we are the children of God, called out of darkness into marvelous light. To us is given the power to ask for the bread of life, and it will be given unto us."

*Prayer:* (Pastor's prayer.)

Hymn: Forth in Thy Name O Lord, I Go.—Canonbury.

\* \* \*

Week of February 10, 1929

### THE INTEREST WE DRAW

The pastor with the help of high school students and teachers may prepare a list of a number of noted men and women born in the month of February. The list may be classified under professions or types of work done by those named in the list. You may start out with *Presidents, Scientists, Philanthropists*. The chairman of the program should organize the plan so that information will be secured about the personality, literary works, special work done, etc., about each name on the list, which should be read to the audience on the night of the program, or put on mimeographed sheets to be handed to the people attending the service, and used during the service.

*Advertising* for this service should be planned to create interest in the lives and characters of noted persons who have given unselfish service in order to benefit mankind generally. Make posters with some of the dates of birth of noted persons you will discuss, and ask the reader to supply the name. If a part of the name is given, ask the reader to fill in the balance of the name and date.

### Program

Hymn: Ye Servants of the Lord—Norenea.

Scripture text: "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men." Prov. 18:16.

*First Speaker:* (One speaker may discuss the responsibility accepted by men who permit themselves to be elected to public office for such a nation as this, and what the returns are in comparison with those of men who devote themselves to private enterprise.)

*Second Speaker:* (One speaker may discuss the benefit to mankind derived from scientific research and training, in the medical field, new discoveries in industrial field, and improvement in living conditions.)

*Third Speaker:* (Another speaker may discuss the advancement in religious, educational, and

sociological spheres, brought about by the gifts and devotion of public-spirited citizens.)

(The chairman may plan to have cards or posters made bearing the names of illustrious citizens who would be classed under each of the above groups and have a group of children arise with the posters, permitting each poster to be read by the audience.)

*Pastor:* The pastor may enumerate the qualities which make up the character of really worthwhile persons, and how unselfish service for the brotherhood of men will continue to draw interest for the person who rendered the service and the whole race of men while progress continues. Concern for *self* alone may bring us some comforts, above those of our immediate neighbors, but they are forgotten as soon as we cease our activities, and we can take nothing with us but a record of our service to God and fellow man.

*Patriotic songs:*

*Prayer:* (By the pastor.)

\* \* \*

Week of February 17, 1929

### TRUE WISDOM

Nearly all persons in the communities we serve know of the Christian Church, its founder, its teachings, and the great array of human benefits directly traceable to the work of the church. However, they are indifferent to it, and accept the whole program as a part of everyday life concerning others besides themselves. The riches are there at hand, but spiritual starvation is going on in the homes round about the church. Pastors recognize the Lenten Season as a special opportunity for awakening the indifferent to the blessings of church membership, regular worship and Christian fellowship.

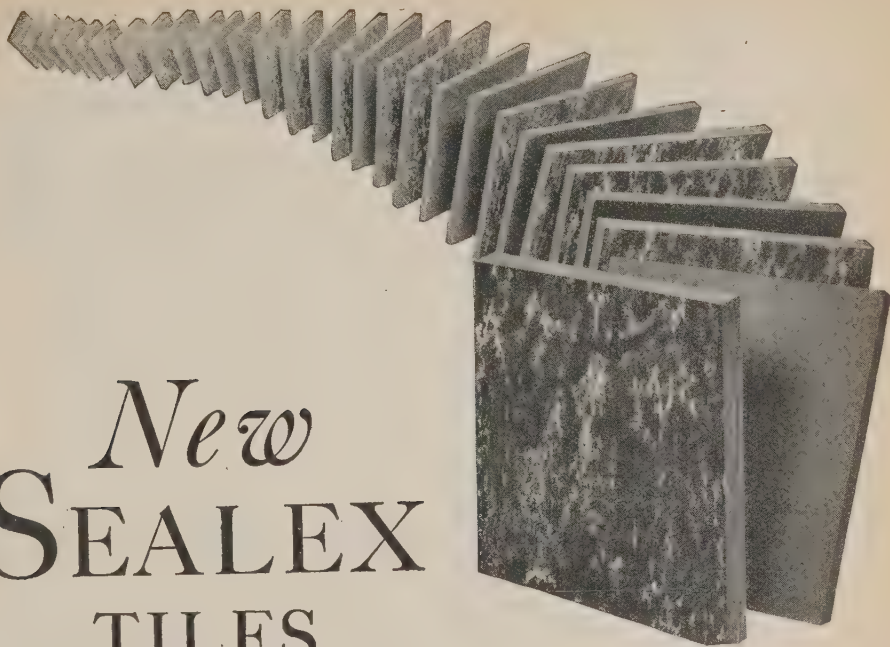
There is an old legend about the value of knowing the extent of our riches and blessings, which may be used as an illustration to teach a much-needed lesson. The legend tells of an husbandman who owned a tract of stony land. Although the land was cultivated and sowed, it yielded a meagre living to the farmer and his family. After many years of poverty and toil, the aged farmer passed on, leaving the stony land and its discouraging prospects to his son. In trying to make plans for improving the land, so that it would yield a better living, the son examined the soil and its properties and found to his amazement that it was gold ore. It would not grow crops, such as his father had tried to grow, but it would yield ore many times more valuable, which he could exchange for anything he needed or wanted. Instead of devoting his energies to the work of wresting a living from the poor soil, he could devote himself to improving the living conditions for those he loved.

*Equipment* needed for carrying out this lesson is very simple. Set the platform to form an open dooryard. Select a young man to take the part of the son, and an older man to act as guide and counselor.

*Advertising* for the service should call attention to the "Unknown wealth possessed by our com-



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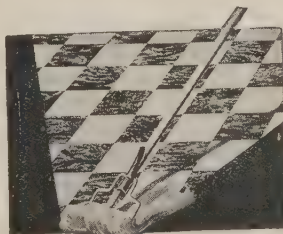


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### Program

Hymn: A Charge to Keep I Have.—St. Ethelwald.

Scripture text: "The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge; and the ear of the wise seeketh knowledge." Prov. 18:15.

After the reading of the text, or Scripture lesson selected by the pastor, the lights in the auditorium should be dimmed. The young man who will take the part of the son, and the man who will act as the counselor, will come to the front of the platform together. The counselor speaks: "My son, it is a long time since I last visited your father, and I am glad to know you are applying yourself and not wasting the heritage your good father left you. You may even be working harder than your father, because I see things look more prosperous about the place, and you have a freer look about you. Your good father was a slave to his work."

*The Son:* "My father lived here for years among the trees, and hills and buildings, and knew nothing of the wealth hidden in the soil which he plowed, and sowed. He looked not at the soil, because he believed the measure of his own toil would bring its reward. He had no time for study, for reading, for association with his fellow citizens, and followed one year after another with a useless round of hard labor and empty bins. From my teachers in the public schools, from the teachers in the Sunday School here, and from my reading, I have learned that man was created for a larger service than merely using his physical strength for gaining a living. Knowing and believing this, I set about examining the soil I was to plow and sow so that it might be made to yield more plentifully and leave me some leisure and money with which to enrich the lives of those about me as well as mine own. I found this soil had not the properties with which to nourish grains, but instead a rich gold ore."

*Companion:* "Rich in other ways! What mean you? Crops grow in soil, a yield a farmer must expect from his fields. Come, you do not look fanciful and a dreamer, but I do not understand your words."

*The Son:* "My father lived here for years among the trees, and hills and buildings, and knew nothing of the wealth hidden in the soil which he plowed, and sowed. He looked not at the soil, because he believed the measure of his own toil would bring its reward. He had no time for study, for reading, for association with his fellow citizens, and followed one year after another with a useless round of hard labor and empty bins. From my teachers in the public schools, from the teachers in the Sunday School here, and from my reading, I have learned that man was created for a larger service than merely using his physical strength for gaining a living. Knowing and believing this, I set about examining the soil I was to plow and sow so that it might be made to yield more plentifully and leave me some leisure and money with which to enrich the lives of those about me as well as mine own. I found this soil had not the properties with which to nourish grains, but instead a rich gold ore."

*Companion:* "Gold ore! Here?"

*The Son:* "Yes, gold ore. Here, where we had walked on it for many a year and knew not of its presence. Through it, we have found many other things of which we did not dream. We have found schools for further learning, a precious

library, a public hospital with a staff of faithful doctors, nurses and attendants, a wonderful church for worship and fellowship, and a community of noble citizens."

*Companion:* "I suppose you have learned to use them all?"

*The Son:* "Yes, the only way satisfactorily to us who have been endowed with so much. We have learned to use them for bringing greater happiness to those less fortunate than we are; we have learned to use them in doing some of the things my father would have done, had we had greater wisdom."

(Lights in the auditorium.)

Hymn: O Help Us Lord! Each Hour of Need.—Bedford.

Prayer: (By the pastor.)

\* \* \*

Week of February 24, 1929

### IN HIS STEPS

Incidents in the life of Christ may be studied and woven into a mid-week program in which the whole church membership will take part and be deeply interested.

The pastor should select a list of questions, based on the Bible narrative of the life of the Saviour. There may be as many questions as there will be persons attending the mid-week service. The questions should be printed, or typewritten on cards or stiff paper, and handed out at the close of the Sunday service, just prior to the service here outlined.

Suggested questions:

1. Name a miracle that revealed Jesus' power over nature?
2. Give four of the Beatitudes?
3. What did Jesus say about the *endurance* of God's word?

*Advertising* for this service should emphasize the study of the life of Christ. People are much interested in knowing facts and incidents in the life of Christ, and if assigned definite portions to study will respond with enthusiasm. Put one or two of the questions into the advertising poster or news-paper article.

### Program

Hymn: O Jesus, King Most Wonderful.—Winchester.

Scripture lesson (selected by the pastor.)

Questions: The chairman or president of the church council may act as leader and read the questions. The person drawing the question on Sunday should stand and give the answer as briefly as possible. After the questions have been answered, there should be 10 or 15 minutes for discussion of the answers, which may develop into a plan for continuing the study for another week.

Prayer: (By the pastor.)

Hymn: Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts!—Germany.

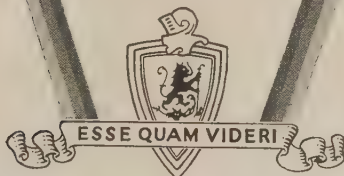
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# Book Reviews

REV. I. J. SWANSON, D. D.

**Where Did We Get Our Bible?** by Rev. George L. Robinson, Ph.D., Professor of English Bible, Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago. 206 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00. A clear, interesting and authoritative account of the formation of the Old-Testament and New Testament Canon, the grounds for the rejection of the Apocryphal books, the making of the New Testament, the ancient versions, the oldest New Testament MSS. still extant, and, especially, the story of the various English versions. It includes also a discriminating chapter on the differences between the Protestant and Catholic Bibles. Ministers, Bible class teachers, leaders of young people's groups and parents, will find this one of the best popular accounts of how we got our English Bible.

**The Gospel of Matthew,** by Theodore H. Robinson, M.A., D.D., Professor of Semitic Languages, University College, Cardiff. 237 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50. Vol. 1 of the Moffatt New Testament Commentary. It is based on the new translation by Prof. James Moffatt, and is under his editorship. The aim of this commentary is to bring out the meaning and message of the New Testament writings; to explain what it meant, morally and spiritually, to the first Christians; and especially to show its value for their religious faith, and therefore for ours. This first volume succeeds well in carrying out this aim. While based upon high scholarship, it does not use the Greek New Testament text; this is an advantage to the reader who does not know Greek. A brief introduction describes the historical and literary backgrounds of Matthew's Gospel. This is followed by a running commentary on the text which seeks to put the reader in touch with the meaning of the Gospel as it was understood by the early church. Written as this Gospel was by a man of faith, its exposition by Prof. Robinson will build up faith in, as well as sound understanding of, its great religious messages.

**The Master: A Life of Jesus Christ,** by Walter Russell Bowie, Rector of Grace Church, Episcopal, New York City. 328 pp. Scribners. \$2.50. This is not the story of the Christ of theology or the Christ of history, but rather that of the human Christ who lived and taught in Palestine and who lifted those who believed his message into living fellowship with God. While rejecting the miraculous birth of Jesus, Dr. Bowie holds that "God is what Jesus was, and that as men trusted Jesus, so they can trust the Eternal One from Whom His life came forth." Men found, and still find, "in Jesus all they could conceive of as adorable in God." The chapter on "The Religion Which Jesus Taught and Lived" is a fine and inspiring piece of interpretation—so far as it goes. The defect of the whole book, is that it rejects the miraculous elements in the life of Jesus. But taking the book merely as a description of the human Jesus, it is beautiful, moving and inspiring.

**The Heights of Christian Blessedness, A Study of the Beatitudes,** by Doremus A. Hayes, Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Graduate School of Theology, Evanston, Ill. 393 pp. Abingdon. \$2.50. Like his previous books on "The Heights of Christian Love" and "The Heights of Christian Unity" this volume shines with the light of scholarship, glows with

Christ-like zeal and with a Christ-inspired faith. It expounds and applies—especially applies—the Beatitudes. Dr. Hayes holds that they are vital and imperative for Christian living. He gives nearly one-third of the book to exposition, illustration and application of the Seventh Beatitude. He charges the Church with neglect of this beatitude; and pleads wonderfully for its observance. The indictment is justified; what defence can we offer?

**The New Quest,** by Rufus M. Jones, Litt.D. 202 pp. Macmillan. \$1.75. This book offers to modern seekers after God methods of making fresh and vital contacts with the Great Reality. As Dr. Jones well reminds preachers: "Spectacular methods fall flat. The secular press and the motion picture can outbid the pulpit in the way of spice, sentimentalism, or hysteria. There is nothing whatever that can take the place, in the religious field, of faithful interpretation of the character, the life, the love and the real presence of God." The ten essays of this volume explore and describe various avenues which lead to the "true and living way" of fellowship with God. A vital book on a vital theme.

**Pentecost—A Renewal of Power,** by B. H. Bruner, Minister of the First Christian Church, Greencastle, Ind. 162 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.50. A number of religious bodies are planning to celebrate the 1900th anniversary of the Day of Pentecost in May, 1930. In view of this, the author suggests that the Church might well study afresh the meaning and implications of the day. He seeks to discover what moral and spiritual values, first transcendently real in Jesus' own consciousness, were communicated by Him to His followers, as disclosed in the New Testament. We must start, Mr. Bruner says, with the acceptance of three facts—Jesus lived; Jesus died; Jesus lived again—and all the implications of these facts. He is impatient of dogma; his emphasis is upon experience. And yet, the thinker is never satisfied until he can analyze and rationalize his experience. As a matter of fact this is exactly what this stimulating study of Pentecost does: it not only creates a fresh conviction of the need and value of the Pentecost experience, but it describes its nature, meaning and power.

**We Can Surely Believe,** by Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., Pastor Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Milwaukee, Wis. 143 pp. Revell. \$1.50. An able and powerful popular defense of Christian belief against present-day atheistic attacks. In addition, it is a stimulus to personal faith in Christ and His Gospel. It treats of the personality of God, facts which indicate His love; the problem of sin and suffering; God revealing Himself to man; the authenticity and reliability of the Gospel records; the vindication of the Gospel portrait of Jesus, and Christ's revelation of God.

**Religion: Thirteen Sermons,** by Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D. 221 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00. Representative sermons of one of the great preachers of our day, who has recently passed away. These sermons deal with some of the great experiences and convictions of the religious life. They come from a powerful mind and a tender heart. They are searching, practical, uplifting.

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**Toward a Better World**, by Commander Evangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army. 244 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00. A dozen sermons, the first of which gives its title to the book. The rest are: The Search of the Ages, The Christ of the Andes, The Light of the World, Christ of the Doorstep, Springtide, The Stable Door, Precious Promises, The Gardener, As a Mother, The Name Supernal, and Ultimate Sovereignty. These addresses speak straight to the heart and conscience. They have moving and gripping power. They abound in apposite illustrations.

**Sermons for Reviving**, by Louis Albert Banks, D.D. 160 pp. Revell. \$1.50. These fifteen sermons are based on incidents and teachings while Jesus "sat at meat." Dr. Banks is a stirring preacher; vivid and forceful in language, and direct in appeal to heart and conscience.

**The Stringing of the Bow**, by Oswald W. S. McCall, Minister of the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, Cal. 250 pp. Abingdon. \$1.75. The author is recognized as one of the outstanding preachers on the Pacific Coast. He speaks to many university students at his Sunday services. These addresses grew largely out of the life-questions these eager, inquiring young people asked him. They deal with ideals, "getting on" in life, living with oneself, good manners, friendship, companionship of men and women, the physical instincts, and religion. Dr. McCall brings the resources of a disciplined and cultivated mind, an intelligent and sympathetic interest in youth and its problems, and a vital Christian faith, to give guidance on these questions, fundamental to character and successful living.

**The Drift of the Day**, by Burriss Jenkins. 201 pp. Willet, Clark & Colby. \$2.00. Seventeen addresses by the distinguished minister of the Linwood Christian Church of Kansas City. They show the drift of popular opinion on certain great religious questions. Dr. Jenkins is a liberal; it is quite natural, therefore, that he should see mainly the drift of liberal opinion; after all it is probably a minority opinion. The topics he discusses relate to spirituality, the Church, the infallibility of the Bible, heaven and hell, God and the Son of Man, the Trinity, prayer, progress through suffering, salvation, the "Second Coming" legend (as he calls it), and endless life. There is some profound, if not entirely satisfactory, thinking under the author's colloquial style; an intense humanism; a real faith; and an open mind. These sermons reveal an attractive and truly spiritual personality.

**Things to Come**, by J. Middleton Murry. 318 pp. Macmillan. \$2.50. A group of essays tied together not by logical sequence, but by a certain spiritual attitude to life. The author describes them as "glimpses of the ineffable through many perspectives." He regards revealed religion "as a means toward an end that is, and will always be, the goal of humanity: an integration of the personality and an enrichment of the consciousness." Jesus, to him, is the greatest of heroes. He distinguishes very sharply between Christ and Christianity, in his essay with that title, accepts and worships Jesus, but rejects even the most liberal of current interpretations of Christianity—and ends up by giving his own version of the Christianity of Christ! More than a third of these clever, even brilliant essays are on secular themes. Murry is stimulating and challenging.

**Whither Mankind**, A Panorama of Modern Civilization, edited by Charles A. Beard. 408 pp. Long-

mans. \$3.00. A survey and appraisal of our scientific and machine age as it affects human values. Its topics include The Civilization of the East and the West, by Hu Shih; Ancient and Mediaeval Civilizations, by Hendrik W. van Loon; Science, by Bertrand Russell; Business, by Julius Klein; Labor, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb; Law and Government, by Howard L. McBain; War and Peace, by Emil Ludwig; Health, by C. A. Winslow; The Family, by Havelock Ellis; Race and Civilization, by George A. Dorsey; Religion, by James Harvey Robinson; The Arts, by Lewis Mumford; Philosophy, by John Dewey; Play, by Stuart Chase; Education, by Everett Dean Martin; and Literature, by Carl Van Doren. Each of these contributors is well qualified to write on his own particular subject; some of them are distinguished in their respective fields; and all of them test modern civilization by its contributions to the welfare of mankind, as a whole. The most illuminating and significant sections of the volume are the introduction and epilogue by the editor. His heartening conclusion, after a searching analysis of the contributions to the book, is "that by understanding more clearly the processes of science and the machine, mankind may subject the scattered and perplexing things of the world to a more ordered dominion of the spirit."

**Undergraduates: A Study of Morale in Twenty-three American Colleges and Universities**, by R. H. Edwards, J. M. Artman and Galen M. Fisher. 366 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$4.00. An important book for college Boards of Trustees, presidents and professors, as well as for thoughtful parents of students in college. It is based upon interviews with over a thousand college men and women, regarding fraternities and sororities, student activities, student government, relations with the faculty, the religious ideas of the students, and their moral practices and problems. The authors are eminently qualified for their task. Their analysis and interpretation of the whole situation, as disclosed through the interviews held, lay the basis for a constructive solution of all the problems uncovered.

**Character Building in Colleges**, by W. A. Harper, President, Elon College, N. C. 237 pp. Abingdon. \$1.50. The author, who has had nearly a quarter of a century's experience in college life as teacher and executive, deals here with one of its pressing problems. He pleads not only for intellectual clarification and ethical expression, but for spiritual motivation of life in the terms of the teaching and character of Jesus, as part of college training. He offers valuable suggestions on the place of character training in the curriculum, through Bible teaching and other courses in religious education. Out of a survey of the character-building agencies of a rather large group of colleges, he presents conclusions which it would be well for all interested in religious education to give careful study.

**Tinker and Thinker**, by William Hamilton Nelson. 169 pp. Six drawings in black and white. Willett, Clark & Colby. \$1.50. The author speaks with great admiration and love for Bunyan and his "Pilgrim's Progress." He says he became a Christian at the age of sixteen, after reading the Progress diligently and comparing its account of *Christian* with Bible teaching. He tells engagingly and graphically the story of Bunyan's life, conversion, writings and great work as a preacher. Young readers, especially, will be fascinated by this story of the immortal tinker and thinker.

**The Lord's Horseman**, by Umphrey Lee. 358 pp. Century. \$2.50. Here we have the story of John



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**Quaker Adventures**, by Edward Thomas, compiler and editor. 221 pp. Revell. \$2.00. Stories of genuine adventure, many of them thrilling tales of unconscious heroism. They describe various types of Quaker service to the poor, the sick and the defenceless from Fox's day to the Great War, the Near East, Haiti, Nicaragua, Ireland, the Pennsylvania coal fields and war-torn China of the present times. It is a story of those Quaker's faith in the protection of God for the unarmed engaged in unselfish service; of rehabilitation of war-devastated and famine areas; of feeding and training orphans in the Near East; of restocking farms and starting impoverished farmers in war-areas on their way to recovery of economic independence; of teaching the Chinese better methods of farming, which in time will help to lessen, perhaps end the periodic famines in that country; and of giving men everywhere a practical faith in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. If you are looking for illustrations of practical religion, here they are in inspiring abundance.

**The Ambassador**, Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1928, by James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington. 212 pp. Macmillan. \$2.00. These lectures, growing out of the experience and observation of an active ministry, covering thirty-four years in three city parishes, are based upon the conviction that "the preaching office must be considered as essentially related to the pastoral and priestly ministry." The study and evaluation of the ministry and its place in modern life, is their main theme. Bishop Freeman discusses, therefore, the credentials, fitness, assignment, equipment, loyalties, technique, perils, and opportunity of the minister. He is convinced that the minister's message should witness to Christ and be born out of experience; for quoting Hocking, he maintains that "a religion that a man does not know he has, is of no importance." This book does not deal so much with the mechanics of the ministry as with its essential principles—and these are conceived in a large, noble and really inspiring way. These lectures are worthy to stand on your shelf alongside of the best of the famous Yale series on preaching.

**Not Slothful in Business**, by Herbert A. Bosch. 208 pp. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.75. The author is pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Mansfield, Ohio. He is a recognized authority on stewardship in his denomination. He approaches the whole question of money raising by the church, by putting emphasis first upon the church's primary responsibility to reach men with the message of Jesus Christ. This is the master's method; "seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness." The author shows in detail how this can be done. He follows that with a discussion of money raising by the church. He satirises commercial money-making schemes, showing the futility of most of them. He advocates stewardship of life and money. He gives details of the Every-Member-Cannvass with suggestions of new plans which raise more money, create new loyalty among church members, add to the religious as well as the financial efficiency of the church, and secure increased respect in the community for the church.

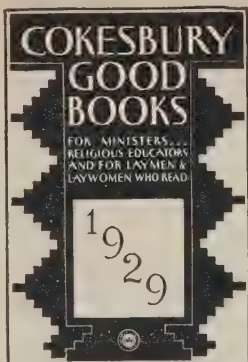
**The New Praise Hymnal**, edited by J. H. Fillmore. 383 pp. Fillmore Music House. 75 cents. Contains 64 pages of Scripture readings and choice standard church hymns and Gospel songs. Well indexed.

**A Hymnal for Joyous Youth**, Fillmore Music House. 288 pp. 60 cents. Containing similar material and arrangement as the book mentioned above, with hymns especially adapted for young people.

**The Church School Hymnal for Youth**, compiled for use in the Young People's Division of the Church School. Westminster Press. 417 pp. \$1.00. A choice selection of hymns which express the sentiments and experiences of youth. All tunes are singable. It is eminently a book of worship. There is a fine group of prayers and collects. The responsive readings are especially well chosen. New features, in a book of this sort, are 20 selections of instrumental music and over 39 religious poems. Well indexed.

**Stories of Hymn Tunes**, by Frank J. Metcalf. 224 pp. Abingdon. \$1.50. Seven of the leading church hymnals were used for this selection of the best and most-loved hymn tunes. The author tells their story in a way that will delight all lovers of hymnody.

**The Pilgrimage of Buddhism**, by James B. Pratt, Ph.D. 758 pp. Macmillan. \$3.00. For thirty years the author has been a student of Buddhism. He knows not only its sacred books, but he has first-hand knowledge of its living ideas and ideals as found in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, China, Korea and Japan. He has made numerous visits to these lands and has discussed both ancient and modern Buddhism with many of its monks and other learned representatives. He traces the story of the rise of Buddhism in the valley of the Ganges, twenty-five hundred years ago; its spread into the above-named lands, and its modification by the religious ideas and practices existing in those countries, to which heroic missionaries carried the religion of Buddha. It reveals the inner life of devout Buddhists, their method of worship and the religious education of their young people, and the effect of their religion upon their institutional life. A closing chapter gives interesting glimpses of points of contact between Christianity and Buddhism. A valuable book for students of comparative religion.



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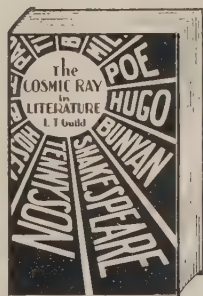
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## Reviews

Those who have read Rev. Tyson's article on Ten Books for the Minister's Study, will be interested in the Twelve Books listed in the first article in the *Christian Herald* of December 8, 1928, written by J. Edgar Park, President of Wheaton College. Instead of undertaking to choose books as a foundation for a library, Dr. Park imagines these books as companions in eternity for twelve years, with nothing to do but enjoy their excellence. Read the article.

### President J. Edgar Park's Twelve Books

1. Blank Book.
2. Shakespeare.
3. Bible.
4. Dictionary.
5. Encyclopedia.
6. Oxford Book of English Verse.
7. Goethe.
8. Count of Monte Cristo.
9. Plato.
10. Montaigne's Essays.
11. Alice in Wonderland.
12. Travels in Arabia Deserts, by Doughty.

Bratenahl, Dean of Washington, and assisted by the cathedral architects and leading authorities on Christian symbolism. The task is an impressive one, as it is planned that every form will clothe a thought and teach a lesson.

The preliminary program of decoration which suggests subjects for the great windows, the vaulting keystones, and many of the statues, has recently been approved by the cathedral trustees. It is planned, according to members of the cathedral staff, to retain a leading designer of decorative windows and a prominent sculptor to supervise the installation of the windows and the carving activities. It also is possible, according to Philip H. Frohman, the resident architect, that before all the windows are installed and the sculpturing completed, a school of distinctly cathedral arts and crafts will be developed at Washington Cathedral in such manner that the spirit of the workers will count greatly in the production of a truly inspiring architectural expression of the religious aspirations of the American people.—*The Living Church*.

### OPINION SCALE

*Expositor* readers will be interested in Editor Dan Brummitt's Opinion Scale on the first inside page of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*. The paragraphs are well chosen and carry a lesson.

### WORLD UNITY

The forty-ninth general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held this fall in Washington, adjourned with a call to church and world unity through the reading of the Triennial Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops as the bishop's message to the Episcopal clergy and laity. This letter will be read from Episcopal pulpits throughout the world.

It concludes as follows:

"The most momentous task which faces the world of today is the warfare against war. The voices of prophets and statesmen have been raised to tell us that if war is not destroyed Christian civilization must be. That, we believe, is exaggeration. Christ is too strongly entrenched in human society to be conquered by war, no matter how worldwide. God's purposes are too stable to be made mock of in the end by man's ignorance and wickedness.

"But war is destructive of what Christ stands for. War is degrading, brutal, bestial; like the devil, the father of lies and hatred, it assaults all that dignifies and beautifies humanity. It violates the sanctities of the soul. It hurls defiance at the Christian faith that men are the family of God. It challenges the church of Christ to action.

"It is not the business of the Christian church to control governments. But it is the business of

### PICTORIAL HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY

The builders of Washington Cathedral are compiling a history of the advancement of Christianity which is to be told in symbolic decoration of the great fourteenth century gothic edifice, now lifting its noble proportions on the heights of Mt. St. Alban.

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Saints, kings, preachers, architects, missionaries, artists, doctors, military leaders, hymn writers, sculptors, and outstanding personages of many centuries will be pictured in an historic panorama of men and women whose achievements have been a part of the growth of Christianity, and whose characters have been molded by Christian faith. Many cathedrals have been likened to poetry and "frozen music," but the cathedral in Washington promises to speak beautifully expressive prose.

More than 4,000 sculptured figures; 183 many paneled, stained-glass windows, including three great rose windows; 1,000 sculptured vaulting keystones; 30,900 carved stones, and many murals and bas reliefs will be dedicated to the pictorial representation of the Christian story. The subjects of these many forms are being selected by a committee, headed by the Very Rev. G. C. F.

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### SUMMARY OF STATISTICS FOR 1928

As Compared with Those of 1927

Including the United States and Foreign Missions

	Reported in 1927	Reported in 1928
Clergy-----	6,207	6,237
Ordin'ns—Deacons	192	185
Ordin'ns—Priests	161	168
Cand'tes for Orders	431	440
Postulants-----	497	462
Lay Readers-----	3,784	3,889
Paristres and Mis'ns	8,400	8,269
Baptisms—Infant	52,784	55,769
Baptisms—Adult	11,562	11,176
Baptisms—Not Sp.	3,990	3,488
Baptisms—Total	68,336	70,424
Confirmations----	64,642	65,288
Baptized Persons----	1,789,042	1,877,813
Communicants----	1,218,941	1,241,828
Marriages-----	29,483	28,320
Burials-----	56,140	53,385
Ch. Sch'ls—Teach.	58,462	58,477
Ch. Sch'ls—Scholars	495,894	487,505
Contributions----	\$44,743,842.64	\$45,928,056.05

—*The Living Church*.

### PRESIDENT MCCONNELL OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL

The best thing done by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America at its quadrennial meeting in Rochester, N. Y., last week was the election of Bishop McConnell as its president for the next four years.

While the intensive activities of the federation are carried on by a group which is genuinely expert in the technique of united religious work, nevertheless the presidency is much more than an ornamental office. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the retiring president, has given it not only picturesque but reality. To great multitudes he has been the voice of Protestantism, who had not before known that Protestantism could speak as one.

Bishop McConnell brings to the Federal Council one of the keenest minds of our day; a mind not easily diverted from the central verities and the main issues. His sort of leadership is particularly fitted for such a time as this, when so many of the churches lack both assurance of their objectives and confidence in their methods.

If Bishop McConnell can have his way, and, like Shakespeare's Anne, he hath a way, there will be a clearing up of some of the fog patches that occasionally confuse the church's sense of direction. And there will be a re-examining of some of the methods now in use, to see how they harmonize

with the Christian spirit, which is not the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

Among 792 students registered at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., only seven reported that they had no Church affiliation. There are 102 Church students; also two classified as "English Anglicans" and one Greek Orthodox. With 226 Congregationalists, 120 Methodists, 120 Presbyterians, 52 Lutherans, 49 Baptists, 16 Roman Catholics, and half a dozen other classifications, a miniature Lausanne might profitably be organized and conducted.—*The Living Church*.

### G. CAMPBELL MORGAN RESIGNS

Dr. John M. MacInnis, dean of the Los Angeles Bible Institute, a premillenarian and fundamentalist Bible school, published a book on Peter the Fisherman-Philosopher, to which some of the Board of the institute took exceptions. A committee of the Board, of which Dr. S. P. MacLennan was chairman, investigated the matter and brought in a report that cleared Dr. MacInnis of any defection from faith and held that his book is "absolutely loyal to the fundamental things of the faith." Among right-thinking men this would have ended the matter, but it appears that the Board still asked for the resignation of Dr. MacInnis, which he gave them. Whereupon Dr. Campbell Morgan resigned from the faculty of the school, saying, "Thus the Board virtually says: 'This man is not guilty, but, because some people think he is, he must be sacrificed in the supposed interest of the institution.' Those who know me know that I could not continue to work in relation with a Board capable of such unjust and cruel practice in expediency." Dr. MacInnis conducted the devotional service one morning at the last General Assembly and deeply impressed the Assembly with his fine spirituality and delightful personality.—*The Presbyterian Banner*.

It is said that in the next congress the senate will stand eighty to sixteen against any effort to repeal prohibition, and eighty-five to eleven in favor of enforcing the eighteenth amendment; and the house will be dry 328 to 106. Bruce of Maryland and Edwards of New Jersey, wet as men can be, sought re-election to the senate on their wet record and were defeated. Reed of Missouri, bitterly wet, saw the handwriting and declined to stand for re-election. His successor, Patterson, is dry.—*The Baptist*.

### VIENNA STILL THE CENTER OF THE MEDICAL WORLD

Apparently it can be claimed that Vienna is the medical center of the world. The city has emerged from the trials and bitter reverses of the war and the post-war period with that high distinction unimpaired. At present 45 nationalities are represented among the students at the Vienna Medical University.

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renown by sending nearly a thousand American doctors each year to work in the city's hospitals and clinics.

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The majority of American and other foreign doctors studying in Vienna attach themselves to the great City Hospital and the "Allgemeine Krankenhaus," the latter founded by Emperor Josef II in 1784. In this hospital all of Austria's greatest medical and surgical wizards hold their clinics. The operating amphitheater is always packed with American doctors and medical students eager to learn the latest development in Austrian surgical and medical technique.—*Christian Evangelist*.

### THE YOUNG AMERICAN IDEA

The Brooks-Bright Foundation, which exists "to promote goodwill between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America," encourages in American schools the study of the national relations, and Messrs. Macmillan publish from time to time the prize-winning essays on this subject. It is naturally interesting for the Englishman to see in what directions the young American idea is turning; to judge from the 1928 volume it is not turning towards Geneva or towards any substitute. Anglo-American solidarity is eagerly counselled, but the essays mostly imply that such solidarity is the substitute for and not the supplement of any system of cosmic control. The immediate issue this year was the problem of surplus population and diminishing food supply, and the essayists were frank about the necessity of substituting order for anarchy in the national ideas of numbers. In Mr. H. G. Wells's recent writing the urgency of some world-controls over population and consequent migration has been stated with typical vigor and typical flights of sociological vision. The Americans have their eyes both on the teeming cities of the East and on the rapidly growing demands of western cities on western fields and forests. Their views are more regional and, perhaps, more realistic. In one way they are facing the issue in a more immediate way than Mr. Wells, and their suggested policies show a commendable distaste for verbose idealism and even tend to ground on sheer pessimism. The first prizeman this year sees war as inevitable if population pressure increases, and his remedy is victory over all comers achieved by Anglo-American alliance. Evidently American youth is determined to face the worst and to show that it sheds its illusions when it reaches its teens.—*Manchester Guardian*.

### JOURNALISTS PLAN ORGANIZATION TO RAISE STANDARD

Fourteen British journalists are visiting this country, enjoying its sights and fellowship, and, we are glad, making suggestions. It has just been announced by Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor of the *London Express* and the president of the Institute

of Journalism in Great Britain, that the establishing of an American Institute of Journalism patterned after that of Great Britain will be undertaken in New York City at a conference between British and American editors.

The British Institute of Journalism is given credit for placing the newspaper profession on the high plain it has attained in Great Britain, and boasts an elaborate system for the care and protection of newspaper men and their dependants.

Although in no sense controlled by the newspaper employees, the institute provides a minimum scale for reporters, maintains a pension fund, cares for the widows and children of deceased newspaper men, and in many ways works for the up-building of the profession.

Under its pension system newspaper men are retired at 60 on a pension of \$1100 annually, while the same pension is granted newspaper women retired at 50. Where a newspaper man passed on and leaves minor children without support, the institute provides for their education and where possible obtains positions for them.

Virtually every newspaper of prominence in Great Britain is a member of the Institute of Journalism, Mr. Blumenfeld said, with the result that its powers are far-reaching.—*Christian Evangelist*.

### The Circumference

(Continued from page 500)

consistently misconstrued the heavenly oracle. "Scatter!" said God to the first family. "And Cain Builded a city." The command was based on the principle of the *circumference*; the city was built on the principle of the *centre*. "Scatter!" said God to a later generation, still with a view to the *circumference*. "And they said: Go to, let us build a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, lest we be scattered upon the face of the whole earth"—still with a view to the *centre*. "In thee shall all nations of the earth be blessed," said God to Abraham, in pity for the *circumference*. But neither Abraham nor his sons ever dreamed that the blessing was to be spread beyond the little nation at the *centre*. They saw no significance in the fact that the mines and quarries of the whole earth were to be ransacked for the materials of which the Temple of the Lord was to be built. Prophet after prophet arose to tell them that the light that had dawned upon Israel was a charge to them to illumine the world. But their eyes were to the *centre*, and they understood it not. The catholicity of a magnificent purpose was strangled by the parochialism of a conservative race. One prophet—in some respects the most interesting of them all—was specifically com-

# FLU AGAIN!

## NEW OUTBREAK OF FLU FORECAST

### U. S. Surgeon General Declares Another Epidemic Is a Possibility

Washington, Dec. 28. (AP). Another outbreak of influenza more severe in nature than the disease now prevailing is regarded as a possibility later in the winter by Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming.

"This seems to be a typical influenza epidemic," he said, "and it is similar to the 1918 outbreak in the mildness of the first cases."

Deaths in the 1918 wave of influenza were 500,000 in excess of the normal number from the malady, and in 1920 there were 100,000 excess deaths, but in 1926 there were only between 15,000 and 20,000. Indications thus far have led Cumming to believe that mortality this year may be greater than in 1926.

He agreed with the estimate by public health officers that there were approximately 1,125,000 new cases in the United States in the week ending December 22.

Deaths from 58 cities were 710, reports to the census bureau showed, as compared with 475 deaths in 62 cities for the previous week. Surgeon General Cumming said this bears out expectations of a large increase in deaths as the number of cases increased.

**T**HIS is not to "scare" you, but to remind you that Common Sense says "**BE PREPARED**"—not for the time of special peril only — adequate protection is **ALWAYS NEEDED!** After the flu has run its course, thousands of causes of death and disability will yet be with us.

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missioned to evangelize Nineveh, that great and wonderful city. But he turned one look on the *circumference* that beckoned him, and fled in disgust, his soul cleaving to the *centre*. And the last of the long succession of messengers gave as the swan-song of Hebrew prophecy the great assurance which Israel had been so slow to accept: "*From the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same My name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering, for My Name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts.*" That was the last great protest against the parochialism of the *centre*; it was the last great prediction of the ultimate triumph of the *circumference*.

Then came the *Man of the Circumference*. He was born at Bethlehem, and in the first days of His life there came a deputation of the wise men of the East to worship Him. He died at Jerusalem, and in the last days of His life there came a deputation of the wise men of the West, saying, "Sirs, we would see Jesus." And that deputation from the dreamy, conservative, stagnant Orient, and the deputation from the alert, progressive and aggressive Occident are an allegory. "They came to Him from every quarter." He is pre-eminently the *Man of the Circumference*. And between that first week at Bethlehem and that last week at Jerusalem, nothing ever pained Him more than the persistent adherence of His disciples to the worship of the *centre*. In their view, He was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. We catch glimpses of Him as He goes out into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and, weary with the petty parochialism of His people, feasts His eyes on the vision of the far *circumference*. He revels in His triumphs over publicans and centurions and slaves — Gentiles all. The inscription over His cross proclaims His Kingship in Hebrew and Greek and Latin — the languages of the *circumference*. And in His very last interview after His resurrection, His thought is clearly all for the *circumference*: "*Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature.*" It is the *Mandate of the Circumference*.

And yet we know how limited was their interpretation of His words. *All the world*, He said. But all the world to them meant only a fringe of territory lying around the blue waters of the Mediterranean. They knew nothing of worlds in the West or of

continents in the South. And their amazement, when it afterwards transpired that the gospel was to be preached to Gentiles as well as to Jews, shows that they only thought that day of a little people in a little world. They were men of the *Centre*; He was the *Man of the Circumference*.

Those were His last words. He was saying goodbye. And why? Why did He not stay? "*It is expedient,*" He said, "*that I go away.*" Of course it was. Had He stayed, all eyes would have been turned towards Him. Ships, trains, motor-cars, aeroplanes, caravans, cavalcades, processions would have moved towards His person. Christianity would have been a religion of a *centre*. As it is, He is *not* here. And, as a consequence, the eyes of the Church are on the far horizon of the heathen world. His departure was expedient. It has made Christianity a religion of the *circumference*. The Cross has conquered the world by the policy of the *circumference*. It ever involves a sacrifice, to be sure, for it is itself a sacrifice. And, sooner or later, every man has to decide for himself whether he shall become a man of the *centre* or a man of the *circumference*. That challenge came to Moses in the gilded palace of the Pharaohs. He might have remained a prince. In that case, as Dr. Fairbairn has said, he would have been embalmed, and half the globe-trotters of the world would now be admiring a curious and nameless Egyptian mummy in a glass case. He would have been a man of the *centre*. He left the palace, not without a pang. He went back to chains and slavery. He has been Prime Minister of every Christian nation ever since. No legislator dares to legislate in the teeth of Moses. He dominates the world. He is a man of the *circumference*.

And what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Carey, cobbling shoes with a map of the world open before him, feeling in his soul the while the passion of the *circumference*; and of John Williams, building his ship in the South Seas because he cannot content himself upon a single reef; and of all the apostles and martyrs and missionaries and heroes of the Christian Church, who reckoned not their lives dear unto them, but bravely, deliberately, and counting the cost to the uttermost farthing, turned their backs upon the *centre* and their faces to the far *circumference*. "*Of such the world was not worthy.*" "*Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*"

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## John The Baptist

(Continued from page 502)

greatest prophet born to women came to an end, because of the hatred of a dissolute woman and the drunkenness of a superstitious man.

A heroic inheritance is ours from John the Baptist. His life emblazons large upon our hearts the lesson of constancy. If we only had the courage of our convictions! No man could reckon the accomplishments of the Christian church if we each of us had, even to a small extent, the courage of John the Baptist, and his unwavering firmness of belief in the righteousness and importance of his cause. If we lived as thoroughly our love for Jesus Christ, the kingdom of God, instead of crippling along, would rapidly be consummated.

Nothing hinders the kingdom so much as our moral cowardice. God give us strong hearts! We are willing enough, but we are afraid! But Christ lives today and inspires heroic living in some of us just as He inspired it in John and others of his time.

In the Christian seminary in Ceylon, India, was a young man named Lionel A. Mendis, the son of a Singhalese minister. Near the end of his seminary course he discovered to his horror that he had contracted the loathsome and then incurable disease of leprosy. He was one of the most brilliant of all India's sons and was assured of success in whatever field he entered. He had heard and answered the call to the ministry and was looking forward to many years of devoted service among his own people. And now his bright hopes were turned to dust! For the moment he was staggered. But he rallied his forces, recovered and enlarged his faith in God, and settled down to turn an apparent defeat into victory.

For ten years, while the disease spread into limb after limb and he slowly died, he sent out from his place of retirement contributions to religion, literature, national and social service, which were among the best of their kind in Ceylon. Refusing to yield to a physical handicap that would have broken most men, he made a remarkable gift to his country and preached Christ with his pen as he had hoped to do with his voice. The outward man had decayed, but the inner man was being renewed day by day. An illustrious son of John the Baptist!

John the Baptist had yet another quality equal to both his self denial and his courage. He was humble. What a rare characteristic

that is and always has been! The multitudes came and asked him if he were the Christ and he answered, "I am not he, but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make ready the path of the Lord." Then he added, simply, "There cometh one after me the latchet of whose sandal I am not worthy to loose."

A bit later when John's ministry had borne fruit by producing disciples, they saw the Greater Teacher and, catching His influence, began to leave John. One by one, he saw them go, but there was no wistfulness in his eye when finally he stood alone. With calm humility on his rugged face, he said, "I must decrease, and He must increase." Nowhere is this truth more strikingly illustrated than in the first four days mentioned in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The first day we see John only, the second John and Jesus, the third Jesus and John, the fourth Jesus only.

The work and life of John was cast among humble and common people. "Those who are dressed in soft raiment are in kings' houses." Jesus Christ lived in the home of a carpenter and plied the trade Himself; Simon and Andrew and James and John were fishermen; Paul was a tent-maker and supported himself by this occupation while preaching; John the Baptist was born into the family of a priest and might have enjoyed all the privileges of that office, but he chose instead, to live simply and plainly among those who worked at ordinary trades.

Most unhappy is that mortal who cannot find pleasure in contact with those in the humble walks of life. Edgar A. Guest, in his own comfortable style, has expressed the joy of the humble thus:

"I would not be too wise — so very wise  
That I must sneer at simple songs and  
creeds,  
And let the glare of wisdom blind my eyes  
To humble people and their humble needs.

"I would not care to climb so high that I  
Could never hear the children at their play;  
[ Could only see the people passing by  
] And never hear the cheering words they  
say.

"I would not know too much — too much  
to smile  
At trivial errors of the heart and hand;  
Nor be too proud to play the friend the  
while,





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The Acme Vertical Partitions illustrated replaced another form of closure which had proven unsatisfactory in the large opening.

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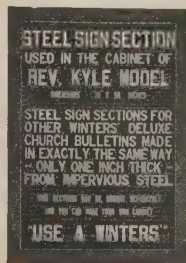
Winters' DeLuxe Bulletins have demonstrated their efficacy and practicability by more than fifteen years of service to the church. Dozens of pastors have voluntarily written to us to tell how the increase in collections during the first few months more than repaid the purchase price!

Almost every day come testimonials and messages from ministers who find the Winters' Church Bulletin an important adjunct to their work. We have more than 2000 of these letters in our files—sufficient proof of the great assistance these bulletins are to both pastor and church.

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Nor cease to help and know and understand.

“I would not care to sit upon a throne  
Or build my house upon the mountain top,  
Where I must dwell in glory all alone,  
And never friend come in nor poor man stop.

“God grant that I may live upon this earth  
And face the tasks which every morning brings,  
And never lose the glory and the worth  
Of humble service and the simple things.”

John the Baptist has done considerably more for us than merely set us the examples of self-denial, courage and humility. He has shown us that these qualities can be glorified into a great service for Jesus Christ. He has shown us that each of us, in a very literal sense, is the John the Baptist of his own soul. Within each of us is a voice, crying in the wilderness of our hearts, urging us to repentance for the kingdom of heaven is at hand and the King waits to enter. There are rough places in our hearts and in our lives to be made smooth, “before Shiloh come.” There is selfishness and cowardice and pride. There is covetousness and superstition and false ceremonialism. There are depths of immoral thinking and doing the must be filled and levelled. There is lack of love toward God and our neighbor.

As we clear away these obstructions, gradually there will come to the view of our souls the infinite glory and majesty of God, as revealed to us in Christ Jesus. Robert Gilder tells of a little home that he built in the hills of his native land, Wales, I believe. He delighted in the view he had across the fields of the setting sun in all its beauty and grandeur. But one day the trees had grown so high and dense that they shut out the view. He took his axe and cleared away one or two of the leafy obstacles, and there again came to his view the distant horizon. Christian, be the John the Baptist of your heart and soul. Clear away the obstructions that hide the view of the distant horizon where God is, and open up to your spiritual eye the glory that has been revealed.





*Percy B. Eversden, famous recital organist. State President, Mo. N. A. O. Organist Mt. Moriah Temple and Grand Masonic Bodies of Missouri.*

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— Thus still another famous organ master adds his word of appreciation to those of the great roll of artists who know and endorse the Kilgen for its superior qualities.

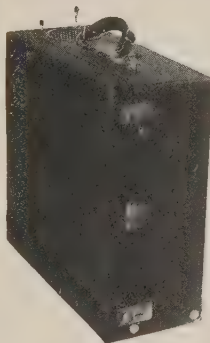
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## CHOICE OF THE MASTERS

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### ?

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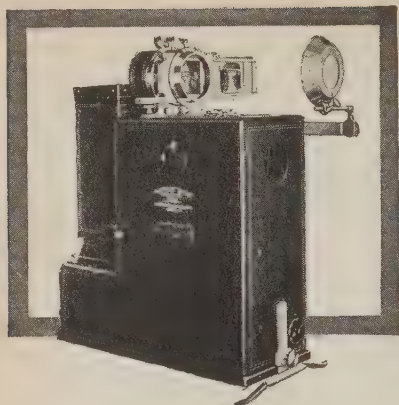
There is no field more worthy of the consideration of honest business, than the church in which you are so vitally interested, and a little co-operation on the part of you who have the direction of the business of the church in hand will alter the entire subject of honest prices and real service.



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## Public Speaking

(Continued from page 504)

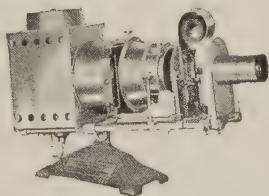
student as a lesson in proper breathing, but it is one of the cures recommended by neuropathists for nervousness. But it must not be carried to the point of fatigue, or dizziness. When the student has once learned how to use his voice properly, off the stage, its use in speaking becomes mechanical. I heard a local singer in the West complain to her audience that the basement hall in which we were gathered made it impossible for a singer to do credit to herself. The great prima donna, Emma Juch, happened to be in the city, and was invited to come to that basement and sing. No excuses were necessary on her part. Her divine voice flooded the room like a sea of heavenly melody.

Your voice, the one with which you were provided by nature, is best adapted to your physical constitution, and has all the quality and quantity necessary. A study of it will enable you to avoid its misuse, such as "glottic attack," throaty tones, "head tones," mouthing, and the rest. It demands no special training, as singing does. In fact, singing lessons may be a hindrance to the speaker. Singing and speaking are diverse. An ordinary voice, with proper enunciation, is all that is required. It takes less volume for the platform than it does to telephone. The laws of conversation are the laws of public speech. Prof. Bertrand Lyon calls them retailing and wholesaling. As you use your voice in private, you will use it in public. A hygienic method of life will do more for the voice than the best training, valuable as that is if one is to seek superior excellence. Without observing the rules of good health, training is thrown away. Your voice is born with your physical temperament, and will therefore be influenced by your physical condition. Prof. S. S. Curry: "So influential is the whole body over tone that bad breathing is often caused by bad poise. Hard, nasal tones are often caused by constriction of the body . . . . The body is much more vitally connected with the voice than the violin with its string and tone."

In case of sore throat, don't tamper with patent medicines as a remedy, though of course menthol or other cough drops may serve as a temporary palliative. Consult a competent physician. Wear a comfortable collar while speaking in public. Drinking water while speaking is to be avoided. The



*NOW without the  
expenditure  
of a single  
penny from  
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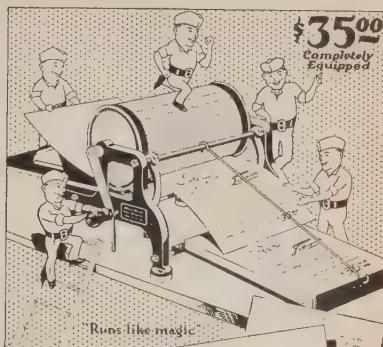
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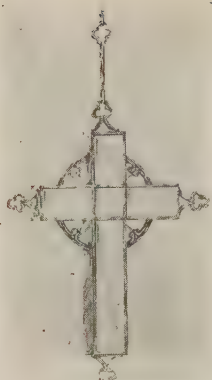
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old-fashioned pitcher and goblet are "out." Sweets irritate the throat. Spurgeon used to drink a little pepper and water beforehand. Don't get into the habit of coddling your throat. Bathe it only in cold water. Nathan Sheppard in his excellent *Before an Audience*: "If you awake in the night and find your mouth open, get up and close it." Don't be too self-conscious of your voice.

Begin in a moderate tone. This has three advantages: it enables the speaker to increase in volume as he proceeds; it gives him the poise of self-mastery; and it grips attention. Auditors have to listen when the speaker's voice is low, in order to hear what he is saying. Dr. Leifchild:

"Begin low,  
Go on slow;  
Rise higher,  
And take fire."

Use chest tones, but use them naturally, as lions and cows do. Speaking in the throat is a careless habit. It is distressing to listen to. It rasps the throat. As soon as a throaty speaker gets interested in what he is saying, his rasping tones begin just at that time when he is sure not to notice and correct them. Let him set a watch before the doors of his mouth in conversation, and in unimpassioned speech.

Open the mouth. Notice the mouths of good solo singers, and contrast them with volunteers in a country choir. A rotund expression cannot squeeze through half-shut doors without scraping off part of its beauty of form. A beginner fancies that "people will look at him" if he opens his mouth wide. The opposite is the case. It is the closed lips that make an auditor wonder what makes the speaker "make faces" with his mouth. Try to say:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light," keeping your teeth together, and see how it sounds! It produces the impression of that old-time saint that used to say in the prayer-meeting: "I will lay my hand on my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, and cry, 'Unclean! unclean! God be merciful to me, a sinner!'" After such a jumble of texts from various parts of the Bible, with the picture of a man trying to cry anything with his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust, one does not wonder at his plea for divine mercy: it is the only source from which he can expect any. Practice opening the mouth by shouting, *Obadiah*, which is said to be the sound that carries

# "FOR THE Love of Mankind"

This is the title of a most interesting and informative brochure, which we will gladly send you free on request.

It describes the Church Acousticon and contains glowing reports received from a few of the several thousand churches which are giving to the deaf-

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Model No. 150 is of everlasting copper construction. This is an exceptionally high-grade Bulletin with special features of durability and convenience. Effectively lighted, attractive. Gives real satisfaction: Size over all, 39x59 inches, 6 1/4 inches deep. Price, including complete set of lettering and church name in panel above door — \$150.00



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farthest. I would remind preachers of the promise of Jehovah: "I will give thee the opening of the mouth in the midst of them;" and, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Otherwise, He won't.

### Use the Voice

I close this chapter with one of the most important precepts that can be given to the student of public speech: Practice continually. Use your voice every day, in every way, and it will get better and better. Sing. If you don't know how to sing, sing anyhow, in the great open spaces, far from censorious neighbors. Do not be over-fearful of wearing your voice out. If used naturally, it will grow ever stronger and more flexible by constant use, if not too long at a stretch. Stand on the seashore and sing against the rolling surf. Stand a long distance from your fellow student, and shout to each other, without screaming. Read something aloud every day, not only as practice in enunciation and inflection, but for the sake of strengthening your voice. The voice is built up by exercise, as the biceps are. Tiring of the "comedy parson, one of the standing jokes on the English variety stage," the Associate press announced in 1924 that under the enthusiastic support of the Archbishops Canterbury and York, a scheme was launched, with an initial sum of two thousand pounds, whereby all theological students preparing for holy orders in the Church of England are to be trained in the right production and management of the voice. Teachers are to insure the public that clergymen will be taught to read and speak with "clearness, sympathy and reverence." Accept every opportunity for speaking in public. No books or lecture courses will begin to teach you as practice does. Books and extension courses are essential aids, and are indispensable preventives of false habits. But they have value only in carrying out in public what they teach in private.

Work over your voice determinedly. Its use will take a lifetime of thought and study to make it a vehicle that shall be worthy of its owner's expression. In learning to speak German and French, you were willing to spend a week of hard work to get the single sounds of the German *ich* and the French *ü*. Devote equal diligence to the lifetime task of perfecting the voice the most divine musical instrument in all God's orchestra. Think of the time the Creator took to make your voice, and patience will play handmaid to your ambition, till your

# Moses Spent Much of His Time



NOTE—In many states the law now forbids the use of the single cup at the communion service. It should not be necessary to await this in your own locality. The old style is unclean and unsanitary. Many thoroughly good Christians have refrained from partaking of communion for this very reason. If you have not yet adopted the modern, sanitary communion cup, let this be one of your first forward steps in 1929.

training the children of Israel in the rules of health. Witness the longevity of the Hebrew race in spite of untoward circumstances. *The duty of the church* in adopting Sanitary Communion Cups is imperative. In this forward step will the church be mindful of its own?

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The Sanitary Communion Outfit Company provides a tasteful and inexpensive service; the noiseless, highly polished, wooden trays for the cups being in keeping with the church furniture. The Outfit adds to the beauty, solemnity and repose of the Communion Service.

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Make your communion service not alone an uplifting of the spirit of your community but a real conservator of the health of your people.

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Should you desire to purchase one of our Communion Service outfits, but have not provided for the same in your church budget, we will be pleased to send the service to you and to agree to any plan of easy payment which is most convenient to you.

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Books of [the] Old and New Testaments, and where to find important chapters, etc. Sixteen pages with attractive cover.

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Lies silent in the grave."

### Questions

Value of a good voice? Effects?  
Origin?  
Importance of right use?  
Well known American, and other, false uses?  
Helps to betterment?  
Treatment for sore throat?  
How being? Why?  
Tone for beginning? Advantages? Carrying tone? Effect of "Throaty" tone?  
Use of mouth? Why?  
Five ways of improving the voice?

## Ten Useful Books

(Continued from page 507)

Fisher, "History of the Christian Church."

Every preacher ought to have some volumes containing the sermons of some of the great preachers such as Beecher, Spurgeon, Moods, Chapman, Hillis, Jefferson, Shannon, Cadman, Truett, etc.

Books of illustrations such as Foster's two volumes "Prose Illustrations" and two volumes on "Poetical Illustrations" are a great help.

From still another I received and read the following with great interest:

You ask me a question on which I fear to venture an opinion. Books come and go. Changes are rapid today. What is rated as best today becomes obsolete tomorrow. "Change and decay in all around I see" is as true of man-made books as of the material world in which we live.

There are not "ten best books," but sixty-six, and they are found in one great volume — The Bible itself. These will always be the best, and as well, "best sellers."

Personally, I read many books, within my means and time. But only in very small part, am I able to keep up with the current religious thought of our day and age. Consequently, I am not able to pass intelligently on the question you ask.

Books that stimulate my devotional life and make God more real to me — there are many of them — these are "best books" to me. You will pardon me when I say, "they were not all written in the twentieth century either" — I can still find profit in reading Baxter's "Saint's Rest."

Summing up, most all agreed on the Bible, a good Concordance and Bible Dictionary, and a good Commentary. Then they proceeded to name many different books. Space would not permit all th



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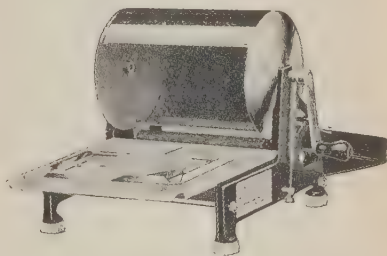
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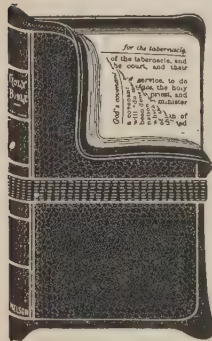
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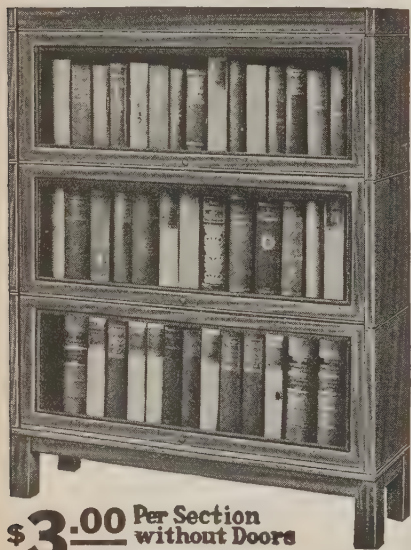
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divisions and books that were named. The following is another interesting list:

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### A. Lincoln

(Continued from page 509)

various parties, North and South, of the evil of slavery; and the necessity of keeping intact the union of states; must be reasonable and obviously sincere. He must desire not mere victory in argument, but the triumph of truth and righteousness. That, honest Abe did; and so it was only a matter of time until people, no matter how blinded by vested interests, saw and acknowledge the righteousness of the cause Lincoln advocated; for —

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;

The eternal years of God are hers:

While error, wounded, writhes in pain

And dies amidst her worshippers.

You would, of course, have the Presidential kind and sympathetic.

Lincoln was. His tears flowed freely when he saw or heard of human suffering. Born in the South and with a Southern girl for a wife, he understood fully Southern partisanship and prejudices. Born to labor in freedom, he passionately appreciated the feelings of those who desired to be masters of themselves and their own lives.

He was a true friend to the North and, at the same time, the truest friend the South ever had or could have.

The war was fratricidal — brother against brother, father against son, and he was, as it were, on both sides at once, in the keenness with which the sorrows of both sides cut his sensitive nature. He wanted the war to go on not one moment longer, when the Union was saved and negro freedom secured. He would have cheerfully taken



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the place of the hardest driven private rather than have to pace the White House floors in agony, overcome with the strain and waiting mid opposition and misunderstanding, news of victories that was so deliberate in coming.

Bishop Brooks said, "The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living thank God for ever for his life and death."

Lincoln, in his death, slew more of opposition, of prejudice, of hatred, than in his life. Booth's deed was so shocking in its futility, malice, and dastardliness that every generous heart, North or South, hated it.

"If you were God" of course you would have had President Lincoln religious.

Abraham Lincoln was nothing if not religious. Indeed the Presidents of the United States have been religious men to a remarkable extent.

It is possible Lincoln was at one time sceptical, indeed he says so himself, in his honest way. But Rev. James Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Springfield tells us that he placed in Lincoln's hands, books for and against the inspiration, and divine authority of the Scriptures; and that, after reading them and studying them thoroughly, Lincoln became a convinced and intelligently and hearty believer in the Bible.

He thought it the most useful of all books for the public speaker and quoted it constantly in his addresses. In an anti-slavery speech he alluded to the words of Jesus about a house divided against itself. He wrote to his dying father about the Heavenly Father who notices the fall of the sparrow. He closed one inaugural oration with the words, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." He told his law-partner, Herndon, that reading the Bible made one a better man and he said "read the Bible, accept what you can by reason, and the rest by faith."

He wrote a judge, "I have been reading on my knees the story how the son of God was in Gethsemane. I have been in Gethsemane and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing." A teacher in the White House

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says Lincoln read the Bible with the aid of Cruden's Concordance which lay always on his table. His view seemed to be that of an old church scholar and saint; "Read, read, something will stick to you."

His religious affiliations prompted Abraham Lincoln to church-going. He was never absent in Springfield and was an interested and appreciative listener to sermons there. In Washington he not only attended Sunday services regularly, but frequently slipped into some retired corner and enjoyed Prayer Meeting services. He never joined a church, indeed, because he thought church creeds too long-drawn-out, and complicated. But he promised a minister to join on the first opportunity, though his sudden taking-off prevented the fulfillment of his promise.

His religion appeared in his rugged honesty. He was called Honest Abe and showed that quality in all transactions small and large. As a store-keeper, having by a mistake in his scales, withheld from a customer a quarter of a pound of tea that she had bought and paid for, he wrapped it up after night and walked a long distance to hand it to her.

He assumed a mere debt of honor incurred by a drunken store partner who died suddenly. He called it the national debt and was fifteen years in paying it off, but he paid it off, principal and interest to the last cent.

He was honest in his dealings with his friends. He never took a mean advantage of a foe or went back on a friend. He said once with tremendous emphasis, "May I be damned in time and eternity if I ever break faith with friend or foe." He had malice towards none, charity for all and maintained his truthfulness in the inward parts.

He said in the house of Assembly at Vandalia, "You may burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds of heaven. You may drag my soul down to the regions of darkness and despair to be tormented forever but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong even if by doing so I accomplish that which I believe to be right." He never "sold the truth to serve the hour, nor paltered with eternal God for power."

His religion was found operating in his persistent and faith-filled prayerfulness. He was "crushed to his knees," he said, "because there was nowhere else to go." He told General Sickles that he was at



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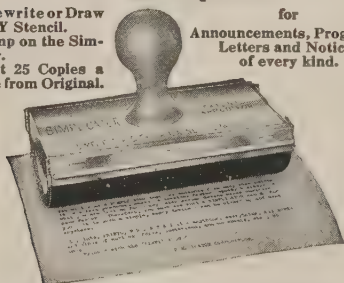
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ease about the battle of Gettysburg because he had prayed concerning it.

He told his Cabinet as he issued the Proclamation of Emancipation that he had promised God if He granted them victory that he would do it.

Finally, when news came of Lee's surrender, he suggested that his counsellors of the administration go to their knees and offer silent prayers of thanksgiving, which, with tears and sobs, these over-wrought and now relieved men did.

In the last place, Abraham Lincoln showed his religiousness in a life of kindly service. The verdict of his mother was, "He never gave me a cross word or look." He was true to others and true to himself. He said to some opponents, "I desire so to conduct the affairs of this administration that if at the end I have lost every other friend I shall have a friend inside me."

"Take him for all in all we shall not look upon his like again." May our souls be like his.

## The Old Scrap Book

(Continued from page 510)

I don't set up to be a judge of right and wrong in men, I've lost the trail sometimes myself—I may get lost again.

An' if I see some chap who looks as tho he'd gone astray

I want to shove my hand in his, and help him find the way."

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put in the column of "sayings," "Our Lord's mission is to the lost. He sought the out-cast, but the ordinary Christian Church ignores them." Which, in all too many cases, is true.

The following is pertinent, "A new day would dawn in history if for a single hour the church of Christ could get a real vision of the world's need." A celebrated writer of devotional books has this contribution to his credit, "The church of Jesus Christ is composed of consecrated explorers, who are making discoveries continually in the love of God. Every single member is to make his own contribution to these discoveries."

A noted canon of the Protestant Episcopal Church is quoted as saying in one of his sermons, "The note of sombre severity is now rarely heard in sermons." This is the "God Nobody Knows; the Indignant God."

Thoughts have also found their way into the scrap book, short, epigrammatic.

The Royal faculty of man is reason.

Thought and religion go hand in hand.

God is not simply in the history of yesterday but in the life of today.

The masses are incurably religious and the church that is most loyal to the scriptures will last the longest.

We are too fond of telling what Christ can do rather than showing it.

The Earth is as much God's property as is Heaven. Before God can work through us He must work in us. The lily of the valley grows in mud.

"I cannot, I cannot live without the man Christ Jesus."—Kingsley.

A religion soon dies when it loses the power to assimilate new truth and adapt itself to new circumstances.

I turn up a quotation of Alexander White.

"It will be a hard day when I cannot make a straight path from any field of study to the cross of Christ."

"Initiative is the soul of progress," writes another. The principal of an English theological college uttered a great truth when he said, "Religion became in Jesus a deed even more than a word." So say all of us.

I find in this minister's "boy's pocket" a quotation by one of America's 25, "Without a social vision we can never have a social conscience: without a social conscience we can never save the world."

A last contribution, which smacks of the time when men need to minimize denominational differences, is given. "Furious as have been the controversies upon points of Christian doctrine, serious as are the differences which now separate the various sections of the Christian church, upon the fundamental articles of the faith all Christians are in harmony."

I might have given these excerpts in a more orderly way, but that is the way I find them



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in the old scrap book. It is the way I like to read them when in the evenings I sometimes take the book in hand and amble through the pages.

The jumble of it all seems to enhance its value a great deal. It is the way I compiled it. I spend lots of happy hours with mine, profitable as I look for sermon and lecture and literary material; reminiscent as I think of the circumstances and places which made them a part of the volume.

There's a heap o' truth in that old scrap book, garnered and wrested from many sources.

## Climb to Heaven

(Continued from page 511)

Once more

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This is the conception of Paul also, "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." Life is a process of growth and transformation. The soul is sown at birth and when old age and death comes the soul moves out and abandons the old house for a new and better home. As one watches the soul of a little child this process can be traced in its development. The mother watches for the traces of the first smile, dimple and sign of intelligence. As the child grows he inhabits new realms of thought, imagination and reason. Jesus, while He was on earth went through all these processes of development and went so far beyond that his disciples marveled at Him as He was transfigured and transformed before their very eyes.

This is the dream of man. It is the dream of a ladder that reaches from earth to heaven upon which man can climb into the haven of eternal reality and bliss. It is the dream of Oliver Wendell Holmes,

"Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and  
knew the old no more.